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CHINA EMERGENT

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IT MAY not seem to be the best of good sense to prepare plans for architectural improvements while the house is still afire and one is having hard work to extinguish the flames. Yet the United Nations realize that after the war is won new problems will automatically arise which will demand for their solution as much thought, devotion, and practical application of idealism as winning the war itself. While it is true that in the midst of life there is death, it is equally true that in the midst of death there is life.

We in China, though we have been harried for years by death and destruction, have been giving careful thought toward the perfection of a political and social system that will ensure in the future the greatest good for the greatest number. All the existing systems of government in the world — and this applies to the non-aggressive as well as to the aggressive nations — are being weighed in the remorseless balance of war. Some we are sure will not survive the test, but all have shown weaknesses that call for drastic alterations. 'It is only the very wisest and the very stupidest who never change,' observed one of our sages.

We have chosen the path that we shall tread in the future. We are determined that there shall be no more exploitation of China. I have no wish to harp on old grievances, but realism demands that I should mention the ruthless and shameless exploitation of our country by the West in the past and the hard-dying illusion that the best way to win our hearts was to kick us in the ribs. Such asinine stupidities must never be repeated, as much for your own sake as for ours. America and Britain have already shown their consciousness of error by voluntarily offering to abrogate the iniquitous system of extraterritoriality that denied China her inherent right to equality with other nations.

While as a nation we are resolved that we will not tolerate foreign exploitation, we are equally determined that within our country there be no exploitation of any section of society by any other section or even by the state itself. The possession of wealth does not confer upon the wealthy the right to take unfair advantage of the less fortunate. But neither, as a nation, does China believe in communism or wish to obtain it in our land. We have no use for most isms

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which pose as panaceas for all the ills of the human race. In fact all forms of authoritarianism adopted by some European countries, Japan, and certain Latin-American republics (which in late years have flirted a little, discreetly perhaps, with dictatorship) leave the Chinese people cold. We are disposed to be politely skeptical of sweeping claims such as are made by Henry George's single-taxers, who believe that all that is wrong with the world could be righted by a tax on land values.

In post-war China, although we shall not countenance exploitation, international or national, we shall grant private capital its rightful place, for it implements individual initiative, and we Chinese, being realists, fully recognize basic facts. Our age-old civilization has been developed through harmonizing conditions as they existed and as they ideally should be. But no individual will be permitted to wax rich at the expense of others. The rights of the people will be protected by progressive taxation. I maintain that when incomes exceed legitimate needs and a reasonable margin to ensure freedom from want the excess should belong to humanity. On the other hand, private capital must be given every encouragement to develop the resources and industry of the country — but only in coöperation with labor. All public utilities should be state-owned.

Any governmental policy in China ought to take cognizance of the all-important fact that we are an agricultural nation. Over 90 per cent of our people are dependent directly or indirectly upon the land — the overwhelming proportion directly. It follows that the nation cannot flourish unless the farmers are prosperous. At present they are enjoying a degree of prosperity undreamed of since the Golden Age. As a by-product of war, prices for all that comes from the land have increased so much that the standard of living of the rural population has reached a height that did not seem possible. Children are attending school who formerly would never have had a chance of education; homes that have been perforce mere inadequate protection from the elements are being made hygienic and comfortable. This is as it should be.

We want these gains held and consolidated. This vision of a better life that has been given to the backbone of our nation must not be dimmed by the policy bequeathed us by the conservative past. There has been one fly in the ointment — there always is: while those who live on and by the land have prospered, government employees and men and women classed as intellectuals have been having a hard time to make ends meet. But they represent a very small percentage of our people; when victory is won, a permanent solution of their difficulties will be arrived at. It is significant, however, that the masses of our people are now following the path of progress and happiness, from which I hope they will never swerve, certainly not as a consequence of any act of omission or commission by our government.

We are striving to institute a flexible system of political and economic development that will serve the future as well as the present. This attempt started directly China became a republic, thirty-one years ago, and has continued even throughout the war years. In order to give our people fuller and better opportunities for a well-rounded and happier life, a new kind of Chinese socialism, based on democratic principles, is evolving. It is no mere pale reflection of Western socialism. China colors all seas that wash her shores. We do not necessarily reject everything the West has to offer; to views of modern socialists we lend a willing ear, more especially as most of their ideas find their counterpart in the third of the three principles envisaged by our late leader, Dr. Sun Yat-sen, upon which our whole ideology is based. These three principles are: first, Nationalism; second, the People's Rights;

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third, the People's Livelihood. Nationalism means that there should be equality among all peoples and races, and that all peoples and races should respect each other and live in peace and harmony. The People's Rights means that the people should have these four rights: election, recall, initiative, and referendum. The People's Livelihood means that people are entitled to proper clothing, food, housing, and communications.

II

Westerners may be surprised to learn that China is the Columbus of democracy. Twenty-four centuries before the Christian era, Emperors Yau, Shun, and Yü succeeded each other by their subjects' wish instead of by hereditary right. Over a thousand years before Confucius an articulate political platform proclaimed, 'The people's views are heaven's voice,' anticipating by centuries the Western adage: 'Vox populi vox Dei.' From earliest times a system of local government prevailed in our country, based upon subdivisions of the *hsien*, or county, which, as I shall explain later, is the foundation upon which we now are framing — even in wartime — our constitutional government. Mencius, in the fourth century before Christ, enunciated the theory that the people rank first, the state second, the ruler last. Jean Jacques Rousseau's *Social Contract*, published in 1762, rings like an echo of *The Essays* published by Huang Lichow in 1663. Huang, in discussing political theories, severely criticized the monarchial form of government. In a chapter on 'The Origin of Rulers' he dwelt at length on differences among ancient rulers and the autocrats who followed them; the former regarded their country as the hub of the universe while the latter held themselves to be of primary importance. Logically Huang urged the overthrow of such rulers in order to establish the people's government. This subject might be pursued further, but enough has been said to substantiate the observation that China, long before the West, embraced democratic ideals.

I have already referred to Chinese socialism, for our political compass shows our ship of state ploughing in that direction. Nevertheless, some people are alarmed at the very word 'socialism,' much as a timid horse shies away from its own shadow. Actually, though not called by that name, socialism has influenced national thought in China for decades, even amid the confusion caused by civil unrest and the present war. But it does not have any affiliation with communism. The Chinese do not accept the much-mooted theory of enriching the poor by dispossessing present owners of their wealth, nor do they believe such a step would give any prospect of an enduring alleviation of poverty and human misery. We prefer leveling up to leveling down. Before the present war started, the political tutelage which Dr. Sun Yat-sen decreed should precede full constitutional government had been put into practice for the purpose of laying sound and lasting democratic foundations for the people to build upon. Some progress had already been made when Japan forced us to take up arms to fight for freedom on July 7, 1937.

In the midst of war in 1938 the People's Political Council was established as the precursor of a National Parliament. This body of 240 members includes not only regional representatives, some of whom are women, elected by provincial and municipal popular assemblies, but also scholars and experts appointed by the National Government. It has the power of revision and recommendation and has become an important element of our national life. One of its outstanding achievements was the adoption of a proposal to constitute the county (*hsien*) as a unit of self-government. As I write, greater scope of action and further popular representation have been given to the Council.

This new *hsien* system aims to enable

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people to manage the affairs of their home districts by electing their own representatives to local governing organizations. When this program for local self-government is carried out, they will be free to elect their chief magistrate. Furthermore, these assemblies, composed entirely of elected representatives, will choose delegates to a national convention for the purpose of adopting and promulgating a permanent national constitution and for the election of the president of China.

From the base to the apex the political structure will be erected by the people themselves. Thus the rules and regulations of the new *hsien* system are much more than a mere step toward local self-government. They are a political move forward in the direction of national democracy.

Some of our time-honored institutions such as our trade guilds will usefully complement this new pattern of national political growth. For centuries they have been a valuable feature of our social and commercial life. The provincial guilds in our large cities relieve fellow provincials in distress, settle disputes among members, thus preventing costly litigation, and help in numerous other ways. We propose to give these organizations more executive power and to obtain for the government the benefit of their experience.

Regarding civil administration, I have often expressed strong views about our civil service. I hold no brief for a system of political patronage. In our country, after the war, civil service appointments must be made on merit alone. Fitness to hold a position should in the future be the criterion for government service, not friendship or the favor of those in high and influential places. Nepotism must be completely jettisoned. This is a reform that I, for one, have always advocated, and it has been started on its way.

Their agelong experience has taught the Chinese people that all mundane things change, and even social and political systems are subject to transmutation. Chinese thinkers today are therefore content if they can so fashion the framework that the political fabric of the future can be woven and expanded in the best interests of the nation.

Chinese socialism, if you like to call it that, seeks above all else to preserve the birthrights of the individual. No state can be great and prosperous unless the people are contented. They can only be content if their dignity and rights as human beings are kept inviolate. To cherish the worth of the human personality is what we seek, and we are therefore giving the individual ever-increasing power to decide his own and the nation's future.

III

One of our national characteristics is not to do things without careful deliberation. Those who are privileged to direct the aspirations of a quarter of the world's population have a wonderful opportunity but a fearful responsibility. This responsibility has grown weightier, now that China has become the leader of Asia. If their program for social and political development is carelessly planned, they will imperil the happiness of hundreds of millions of their fellow countrymen and jeopardize the very core of world society. No instrument devised by human brains can be absolutely perfect. We, however, are recruiting the wisest intelligence available amongst our people in order to ensure that the political and economic machinery which will swing into full operation in China after the war will be as nearly perfect as possible and susceptible of readjustment without causing civil unrest. To my mind democracy means representative government, and by 'representative' I mean representative of the steadfast and settled will of the people as opposed to the irresponsible and spellbinding slogans of political hawkers. Furthermore, in a true democracy the minority parties should not be left out of consideration. I am opposed to any sys-

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tem which permanently gives absolute power to a single party. That is the negation of real democracy, to which freedom of thought and progress are essential. A one-party system denies both. Freedom of thought and action should be given to minorities as long as the activities of such groups are not incompatible with the interests and security of the state.

There is no necessity, moreover, for the systems of democracy in our respective countries to be slavish replicas of each other. They must adhere to the fundamental principle, of course, but each democracy should have an order that fits truly its own peculiar requirements. Therefore, our Chinese democracy will not be a colorless imitation of your American democracy, although it will undoubtedly be influenced by the Jeffersonian views of equality of opportunity and the rights of the individual. It will be redolent of our soil and expressive of the native genius of our people. It must meet China's own needs and be in harmony with our present environment, which is inevitably linked to the best traditions of our past.

Considering what China has already accomplished in the face of heartbreaking obstacles, we confront the future with calmness and confidence. The difficulties before us are stupendous; but with the help, from our sister democracies, of technique and capital, which we have proved we deserve, we have no doubt we can solve our problems. The fortune of war has brought China for the first time abreast of the great powers. We have won our place in the front rank by our prolonged and unyielding resistance to violence. We shall keep it by playing a major part in building a better world.

In the old world that is crumbling to pieces as I write, nations strove with each other to win supremacy in the means of destruction. The defunct League of Nations, whatever its shortcomings, had in its conception of world peace an area of thought which we should do well to cultivate. While lip-service to international equality and justice was not found wanting, signatories of the League Covenant did not have the courage actively to implement the principles enunciated so piously by their representatives round the conference table. China, Abyssinia, Spain, Poland, and other militarily weak nations became the victims of aggression, and the democracies, which should have seen their own fate from the writing on the wall, did little more than make futile protests. It is my hope, therefore, that when victory is ours we shall have learned the lesson that 'the substance of wisdom is made out of the substance of folly,' and profit thereby. Cannot we, in the new day whose dawn is nearing, strive together to gain supremacy in the peaceful arts of government and administration that will secure lasting happiness for the people of all races and thus create a world vitalized by new hopes and worshiping a more Christlike ideal?

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THE GHOST OF NAPOLEON

Thoughts after Reading 'War and Peace'

BY CLIFTON FADIMAN

I

NOT long ago, as this is written, the *London Sunday Graphic* printed a striking cartoon showing Hitler and Göring saluting an army of men and a swarm of planes all moving eastward. Hitler is saying, 'Do you ever get that feeling that it has all happened before, Hermann?' Behind the pair rises the ghost of Napoleon.

It is impossible to reread Tolstoy's *War and Peace* in this Year of Death 1942 (as I have lately been doing) without being constantly reminded of the fact that history can at times be sensationally repetitious. If Hitler, as the cartoon suggests, is filled with that odd sense we all have had of *déjà vu*, the reader of *War and Peace* is similarly filled with a sense of *encore vu*.

I happen to be writing these words in the spring of 1942. It is understood, therefore, that the obvious parallels any amateur can draw between the Napoleonic campaigns of 1805 and 1812 as described by Tolstoy and the Nazi campaign of 1941–1942 are good only as of today. I have no competence as a military theorist, nor any ability to pierce the future, preferring to leave this profession to Nostradamus and the radio commentators. It is interesting, however, to indicate as *of this date* the curious, the almost thrilling similarities between the history of Hitler and the history of Napoleon, the link being furnished by what seems to be a constant in European history — the character and geographical setting of the Russian people.

At this writing, the titanic battle of Russia, a part of the general battle for the soul of man, is far from a decision. Hitler's retreat, while obviously not strategic in the sense he planned, is, on the other hand, far from being the rout that, a short while ago, some wishful thinkers made it out. But it represents a physical and moral defeat, the proportions of which probably no one knows except the German General Staff. Certainly the back of Fascism is not broken, as Napoleon's back was broken after Moscow. Napoleon's dream died with his dying legions in the snow. Hitler's dream — the same vision, dreamed by a people instead of a single tyrant — is by no means dead. We do not yet *know* (unless faith is knowledge) whether Hitler will retrace completely the mighty Napoleonic parabola or whether he will succeed temporarily in his nightmare design of covering our planet with an Egyptian night. If he should fail, a new Tolstoy may arise fifty years hence to chronicle the vast drama of his rise and fall. If he should succeed, that new Tolstoy will not arise. For there will be no novelists and no poets. The humane and philosophic view of life from which supreme works of art spring will have been blotted out.

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II

If we glance first at the general situation obtaining just before the start of the two invasions, we find Napoleon in 1812 military master of Europe, as Hitler is today. We see Napoleon endeavoring to express that military mastery in a politico-economic pattern — the Continental System. We see Hitler endeavoring to do the same: he calls it the New Order. Napoleon's Continental System is a semi-failure; Hitler's New Order is a semi-failure. In both cases Russia refuses to fit into the system. This refusal is one of the factors impelling the two conquerors eastward. It is apparent to both Napoleon and Hitler that effective (rather than nominal) domination of the Continent is impossible as long as one other great power, Russia, exists as a standing threat.

We note, however, that Hitler's invasion starts only after he has made the same three moves tried by Napoleon.

The first of these is the attempted invasion of England. Napoleon goes no farther than the preparation of a navy of flatboats at Boulogne. Hitler not only readies his barge fleet at the Channel ports but actually achieves the first part of his plan through the use of bombers. But no true invasion is effected in either case. (There are curious minor echoes and parallels. Almost a century and a half ago the British erected against the threat of Napoleon a system of seacoast fortresses known as Martello towers. Today these towers are being repaired against the threat of invasion by Hitler.)

Before invading Russia, Hitler and Napoleon both make another move. In 1807 Napoleon and Tsar Alexander I meet on a raft at Tilsit in the Niemen River and in effect divide up Europe. It takes five years for that agreement to sour. The analogy with the Nazi-Soviet pact is clear. But in our time events move faster. Hitler does not take five years to realize that he must advance toward the east.

There is still a third move. Before invading Russia, Napoleon tries to persuade Alexander to join him in an alliance against England. He fails. Hitler duplicates this move but with what may be called reverse English; that is, Hess (if we are to believe the most credible of the explanations) tries to persuade certain people — by courtesy called Englishmen — to join Hitler in an alliance against *Russia*. He fails. In both cases Russia and England, despite their radical difference in political outlook, ally themselves against a common enemy.

But Napoleon and Hitler have their allies too. Napoleon, ever anxious to conserve the blood of Frenchmen, manipulates Austria and Prussia. Today Hitler too has his puppets — Finland, Rumania, Italy, others. But both Napoleon and Hitler have allies more important than these. Today such allies are called appeasement groups. *War and Peace* offers an excellent picture of the 1805 appeasement group (analogous to the men of Munich) in St. Petersburg. This consists mainly of spiritually diseased nobles and cowards of all stripes, including a few romantic intellectuals — for a while Pierre Bezukhov himself is one of them — who are taken in by the 'glory' of Napoleon. In 1812 the same group is headed by the Tsarevitch. At this writing there seems to be no appeasement group in Russia, but the reader of Tolstoy cannot help thinking of the Cliveden set and of the French upper classes who succeeded in betraying their country. Nor are Nazappeasers lacking in our own nation.

In *War and Peace* the representative of the superficially hard-boiled but basically sentimental Napoleon-worship is the diplomat Bilibin with his admiration for the tricky intelligence of the French. His is the aristocratic form defeatism takes. His unconscious desire to be a traitor disguises itself as worldly cynicism. Today the same unconscious desire manifests itself as admiration for Nazi technical efficiency, as 'realism,'

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as advance agenting for the wave of the future.

Pierre is not a traitor, but even he is taken in early in the book by the Napoleon myth. 'The English will come off badly, you know, if Napoleon gets across the Channel. I think the expedition is quite feasible.' Anna Scherer, the salon gossiper, says, 'Prussia has always declared that Bonaparte is invincible and that all Europe is powerless before him.' We too (before Pearl Harbor and, if the truth were known, after Pearl Harbor, too) have our Pierres and our Anna Scherers, our café-table and boardroom cynics, who take a special pleasure in their conviction that Hitler is invincible. If heroism is a permanent in human history, so are baseness and degeneracy.

Before Napoleon starts his campaign, he is warned against it by Caulaincourt, formerly his Ambassador to Russia. Caulaincourt is pessimistic over Napoleon's chances, but Napoleon, by this time an obsessed man, does not heed him. Not only does Napoleon pay no attention to Caulaincourt but he goes further. He prophesies, 'In less than two months' time Russia will be suing for peace.' Similarly it is now the general belief that a certain group of Nazi generals, possibly including Göring, warned Hitler against the Russian campaign. Napoleon tweaked Caulaincourt's ear with good-natured contempt. Hitler, no ear-tweaker, purged and perhaps murdered his Cassandras. Hitler's self-confidence is equal to Napoleon's. This excess of self-confidence seems to mark both men at somewhat the same point in their careers. The ancient Greeks called it *hubris*. We know it as the sin of pride. By it Satan fell.

There we have the general situation just before the campaigns begin. The analogy so far has been easy, perhaps too easy, to make. Does it break down as we continue the story? Let us see.

As Napoleon starts his eastward march, he of course disguises his rapacity and lust for power under the cloak of idealistic slogans, maxims that have caused many good people really to believe that Napoleon is in the European tradition. Thus the invasion of Russia becomes not a war but a crusade against Asiatic barbarism. Similarly Hitler's invasion of Russia is not a war of aggression but a 'crusade' against Bolshevism. Hitler's crusade may still succeed, but the world will never accept his moral evaluation of it any more than it accepted Napoleon's evaluation of his own reasons for invading Russia.

On June 23, 1812, Napoleon crosses the Niemen into Russian territory. On June 22, 1941, following Napoleon's timetable almost to the day, Hitler strikes at Russia. Napoleon's initial successes are great, as are Hitler's. During the opening stages of the campaigns the names that crop up in *War and Peace* reoccur in our morning newspaper: Vilna, Riga, Smolensk, Vitebsk, the Berezina, the Dnieper. There is nothing noteworthy about this. Only one road leads to Moscow.

Now, we know that Napoleon, on the way to Moscow, fought the Russians at Borodino, and achieved what the French histories call a Napoleonic victory. It opened the gates to Moscow, he entered the city, it was burned, he remained there for a few weeks — and retreated.

Napoleon failed. The reasons for that failure and the drama that attended it have never been more effectively presented anywhere than in the pages of *War and Peace*. Tolstoy seizes on its essentials. He knows, for example, that Borodino, technically a French victory inasmuch as the French army is left in possession of the field, was really a Russian victory because the Russian army, though undergoing severe losses, retreated in good order. After Borodino Napoleon's army, as Tolstoy describes it in a magnificent image, was like a wounded beast — still capable of sporadic vicious efforts but inevitably fated

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to bleed to death. Its morale was disrupted because it had not achieved its object, for the whole purpose of the campaign was not to invest Moscow, which Napoleon succeeded in doing, but to annihilate the Russian army, which he did not succeed in doing.

Hitler did not invest Moscow but he got within ten miles of it before being repulsed. That repulse was not his Borodino, for it was but part of a general defeat. His Borodino was no single battle but rather a series of bloody encounters along a two-thousand-mile front. This particular battle he has lost, despite initial victories, despite the fact that he still holds thousands of square miles of Russian territory. Part of his object (which was Napoleon's) has certainly not been gained — the destruction of the Russian armies. Another part of his object he probably *has* gained — the reduction of Russian industrial capacity. But the effort has, unless all signs are meaningless, taxed him greatly. His Eastern forces must be reorganized, probably for a new Russian offensive this spring, possibly for an invasion of Spain and North Africa, possibly for an assault through Turkey. But the first battle of Russia has been lost. Napoleon lost his, and could never attempt a second. We have yet to see whether Hitler's second try will be successful.

III

Analogies drawn from a detailed study of tactics and strategy have but a limited value. What is more important are certain more general considerations that occur to us as we read *War and Peace*. Tolstoy, with his somewhat mystical and determinist view of history, does not ascribe Napoleon's failure to his ineptitude any more than he ascribes his previous successes to his so-called genius. In fact, he does not try to explain Napoleon's collapse as due to any one factor or even any combination of factors. Among other things, however, he points out one element as present in our own time as it was in the day of Napoleon — the character of the Russian people, once it is convinced that it is defending its homeland rather than engaging in a purely military war.

The military tradition of the Russian peoples is based on the character of their land. That character — the same is true of China — makes it possible to use slow retreat as a weapon. This weapon is particularly suitable to countries with a preponderantly peasant population and which are industrially backward, with few fatally important nerve centres. The defenders take advantage of a combination of time and space — a combination which can be utilized only in countries that are really continents. Along with the technique of slow retreat goes the technique of guerrilla warfare. Guerrilla warfare plus slow retreat helped to beat Napoleon, who apparently did not understand the immense force the proper use of these techniques can generate.

It is probable, to go on with our analogy, that Hitler, who must have studied Napoleon's campaigns carefully, understands the Russian character better than did his predecessor. Yet it would seem that he has already been harassed by the same kind of withdrawal and guerrilla fighting that harassed Napoleon; and that today the harassment has gone so far that the Russians can afford to take the offensive.

But, as Tolstoy points out, the Russians have an even more deeply based weapon. This is what military theorists unimaginatively call morale. Essentially it is the soul of a people, the peculiar and unique national spirit which underlies all training and all conditioning and which rises to the surface only in the most extreme of emergencies. In the case of the Russians in 1812 this national spirit meant a kind of near-mystical attachment to 'Mother Russia,' a passionate, blind, and, if necessary, suicidal devotion to the land, a devotion which Napoleon's army, with all its talk of *gloire*, lacked. This national spirit is crescent

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today. It underlies the thin veneer of Communist doctrine and lives a life apart from it. It helped to defeat Napoleon. It will probably yet defeat Hitler.

Essentially non-military, it takes certain forms — both in 1812 and in 1942 — which are incomprehensible to the strictly military mind. Recently the Germans, with characteristic lack of humor, objected to what they called the 'unsportsmanlike' tactics of the Russians. That is to say, the Nazis were enraged because the Russians refused to die in the manner prescribed by the protocols of their would-be conquerors.

Beneath this national spirit there is something even deeper, a force very hard to describe and whose value in offense it is almost impossible to determine. That force may be called the messianic spirit in the Russian people — the same spirit which Hitler, realizing its value, tries to graft on to the soul of his own folk. In other words, the Russian in 1812 felt not only that he was defending his own country, which he was, but defending Europe, which is questionable. Whether what he felt was true or not, however, he felt it, and it gave to his determination an extra dimension and strength. Scratch a Russian and you find a martyr. Remember Anna Scherer's outburst in *War and Peace:* 'Russia alone must save Europe.' This sense of being the bringers of salvation seems to be the deepest thing in the Russian character. All the Soviet leaders have tried to do is to divert its force in a particular revolutionary direction. Tolstoy is aware of that force and he feels that it is in part the reason for the destruction of Napoleon. It is something Napoleon — with his cheap notions of *la gloire*, his essentially vulgarian and non-religious conception of power — cannot be expected to understand or properly evaluate, and it may be that Hitler will make the same grand psychological error. For it is a special talent of the German mind to make no errors except the very biggest. Ribbentrop's complete miscomprehension of England as well as the Nazis' general miscomprehension of America are examples of this supreme lack of psychological sensitivity.

I am aware that military historians make light of phrases like 'national spirit' and 'messianic conscience.' They are much more inclined to lay Napoleon's defeat to factors that can be mathematically demonstrated. The two factors most commonly adduced are, as Walter Millis in an excellent analysis reminds us, 'the failure of Napoleon's supply system to stand up under the terrific strain imposed upon it, and the successes of the Russians in avoiding encirclement and maintaining their armies "in being."' So far, Hitler's supply system — far vaster and more complex than Napoleon's — has stood up under the strain, though at this writing it may be beginning to crack. It cracks much more slowly than did Napoleon's, for the Russian 'scorched earth' policy of 1941 could not in the nature of things be as successful as the same policy was in 1812.

As for the second factor, — the success of the Russians in avoiding encirclement, — it is at this writing impossible to make any final prognosis. So far the Russians seem not only to have avoided encirclement but to have partially encircled the Nazis. But, even if a new German offensive should at first be successful, the Russians could withdraw to the Urals, where no doubt fresh armies are being held in reserve. In this case Hitler would have to face the problem of a ten or twenty years' war — or abandon the idea of conquering Russia.

There is still a third military factor that operated against Napoleon in 1812 and which is operating against Hitler in 1942 — and that is pressure on the rear. In 1812 the rear was Spain: Napoleon's retreat was in part necessitated by his desire to protect himself in the Peninsula. Today the geography has changed slightly but the force is the same.

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Again it is the English who are pressing on Hitler's rear, only they are now the fighters and bombers of the RAF, and Spain is changed to the Ruhr Valley, the Channel ports, and (though at this moment the issue is doubtful) Libya. If Italy should be knocked out of the war and become a real handicap to Hitler, the analogy will be even more forcible.

It is necessary to remind the reader at this point that the one factor which did not defeat the French was General Winter. It is true that on their retreat Napoleon's armies suffered untold horrors because of the cold. But it is Tolstoy's point, and it seems to me a valid one, that the French army was lost long before it started its retreat in October, that it was lost even before it entered Moscow, that it was lost at Borodino, and, Tolstoy might even add, that it was lost from the moment it crossed the Niemen. No, winter did not defeat Napoleon. Caulaincourt tells us, as a matter of fact, that the cold weather did not begin till November 5, 1812. Remember, however, that the French were already withdrawn from Moscow on October 16. Caulaincourt had warned Napoleon in advance about the weather: 'Winter will come like a bombshell.' But it was a bombshell that exploded too late to do more than intensify already irreparable damage.

To continue with our analogy, it is probable that, though winter has hindered the operations of Hitler's panzer divisions and regular infantry, it will not be the determining factor in his defeat that some wishful thinkers imagine.

Is there any way by which Napoleon could have won? Tolstoy thinks that had Napoleon turned southwestward into the Ukraine he might have wintered there successfully and reattacked in the spring. Instead, he made the error of retreating, and so lost Europe. But to Tolstoy the question of whether Napoleon might have done otherwise than he did is meaningless. He did what he did because — given his character, the character of the Russian people, the character of the war, and the whole sweep of events of the time — he could have done only what he did.

Some authorities think that Hitler committed the same error. He concentrated on Moscow and Leningrad whereas many of his generals wanted the main effort to be directed against the Ukraine. Hitler's defeat at Rostov may have been the turning point of the campaign, with Timoshenko occupying a position similar to that of Kutuzov in 1812.

Other authorities think that Hitler could have succeeded had he pushed on eastward directly after the vanquishing of Poland, at a time when Russia was psychologically and militarily unprepared. He withdrew his armies, as Napoleon did, and so lost his grand chance. This makes a very neat parallel but is based, of course, on a supposition.

IV

One of the causes of the defeat of Napoleon was Napoleon. Note, however, that Tolstoy does not exaggerate the importance of Napoleon's character either in victory or in defeat. One of the chief purposes of his book is to show us how relatively helpless the 'great man' is in the hands of the historical forces that control him, even though the uniqueness of his position and the egotism of his temperament combine to make him believe that he controls them. When you read Tolstoy, so overpowering is his imagination that you are convinced of the truth of his view of history and begin to look upon Napoleon very much as Tolstoy does, with a kind of tolerant interest punctuated by spasms of revulsion.

When one begins to apply the anti-great-man theory of Tolstoy to the world of today, one is at first bewildered. Superficially, the horizon seems to be filled with a few overpowering figures leading a great mass of anonymous hu-

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man beings. We say Hitler, Churchill, Roosevelt, Chiang Kai-shek, Stalin, Nehru, thinking that we are naming men of power and wisdom, whether for good or evil. Tolstoy would tell us that we are not naming men in that sense at all, but that each of these personalities is himself riding a mount he cannot control. In the midst of events this may not seem clear. But fifty years later it may seem somewhat clearer, as it did to Tolstoy when he sat down to write the first part of *War and Peace*.

The simplest of the ways by which Tolstoy makes us feel the littleness, the mere humanity of Napoleon, is by presenting him as a fallible man and not as the demigod of the French tradition. Perhaps Tolstoy may be considered the first of the debunkers. Yet there is nothing cheap or malicious about his portrait. One feels it to be true — unless one is a worshiper of the values Napoleon himself worshiped.

The similarities between the character of Napoleon as Tolstoy limns him and the character of Hitler as it has been portrayed for us by Rauschning, Strasser, and a dozen other formerly intimate friends of the *Führer* are so striking that they lead to the question: Is it possible that the desire to enslave the world and the seeming capacity to do so reappear century after century in only one type of man?

The base of Napoleon's character in 1812, its motive power, is a kind of low vengefulness, a pervasive resentment manifesting itself in strange outbursts of fury, savage threats, loss of temper. One recollects the interview that Tolstoy describes between Tsar Alexander's envoy Balashev and Napoleon: 'Balashev continually made the gesture of a man wishing to say something, but Napoleon always interrupted him. . . . But Napoleon did not let him speak. He evidently wanted to do all the talking himself and continued to talk with the sort of eloquence and unrestrained irritability to which spoilt people are so prone. . . . The more he talked the less he could control his words.'

Is this not an amazingly exact picture of the way in which Hitler is reported to have talked to Henderson, Schuschnigg, Chamberlain, and others? We cannot explain this by saying that it is the natural impatience of a great man with men who are inferior to him. Washington did not talk thus, nor Lincoln. Rather must we ask ourselves whether this frenzied irritability, this refusal to allow others to speak, is not the mark always of a certain type of dictatorial temperament, a temperament totally immured in its own egotism.

It is hard to understand the mental processes of men like Hitler and Napoleon, who are at times so incomparably shrewder and more perceptive than their fellow men and at times so incomparably purblind. The true explanation is doubtless inordinately complex, but part of it, I think, is contained in a trenchant comment that Tolstoy makes about Napoleon, again in connection with Balashev's interview: 'It was plain that Balashev's personality did not interest him at all. Evidently only what took place within his own mind interested him. Nothing outside himself had any significance for him, because everything in the world, it seemed, depended entirely on his will.' This is the psychological trap that God sets for tyrants. It is the trap into which Hitler will yet fall.

In Rebecca West's *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon* there is a long conversation between Miss West and her husband concerning the character of one of their companions — whom they do not like — in their travels through Yugoslavia. Gerda is a German woman married to a Serb. Though politically no Nazi, she is one spiritually. I should like to quote briefly from the long analysis Miss West's husband makes of the character of Gerda, because I think it throws light on the character of Hitler and of the Nazi type generally, and reinforces the

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analysis Tolstoy makes of the character of Napoleon.

'Gerda has no sense of process. That is what is the matter with Gerda. She wants the result without doing any of the work that goes to make it. . . . She is angry because we have some money. She feels that it might just as well belong to her. . . . For her, the money might as easily have been attached to her as to us by a movement as simple as that which pastes a label on a trunk. . . . As she has no sense of what goes to bring people love, or friendship, or distinction, or wealth, it seems to her that the whole world is enjoying undeserved benefits; and in a universe where all is arbitrary, it might just as well happen that the injustice was pushed a little further and that all these benefits were taken from other people, leaving them nothing, and transferred to her, giving her everything. Given the premise that the universe is purely arbitrary, that there is no causality at work anywhere, there is nothing absurd in that proposal. This is the conqueror's point of view. . . . Let us admit it, for a little while the whole of our world may belong to Gerda. She will snatch it out of hands too well bred and compassionate and astonished to defend it. What we must remember is that she will not be able to keep it. For her contempt for the process makes her unable to conduct any process. . . . To go up in an aeroplane and drop bombs is a simple use of an elaborate process that has already been developed. But you cannot administer a country on this principle. . . . Gerda's empire . . . will be an object of fear and nothing else. For this reason, I believe that Gerda's empire cannot last long. But while it lasts it will be terrible. And what it leaves when it passes will also be terrible. For we cannot hope for anything but a succession of struggles for leadership among men whose minds will have been unfitted for leadership by the existence of tyranny and the rupture of European tradition, until, slowly and painfully, the nations reëmerge, civilization reemerges.'

Now Tolstoy's depiction of Napoleon is the depiction of a man who has lost his 'sense of process.' Though he speaks of himself as a Man of Destiny, he does not believe in destiny, does not believe that human history is continuous. He believes, instead, that he can arrest its course or divert its direction because he wishes to do so.

Tolstoy himself, on the other hand, wrote *War and Peace* in part to express his sense of the thick continuity of human events, the multitudinous linkages which even a Napoleon cannot break. It is those characters who have an awareness of this continuity, like Prince Andrew, that he admires. It is those characters who have no such awareness that he scorns. The Tolstoyan viewpoint is evidenced even in the creation of such minor personages as the fatuous Berg who, simply because he is himself, is convinced that everything he does is right. A more significant example is the aristocratic waster, Anatole Kuragin, 'who regarded his whole life as a continual round of amusement which someone for some reason had to provide for him.' It is this inability to conceive reality which is to ruin the class Anatole represents. It is this lack of a sense of process on the part of an insulated class which is to lead straight to 1917 in Russia. Someday it may be shown that it led also to Pearl Harbor.

Now, from time to time, as Miss West reminds us, a group of powerful people deficient in a sense of process arises and for a time dominates the world or a part of it. They are able to effect such domination because this lack of a sense of process is a great strength. The Nazi is automatically insulated from the doubts, hesitations, and fears of those of us who possess such a sense. And, if the world were so simple that fanatical courage and superhuman energy could control it, Hitler, the man with no sense of process, would succeed permanently.

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But, as Tolstoy reminds us, the world is not so simple. History is far more complicated than even the most wide-visioned conqueror — and Hitler's perspectives, one must admit, are enormous — can understand. In the end the Hitler type is defeated by his inability to judge his own limitations.

Is there not something supremely childlike about both Napoleon and Hitler? Just as the child in the dawn of his life cannot make a distinction between an object and himself, so the conqueror cannot understand why there should be any disjunction between himself and what he wants. When a disjunction appears, both the child and the conqueror express their frustration by fits of temper. Such fits are described by Tolstoy as characteristic of Napoleon and are described by contemporaries as characteristic of Hitler.

There are a large number of minor parallels that might be drawn between the characters of Hitler and Napoleon, unimportant but interesting parallels. It is odd, for example, that just as Napoleon, so Tolstoy tells us, resorted with apparent gullibility to soothsayers, so Hitler, according to report, consults an astrologer.

It is notable that, in periods of enormous stress and strain, the irrational, the savage, hidden deep in man, raises its Stone Age head and asks again its mumbling questions of the dark gods it has itself invented. Pierre Bezukhov becomes interested in the mystic numbers of the Revelation of Saint John. He and many others like him feverishly manipulate the symbols so that they may foretell the end of Napoleon. Freemasonry makes its occult appeal to him. The Napoleonic period was one of omens and prophecies and dark stirrings in the minds of men.

Today, too, in our own country, there are ample evidences of this curious ferment. It is no accident that the medicine-man cults which have long flourished on our West Coast should be enjoying greater popularity today than ever before. It is no accident that the gibberings of Nostradamus should be republished and become something like a minor best-seller, and even reach the screen. A conqueror like Hitler not only forces the weaker among us to lose faith in everything we have believed in: he forces some of us to seek faith in things that our savage forefathers believed in. It is ironical that Hitler, who proclaims himself the apostle of science, control, order, and rationality, should cause such an access of frenzy, superstition, and irrationality.

The prime example of this irrationality is the tyrant's own conception of himself as God. The mania may clothe itself in varying forms. Tolstoy shows us the confused Pierre, who in 1805 is a Napoleon-worshiper, reflecting that 'the execution of the Duc d'Enghien was a political necessity and it seems to me that Napoleon showed greatness of soul by not fearing to take on himself the whole responsibility of that deed.' *To take on himself the whole responsibility of that deed.* And just as Napoleon had his Duc d'Enghien and horrified the world with the murder, so Hitler had his Röhm and announced, 'For twenty-four hours I was the Supreme Court of Germany.'

V

So much for the parallels, which could be extended much further at the risk of trying the reader's patience. Now for the differences, which at first glance seem to be far more striking than the similarities.

In the days of Kutuzov and Napoleon there was no blitzkrieg, there were no planes, tanks, railroads, radio communications, land mines — one could extend the list easily. In 1812 oil was not a war weapon. Today it is *the* war weapon without which Hitler cannot win and possessing which he may win — for a time. Strategically the situations present enormous differences. Napoleon

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attacked on one narrow front whereas Hitler is attacking (or retreating) on what amounts to a line drawn along the breadth of a continent. From the angle of international relations too the line-up is different. Napoleon had no ally like Japan to rely on, nor any adversary like the United States to fear.

There was much dissatisfaction in Napoleon's conquered territory as he marched into Russia. But it is entirely out of relation to the giant wave of disaffection and rebellion now rising, which may yet engulf Hitler's New Order.

Furthermore, readers will object, does not the whole analogy begin to seem a little strained when we focus our attention upon the difference in scale between the two wars? For Tolstoy the movement back and forth of Napoleon's army is a vast process. Its battles are vast. Its consequences are vast. And when we keep our eyes riveted only upon the pages of *War and Peace* we catch completely the Tolstoyan sense of the size of the forces involved. But when we raise our eyes from the page and compare these forces with those that are now shaking the world we are at once affrighted by the enormous increase in their intensity since the time of Napoleon.

For it is true that Napoleon's war was a continental one. Hitler's is planetary. Napoleon's war was largely an affair of foot soldiers, cavalry, and simple artillery. Hitler's war, while utilizing all these elements of battle, is conceived in three dimensions and in terms, if necessary, of total destruction — which was not Napoleon's aim at all. This disparity in scale is so overpowering and so manifest that it may be that the analogies we have drawn will seem of but minor interest.

Yet, though the bombing plane is new and the radio transmitter is new, the man in the plane and the man behind the transmitter are not much different from the men of the time of Napoleon. Just as there are constants in geography that cannot change, so, too, there are constants in human nature. For a time, these constants in human nature may seemingly be clouded over by the force of such men as Napoleon and Hitler and the great historical waves they ride. But in the end these constants will rise above the surface and reëstablish themselves as the determining motives of history.

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THE POISON PEN

BY WILLIAM L. SHIRER

I

ONE of the things that broke the hearts of most of the American correspondents who saw first the German Republic and then the French Republic go down was the stubborn refusal of these two democracies to do anything at all against those within who were openly working to overthrow them. Are we in the United States making the same stubborn mistake, and at the vulnerable moment when we are fighting desperately for our very existence? Let us not be hysterical about the matter. Let us grant that fascism has not *yet* any appreciable hold on more than a few Americans. Let us be thankful, too, that Mr. Biddle refuses to start this war with the orgy of witch-hunting with which Mr. Wilson's Attorney General ended the last one.

And yet there is an ugly fact, little noticed by the press and radio until very recently, which the American people and its government might wisely face sooner than later. It is this: the United States in the midst of a grim war is knowingly harboring an aggressive fascist Fifth Column whose open and avowed purpose is to make us lose the war, accept defeat, and submit to a world dominated by Hitler and the Tokyo militarists. This Fifth Column is not a secret group, working under cover as did the original Fifth Column in Madrid. Nor is it silent. It breathes its defeatism and its treason openly through the pages of *ninety-five* pro-Axis publications which our government mail trains, each week or each month, carry — at the taxpayers' expense — to hundreds of thousands of Americans.

And our government, in the name of democracy, has been hesitant about taking action in the matter. Or is our administration, a little weary of being charged by the Colonel McCormicks, the Captain Pattersons, the Hearsts, and some others with being a dictatorship, merely waiting until our good-natured citizenry becomes sufficiently aroused to demand that it do something about it? Perhaps so. Perhaps it is waiting for the good citizens to rise up and demand an answer to the question the confused citizens of Republican Germany and Republican France didn't have quite the anger or the gumption to ask until it was too late: Why can't a democracy be strong and tough enough to squelch the little minority which is out to destroy it? Is there anything undemocratic about being strong and tough?

That was the fatal trouble with the good democrats of Germany and France. They confused democracy with weakness. To take action against those who would overthrow democracy, they argued, would in itself be overthrowing democracy. Therefore, do not take any action against your enemies. In a true democracy they must be allowed to say or do what they please. True democracy? It was nothing of the kind. It was the negation of the whole democratic process, of the fundamental principle of democracy, which is majority rule. And yet

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the leaders of German and French democracy either did not understand this, or their powers of reason and will were paralyzed. Chancellor Bruening could never quite reach a decision to squelch Hitler though the Weimar Constitution, the most democratic in Europe, gave him the legal power to do so. He was not helped any by the largest democratic party in Germany, the Social Democrats, who stupidly declined to use the very democratic machinery which they had largely created.

It was the same in France. There the two main democratic parties, the Socialists and the Radical-Socialists (the latter being about as 'radical' and 'socialistic' as our own Republican Party under Mr. Hoover), had the power and the constitutional authority to deal adequately with the anti-democratic forces which in the end, with the help of the Nazi Germans, brought down the Third Republic. But they declined to use their power and their authority. What did M. Daladier, the courageous but confused leader of the Radical-Socialists and the Premier of France, do when he met his very first test, the attempted fascist coup (as irony would have it, supported by the Communists) in Paris on the night of February 6, 1934? After successfully putting down the coup, he was frightened by the bloodshed, though it was nothing compared to the bloodshed which the Nazis would unloose in Paris six years later. I shall never forget my bewilderment when I learned of Daladier's resignation on February 7. Or perhaps it was his excuse for resigning that bewildered me. He said: 'The government, which has the responsibility for order and security, refuses to assure it by exceptional means which might bring further bloodshed. It does not desire to employ soldiers against demonstrators. I have therefore handed to the President of the Republic the resignation of the Cabinet.'

One can sympathize with a man who abhors bloodshed. It is the mark of a civilized, humane man. Unfortunately history, both ancient and recent, has taught us that bloodshed is sometimes the price of preserving the state or a way of life. We ourselves learned that terrible lesson between 1861 and 1865, and in a different but perhaps no less terrible way we are about to relearn it, now that war has brought a mighty challenge to our state and to our way of life from without.

But there is also a challenge to our democratic state and to our tolerant, democratic way of life from *within*. Can we not learn something from the tragedies of Germany and France, who were conquered by a similar challenge? Can we not learn how to deal with the Fifth Column before it deals with us — the overwhelming majority of the American people? Many citizens will interject at this point: 'Ah, yes. But the Fifth Column is so small, so unimportant. Why bother about it?' In the nineteen-twenties, nineteen out of every twenty Germans said the same thing about Hitler.

Perhaps it is not for this writer, who has spent sixteen out of the last seventeen years abroad, to say what the danger is. But he notes that Archibald MacLeish, who has spent most of the last seventeen years at home and whose present job enables him to know what our government is worrying about, declared the other day that our chief enemies are the 'divisionists' and 'defeatists' within our gates. Mr. MacLeish somehow gave the impression that our government took the matter quite seriously. He also gave the impression that our government had no intention of doing anything about it, but would leave that to the people.

The challenge to our government's war effort comes from two main sources. One consists of a few press lords, chiefly Colonel Robert R. McCormick, publisher of the *Chicago Tribune*, his cousin, Captain Joseph M. Patterson, publisher of the *New York Daily News*, and Mr.

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Hearst. Their activities would furnish enough material for a separate article. Ex-isolationists, ex-appeasers, but now firmly wrapped in the flag, they have been busy of late spreading suspicion of our two chief allies, Britain and Russia, and embarrassing the policy and the war strategy of our duly elected government by demagogic appeals to yank our forces back to Hawaii or to relieve the boys in Bataan. The best that can be said about them, in the words of a recent *Herald-Tribune* editorial, is that 'they are not very helpful.' In judging their motives one cannot forget that the *Chicago Tribune* knowingly published, three days before Pearl Harbor, a War Department document of the most confidential nature, containing secret information of the utmost value to our present enemies.

The other challenge, which is the principal concern of this article, comes from the Bundists, the various 'Shirtists' (White, Silver, and so on), the Ku-Kluxers, the Coughlinites, the 'American Destiny' crowd, and the rest of the native fascists. They are openly anti-Semitic, anti-democratic, hysterically anti-Roosevelt, and wholeheartedly pro-Axis. They are against the war, they proclaim that *we* and not the others started it, and that we shall lose. And they are out to help us to lose, and to aid Hitler in building his Aryan, totalitarian world. They publish some ninety-five publications. They reach several millions of readers. Let us see what they are preaching to Americans in the midst of war.

II

Probably the most influential of the publications is *Social Justice*, founded by the Reverend Charles E. Coughlin and published in Royal Oak, Michigan. It has a weekly circulation of 200,000. It is violently anti-British, anti-Russian, anti-Semitic; its articles constantly dwell on the theme that this war is 'meaningless' and 'useless'; and the kind of 'social justice' it desires is the kind that Hitler offers. Take its defeatism. In one issue it publishes a letter from Washington, D. C., arguing that this war is a 'useless slaughter' and that it was caused by the 'aggressive provocation' of a few Americans. Mr. Roosevelt is held responsible for our terrible defeats. Thus: 'As a result of having followed . . . Mr. Roosevelt's strategy, the shores of our homeland are not secure, mighty units of the United Nations' fleet have been destroyed. . . . Perhaps already the Axis holds supremacy on the seas.' It is all Mr. Roosevelt's fault. Of course there were some politicians and 'warmongers' who cannot escape some blame. Thus: 'When our soldiers return, no politician who created the war will be respected. Then the consequences of the present world-revolution will dawn on the hand-clapping "patriots," the warmongering clerics, and the squandering politicians.'

Not Japan, but the United States, was responsible for the war, *Social Justice* tells its readers in effect. And it argues: 'We cut off Japan's supply of oil and steel. We refused to buy Japan's silk; we strangled Japan's economy. In a word, the United States was engaged in a white war against Japan before Japan became engaged in a blood war against us.'

Japan's 'co-prosperity program,' which has brought misery and death to millions of Chinese, is praised by *Social Justice* in the same issue in which it announces it has bought $25,000 in Defense Bonds.

For Hitler's and Japan's 'expansion,' *Social Justice* finds plenty of justification: 'In Japan there live 75 million persons. . . . Japan is almost barren of natural resources. Her people are prolific. Is there not another law, mightier than the Atlantic Charter, which permits a people to expand to unused territories? . . . Any honest person will concede that Hitler and Hitlerism were protests against the old order dominated by

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Britain and the United States; were spearheads of a "new order" to overthrow imperialism. . . . This means that the signatories of the Atlantic Charter abhor Hitler's blood superiority but support the British and American imperial superiority.'

Part of the peculiar attitude of *Social Justice* toward its own government and those of the Allies stems from its deep attachment to Ireland. Thus, when American troops landed in northern Ireland, the magazine's cover flaunted a large headline: 'United States Invades Ireland.' And an editorial explained how the Reverend Father Coughlin had taken action to frustrate an understanding between the American government and Dr. De Valera in regard to the presence of American soldiers on northern Irish soil.

III

If *Social Justice* is more effective than its contemporaries in fomenting distrust and defeatism among the American people, certain other publications are more daring in openly inciting rebellion and treason. For example, there is the statement of Francis P. Moran of Boston, an associate of the now dissolved 'Christian Front' in New England. He declares: 'Mr. Roosevelt has sent our citizens to their deaths. . . . He is guilty of murder.' Mr. Moran's plan for helping us lose the war is to get the citizens to refuse to pay their taxes. Says he: 'We advocate the refusal by all sincere and courageous American citizens to pay such taxes on the basis that they are unconstitutional, un-American and morally unjust. . . . Do not refuse to file your income tax reports. Place yourself on record honestly and then refuse to pay this unjust tax.'

George W. Christians, of Chattanooga, Tennessee, leader of the so-called 'Christian Whiteshirts,' had ideas as to the kind of action American fascists should take against the President. One of his handbills screamed: 'Now we are to give up our lives for the delusion of grandeur of a merciless monster, F. D. R. Some neck — for a rope.'

X-Ray, published in Muncie, Indiana, demands the impeachment of Mr. Roosevelt and the throwing out of the Jews, who, it holds, head 'practically all Government Departments' in Washington. 'Jews, Jews at the head of everything. Why? Are we to be a nation dominated by Jews?'

William Dudley Pelley, leader of the fascist 'Silver Shirts,' promised in the pages of his weekly *Galilean* that this country will yet witness a 'Great Accounting' — a statement which recalls Hitler's threat, made shortly before he came to power, that 'heads will roll,' which of course they did. Mr. Pelley was convicted on January 21 of violating the terms of his suspended sentence handed down by a court of North Carolina. He was recently taken into custody by Federal officers on new charges. Mr. Pelley wants us to lose this war and the Japanese and Germans to win it. And he has tried to convince the American people that that will be a good thing for us. Then will come the 'Great Accounting.' Wrote Mr. Pelley's *Galilean* of March 2: —

'Nippon early adhered to the Axis Powers because inherently the Axis . . . lineup was the nationalistic lineup. The United Nations lineup was the communistic lineup, masquerading under the name of democracy. . . . Luciferian Bolshevism . . . was the true cause of the war in both Europe and Asia. . . . The inescapable fact [is] that fundamentally our American republic is at war to preserve and restore Luciferian Bolshevism, instigated and underwritten to the moment by Mongolic Judaists. . . . As disaster piles on disaster . . . the outraged and frightened American people are due to . . . have a showdown with the Luciferians and hurl them out of office and into oblivion.

'Then will come the Great Accounting.

'Politicians and Luciferian satraps

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who at this moment are talking insolently about concentration camps . . . will abruptly face the actualities of them, themselves.'

Pelley did not mince words in trying to convince his fellow Americans that the Nazis and the Japanese have evolved something superior to what this democratic Republic has to offer. Thus: 'The Mongolic Judaist has momentarily seized control of its [America's] political institutions. . . . Hitler, in cleansing the German bloodstream of this inferior infusion, performs a vast service . . . to world humanity in general . . . and is rewarded with political and military ascendancy and an overlordship of all decadent Europe. The Orient, being predominantly of Mongolic composition, is being serviced through a similar renovation at the hands of the Nipponese.'

Similar rubbish may be found in the other American fascist publications now being freely circulated throughout this democratic land. There is no reason to believe that they coöperate to any great extent with one another, though sometimes they exchange mailing lists or complimentary blurbs. But they do have a common denominator. They all oppose the war, work for their country's defeat, and prepare for the day when Hitler's primitive and savage rule may descend upon us, and they may play their part in it.

The attitude of our government during the first four months of the war was that the pro-fascist American press was not worth bothering about. The Attorney General, Mr. Francis Biddle, deliberately declined to take any legal action. His position seemed to be that the Fifth Column publications did not constitute a menace. He also seemed to feel very strongly that to start prosecutions might easily lead to a witch-hunt which would make a mockery of the freedom of the press and of speech. In a magazine article Mr. Biddle wrote: —

'I have directed that no man be arrested for sedition under Federal Law except on my written instructions. Men should never, under our law, be prosecuted for their opinions, however they may disturb the moral assumptions that most of us share.'

This was a very noble sentiment, and many liberal Americans share it. But was it a wise policy during a savage war and a war, moreover, that was being fought by our enemies on a new front, the front of the mind? Were we to accept defeat so lightly in psychological warfare? Was not one of the greatest of our liberals, Justice Holmes, more realistic when he wrote: 'When a nation is at war many things that might be said in time of peace are such a hindrance to its effort that they will not be endured.'

The Federal Statutes are very concise on the problem. They provide: 'Whoever, when the United States is at war, shall wilfully make or convey false reports or false statements with intent to interfere with the operation or success of the military or naval forces of the United States, or to promote the success of its enemies . . . shall be punished by a fine of not more than $10,000 or imprisonment for not more than twenty years, or both.'

On March 26, Mr. Biddle indicated in a press conference that his views were changing. He announced that indictments for sedition would be brought against three or four of the worst pro-Axis publications. He was indirectly quoted as saying that he had come to the belief that, in view of the rôle of the Fifth Column in modern war, the written word had to be considered much more dangerous than in the First World War, and that in consequence a seditious utterance, whether written or oral, might have to be considered the equivalent of a seditious act.

There will be few Americans who will disagree with that. There will be few who will object to their duly elected government showing that democracy can be both wise and strong enough to handle the enemy within the gate.

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THE EMOTIONAL ESSENCE OF BRAHMS

BY SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

I

WHAT was Brahms's reputation thirty to thirty-five years ago? A strange reputation. At any rate, a not very favorable one. Serious but boring music. This was almost the unanimous opinion of the general public. It was very evident that the public preferred Beethoven to him. Compared to Brahms only Bruckner seemed duller, not to mention Max Reger, Mahler, and others, about whom it was better from a sense of decency and delicacy not even to speak. Now, of course, both musicians and the public think differently about Brahms. In the beginning of the 'modern' epoch, musicians also denied him. At that time Brahms seemed so old-fashioned, heavy, clumsy, and academic that the very mention of him compromised those who entertained for him even the feeblest sort of sympathy. In the blossoming years of Richard Strauss, Debussy, Ravel, and Scriabine only imagine what could have been the interest in Brahms who belonged entirely to the past, was closely bound with the history of music, evidently leaned toward classicism, did not distinguish himself by any sort of innovation or daring, and did not even try to distinguish himself. Years passed. In this epoch Brahms was completely forgotten. Among advanced musicians he was not mentioned. Even if he was played occasionally, it was only in a musically backward milieu, in which the conductors, themselves mediocre and devoid of talent, played for a conservative, routine, and academically minded public.

During these years of contempt for Brahms, modernism succeeded in reaching certain high peaks. Since that time much in it has withered, paled, and shown itself to be not nearly as remarkable as in the years of its first appearance. Together with this change appeared a humbler attitude toward the past; a greater regard for it came into being, and finally there began the so-called 'revaluation of values.' A revaluation of values is in itself almost an admission of some sort of defeat and failure. We always count up that which we have left at that moment when we realize that we are not able to squander any more.

And so it happened with the riches of sound accumulated during the modern epoch of musical impressionism in the pre-war years. These riches have proved to be less great than we thought. From this period remain Debussy, Ravel, and, with reservations, Richard Strauss. All the rest which was of value in that period did not belong to militant modernism, and had never been contemptuous of Brahms, being itself on the periphery of that attitude toward music which was dear to him.

In what can one see the change in attitude toward Brahms at the present time? One can see it in the fact that, whereas formerly the 'new' musicians seldom denied him, now even those from the youth of the new generation, who do not

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love him at all, will be more apt to hide this and to be embarrassed by it rather than to show off and boast of their lack of recognition.

In this way, there have been established in our day two trends in attitude towards Brahms, two types of musicians: those who still love him, and those who have come to love him again.

These two trends have now met, but they are not synonymous. The attitude of those who have returned is perhaps more significant and valuable than the attitude of those who have, so to say, always remained true to him, as the former carries with it a new appreciation and a new understanding.

Would that this 'return' were caused by pure motives — that is, only by interest in Brahms's music itself and enthusiasm for it — and not by other motives, as for instance, the desire to hide behind Brahms in settling accounts with other musicians, which was characteristic in many ways of those who through the years had remained true to him. Brahms served them as a shield with which to protect themselves so as not to have to acknowledge, not to see, not to hear the new which was coming into life.

To make Brahms a defender of order, as many continue to do up to this time, is the sign of a not very serious approach to him. To value his music only for the pureness of its melodic contrapuntal line, for the gracefulness of writing and neatness of technique, is rather a poor occupation. Remember what Nietzsche wrote: 'All is not good which is neat.' Having dressed oneself in freshly washed rags one will be cleanly dressed, but in tatters. Now the respect of many musicians for Brahms is expressed in just this; for this reason, maybe, their own music gives us also the impression of 'clean rags.'

The greatest antagonism to Brahms's music has been manifested by the French. And even up to the present day this antagonism is being wiped out with difficulty. For this there are deep-seated reasons connected with the very substance of French culture, in its general as well as in its purely musical aspect. In justice to the French it is necessary to add that Brahms himself did not like French music — in fact, did not like the French in general; and they, not knowing this, subconsciously digested his music with great effort.

II

Brahms has neither the indestructible contrapuntal logic of a Bach, nor the heroic civic spirit of a Beethoven, nor the overwhelming song-intoxication of a Schubert. But he has something else which none of these have: this is the hallowing of a commonplace life of labor, which may be called the 'Consecration of Reality.' It is just this quality which constitutes the emotional-religious substance of his music. Emotion is the chief quality of his music, without which it loses all meaning. Brahms did not need to flee from the world in order to create his art, as many great classicists had done before him. Contrary to them, he asserted himself squarely in this world with its sober reality, and this brings him near to us. The usual trivial and everyday life was odious to musicians in the period of the rise of the romantic school. They opened wide the doors to everything unknown, everything mysterious in life. Their object was to flee by any possible means from prosaic reality and the world of practical things and only staid truths, and to find shelter in a world of dreams and fantasy. The more unstrained these dreams and fantasies, the more they attracted the romanticists, until finally the power of chaos poured through these open dams and drowned music. Many of the romanticists knew how to hold these powers of chaos in subjugation to their will.

The victory over chaos brought these musicians, and together with them all music, enormous conquests and enrich-

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ment in the realm of sound. However, certain ones were unable to cope with this chaos and were engulfed by it. Thus perished Schumann. Brahms was the musician who stood closest to Schumann already during the latter's lifetime, and after his death this intimacy continued under the influence of Klara Schumann. I think that the memory of the tragic fate of Schumann played a tremendous rôle in the life and creative work of Brahms. Schumann perished because he was unable to cope with the chaos which was gradually overpowering him and which in the end destroyed both his reason and his will. The madness of Schumann remained in the memory of Brahms all his life. His music, for all its outer resemblance with Schumann's, with which it was impregnated, in reality became, as it were, the antithesis to Schumann's. Brahms became his antipode. This was the consequence of a volitional process of Brahms's healthy and vitally strong nature.

Summing up the *Sturm und Drang* period and taking into account the accomplishments of the romantic school, Brahms set himself the goal of bringing music back to a normal accord with life. He set himself the problem of uniting it with healthy disciplined labor and the peaceful existence of man. The religious import of his music consists just in this. Creative and enlightened labor became his religion.

Of course, I do not wish to say that Brahms was only a sober artisan, a musician deprived of all fantasy. He would have been no artist had this been the case. His music is enveloped in a haze of tenderest poetry and fancy, but the hysterical Lorelei, who lured on Schumann and forced him to plunge into the waves of the Rhine, was kind to Brahms. She became for him only a legendary maiden who wafted to him golden dreams of his homeland.

If this emotional significance is not to be heard in Brahms's music, then what, in fact, is left? Let us not hesitate to say that there is almost nothing, because, in a strictly classical sense, everything which he says has been better and more forcibly said before him. Not even mentioning Beethoven, unsurpassable symphonist, both Schubert and Schumann, and, in many ways, Mendelssohn, had already expressed everything for which Brahms was working. On the other hand, Brahms's music is not a repetition of the songs of the romanticists. Brahms repeats nothing of that said by his predecessors, and his music speaks entirely of something else. She is austere, chaste, is clothed in simple garb and does not speak grandiloquently. Oh no. If she can be reproached with anything at all, then it is rather with an excessive modesty and reserve. After the neurotic sensuality of the romanticists, Brahms made music pull itself together and return to practical reality; but for Brahms this reality was not such as it had appeared to the first-line romanticists, the creators and founders of the romantic school. Brahms ennobled this everyday reality. He ennobled it in that he was not embarrassed by it, and with his music said: 'Yes, life is like that; it is built not on an illusion, but on tangible foundations; it is simple and humble, and as such we must love it.'

In his entire person Brahms was the classical type of a German *Bauer*. And in his music he was also this type. He was a peasant working music as a peasant works the soil. He modeled his musical compositions as clay is baked or a field is fertilized. In this sense, one can find a certain similarity between him and Cézanne. Cézanne's attitude towards his work in painting was just as simple and just as 'peasantlike' as Brahms's attitude towards his work in music. Cézanne was a peasant in French painting on French soil in the very same era when Brahms was a peasant in German music on German soil. The significance of Brahms for German music was well understood even during his

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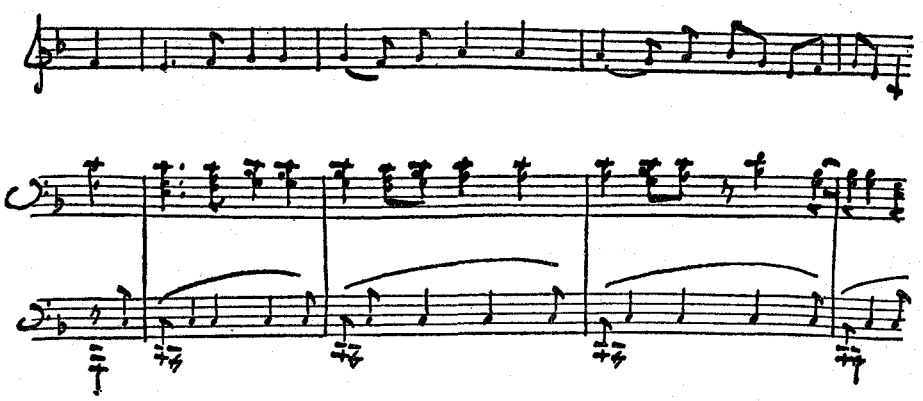
lifetime by the penetrating Klara Schumann, when she wrote in her diary: —

Ich dachte wieder einmal so recht dankbar des Himmels, dass er der Welt mitten in das Wagner-Delirium so eine kräftige gesunde Gestalt gesandt, die für den Moment diesem die Wage hält, und bald uberwiegen muss. Die Menschheit muss ja mit der Zeit gesunden an dem Wahren, Herrlichen, das Brahms auf dem Wege seiner Vorganger fortschreitend schafft. [I thanked Heaven again very gratefully for having sent into the world, in the midst of the Wagner delirium, such a strong, healthy figure, which for the moment would balance this delirium and must soon outweigh it. The human race must with time gain health from the true and noble work that Brahms creates, moving ahead on the road of his predecessors.]

Chamber music is the foundation of all Brahms's creative work. With his chamber music works he brings musicians back to the intimacy of the simple, domestic milieu for which this music was created. This is already not a salon of mad dreamers and audacious innovaters as in the epoch of Berlioz, Paganini, and Liszt, but the snugness of the almost bourgeois well-being of a German family. It is in connection with this milieu that the religious import of his music is revealed. It is based on a religion of work and on the poetry of a peaceful domestic milieu, the work being in loving conjunction with the milieu.

From this point, from the chamber music style bred on such simple foundations, are lines leading to the great symphonic forms of Brahms. They are not with him mysteries or miracle plays, as with Beethoven, and they are not a feverish frenzy, as with Schumann, but simple *symphonic gatherings* — in other words, 'academies.' Brahms understood 'academies' as just symphonic gatherings for performing serious music, and not in that dry, negative sense which is now given to this term. The 'Academic Overture,' the 'Serious Songs,' the 'German Requiem,' are all links in one chain, stones with which he built his musical temple.

The religion of Brahms was, of course, not the same as if it had been religion of a dogmatic order. His religion was music and only music, and service to it was the sole and high meaning of his life. Let us recall the essence of one of his songs, which might be the slogan for all Brahms's simple, lofty, and noble art: —



As one who gazes from the shore
On ocean's blue unbounded,
Unheeding, though by treasure store
On ev'ry hand surrounded,
On ev'ry hand surrounded.

Or one who lifts his gaze on high
Where myriad stars are beaming,
And sees but one in all the sky,
The star of which he's dreaming,
The star of which he's dreaming.

(From the lyric 'An ein Bild,' by Max von Schenkendorf, translated by Alice Mattullath. Copyright 1915, by Carl Fischer, New York.)

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DYNAMITE'S DAY OFF

BY ROBERT EASTON

I

DYNAMITE had asked for Sunday off to go to the rodeo at Sacramento and been refused, and his wrath was greater than Achilles'. He had entered the bronc riding and steer decorating and hoped, for one afternoon, to forget he was married to a wife and four children and worked for three dollars a day, seven days a week, in a feed yard full of silly fat cattle. Instead he and I drove two cars of steers to the station, and I saw a spark kindling in his blue eyes that threatened to explode all twenty-six years of his Utah brimstone and powder.

We put the steers in the loading corrals and got ready the first of two empty cattle cars that stood on the siding. Its sliding door stuck, as they always do, and Dynamite in wrenching at it crushed his hand against the side of the car and drew it out bleeding, with an oath. He unfastened the bull board and dropped the wooden apron and I pulled forward the sliding wings of the chute. We walked down the cleated ramp to where the steers stood in the crowding pen, staring at us like great fat dogs. We wanted twenty-seven in each car, one for Los Angeles, one for Denver. Dynamite counted them by. We crammed them in the car with terrible shouts. We climbed over the gray bleached fence and cut loose the car. I took the Johnson bar, which is a kind of pry that fits under the wheels and will move a train if your back is strong enough, and Dynamite pushed and we got her rolling.

When the second car was in place and ready to load we went down into the crowding pen and I counted the steers by. There were twenty-eight.

I said to Dynamite, 'They're only twenty-six steers in that first car.'

He ran up quickly — he hadn't yet said a word to me — and counted my cattle again through the slats of the car. There were twenty-eight. Then he began to swear. He swung ape-fashion inside the car, hanging from the overhead beam, and kicked a big red steer in the face until its nose bled and it backed out into the ramp. I dropped the bull board and held the rest.

We got the Johnson bar again and went to work and by the time we had the first car back in place it felt as though we had moved the whole Southern Pacific.

I made things ready at the door and Dynamite went for the steer. Now when an animal has once been loaded and come out, to get him in again is like getting a convict back to jail. Dynamite and that steer went round and round. The steer got mad. Dynamite got madder. The steer ran him up the fence. Dynamite got a post and hit the steer over the head, and he kept on till the animal ran up into the car.

'Well,' I said, 'it's a good thing they don't eat the head.'

Our horses were tied at the far end of the corrals. As we got on I saw a black pick-up truck drive alongside our cars of cattle and stop.

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'There's the boss come to give you hell,' I said.

We led the horses through a side gate and around toward the tracks. I saw somebody that wasn't the boss at all get out of the pick-up, standing on one leg, and draw a crutch after him.

'It's that old man,' said Dynamite, not to me but to the earth in general, as you would say a profane thing. From him this was a profanity. He and old Reuben Child, the lame cowboy, were great friends. Dynamite could admire any man who was a Texan and who, besides, had been a champion rider. Now Rube lived in a house the Company had given him, and like an old hunting dog never failed to know when cattle were on the move and hurry down in his pick-up to be there.

He waved the crutch at us and took a shovel from the bed of the truck with his other hand. I saw he had backed up to the low ridge of sand that collects along the tracks in front of the chute — bedding from the cars, kicked out by the cattle.

I got off and tied my pony and said, 'You'd better hand me that shovel.'

I thought Dynamite had ridden on. I knew he was ready for one of his evenings at the village saloon with Pete, the bartender, the trustee of our misfortunes. I rather wished he had gone on, but he couldn't — he couldn't quite pass up old Rube. He got off sulkily and came to us.

'Hello, Dynamite,' said Rube, raising his Texan's drawl till he sounded like a little girl.

'Hi, Rube,' said Dynamite.

'Come on,' I said, 'there's another shovel in the truck. Get busy.'

In five minutes we had the pick-up loaded.

'That's enough, fellers,' said Rube. 'I only want it for the path in my front yard. Here —' he said, reaching into the compartment of the front seat, 'here, this is Sunday. Have a drink on it.'

'Naw,' said Dynamite, 'I gotta go.'

'Have a drink,' said Rube.

'I gotta be going.' He untied his brown nag from the fence.

'Come on, have a drink,' said Rube and held out the bottle.

Dynamite took it, holding the tie-rope with his other hand, and tilted down a good long shot. 'That whiskey's all right,' he said.

The bottle went around and Rube gave it back to Dynamite for another shot. 'Say,' said Rube, 'isn't that saddle a Harney Lee?'

'Yeah,' Dynamite said, 'one the Evans Company named after him.'

The saddle was older than Dynamite himself. The cover had peeled from the high flat horn and worn clear away from places on the stirrup leathers, so that you could see the latigo straps; its skirt had shriveled like the skin of a drying fruit, but in the centre of the tree, where a man did his riding, the leather had the color of dark mahogany shining in the sun, a deep red quality, and here was all the life of the saddle.

The wind blew the mane of the brown nag and made him put his ears up, so that he and the saddle were a picture for a book.

Dynamite looked at them proudly. 'That's a fine saddle, Rube,' he said.

Rube sat down on the running board of the car, facing west, with the sun full on him, took a sack of Bull Durham from his pocket, and began to roll a cigarette. The wind bent the brim of his cattleman's hat and slapped him in the face but he pushed the hat back with one hand and went on rolling the tobacco in his other, and never lost a grain.

'Shore is a country to blow,' he said.

II

Rube was a veteran of the range. His face, drawn by years of pain from the broken hip, had on it the indelible stain of Western sun. His large clear eyes seemed always to be searching some horizon; his ears were classic American,

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protruding just a little; and there was about him a peculiar decency and patience. When he smiled his face shone almost in a heavenly way, as Lincoln's did.

'You fellers ever hear the story of Harney Lee?'

'I never did,' said Dynamite.

Rube held the cigarette up to his mouth and licked the end of it affectionately. We knelt beside him, close to the track, and the cattle in the car above us stomped around and kicked out puffs of sand through the slats of the car. Rube smiled a little.

'Makes me laugh to see cattle nowadays. Gracious, they ain't cattle; they's responsibility. Gotta be fed this, gotta be fed that, gotta be fed this every time o' day. Why, where would them great outfits of old time have been — Turkey Track and Circle Dot — if they'd had to go out every day at half past two and *feed* their cattle? Those fellers depended on their cattle, not their cattle on them. And by cattle I mean longhorns. It was them built the West and don't you never forget it.' Rube stuck the cigarette in his mouth but it was not right and he spat it out and threw it away. 'My story is about the time when cattle still had horns — about the greatest rider that ever rode and the wind that made him great and the horse that killed him.

'In the fall of '98 we was coming from Chihuahua toward the Rio Grande and, fellers, that's a long country, long and dry, and when ye've been out sixteen weeks she's uphill all the way. We counted two hundred horses and six thousand longhorned steers. Red Handle was our boss — finest ever that trailed a herd, and his top rider was Harney Lee. I think there was thirty-three of us all told. Men was cheap in them days; it was cattle cost the money.'

Dynamite interrupted, 'This here Harney Lee — what did he look like?'

'Oh, he was a Texas man,' said Rube. 'Looked like a giant but he weren't so big. Had a mustache — eyes that got narrer at the outside. You can see his picture in the books.' Rube left the idea and went on with his story. 'We'd been out all summer with the wagon and was headed home with what we'd done, six thousand old mosshorns from 'way back that, till we come along, had never seen a horse from the day they was born. Some had the Hourglass and Horseshoe brands; some was mavericks virgin pure. What I mean they was cattle! You got upon a high place and give a squall or two and all over the county puffs of dust went up and that meant cattle heading for the next state. But we rode with 'em step for step, and by the time we started for the Rio Grande they knowed a cowboy.

'One afternoon I seen 'em acting queer. Five or six would stop together and raise their heads and sniff and stand awhile; and in a herd the better part of four mile long this slows you up considerable. Well, I was a youngster then and when I got in for supper I asked Red Handle what was the matter — he was eatin' beans; never eat nothing but beans, old Red, but he sure was a boss. He could water six thousand head in a hole the size of a room and never get it muddy. "Dust," he says; "they smell a dust somewheres." And he went on eatin' his beans.

'Well, that put a wiggle in my spine but I never said so. I noticed the wind had come up a little, and when the cocktail riders got in and the nighthawkers was ready to start I saw Red go over and talk awhile to 'em. There begun to be something in the air. Cookie gathered in his washing and his pots and pans like he'd seen the enemy already. At daylight we was on the move. We kept to the trail three hours but that daylight never growed. Then we knew it was dust. By noon she'd rose up there in the north big and blue, like night had got around that way and was coming down on us; and when she got closer she turned red around the edges as if fire was

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in her, and then yellow. We went slower and slower. By now them steers would stop every few feet and snort and sniff the air, and when two o'clock come they wasn't moving at all. We'd had 'em to water at a dry lake on a piece of country flat as your hand, and it was plain they'd go no farther. Pretty quick them as had laid down got up. It become terrible dark. Then altogether them cattle begun to move — *south*. They was like water after a rain, altogether — a-walkin' just as steady, and when the first grains of sand hit 'em they begun to trot, all six thousand. Then we rode.

'Ever been in dust? Well, when you have, don't never worry no more 'bout going to hell 'cause you've been there already. In a duster you burn just as slow. It's like the devil come at you first with sandpaper, then with fire, and oh-mercy-me, how he does hurt! Seems he's gonna skin the clothes right off you and eat out your eyes and nose and ears like fire eats out a holler tree. You see him hit them mesquite bushes — big spiny fellers thirty feet across — and shrink 'em till they're no bigger 'n a porcupine. Behind every bush and rock he makes an eddy, as does a running stream, but don't git in there or you *will* choke, 'cause there the sand boils right straight up. You'll smell the stink o' creosote bushes being broke and chewed up; you'll see chuckwallas, and such, run under foot till you think your pony'll trip hisself — they can't find no hole the dust don't smoke 'em out of. And maybe you'll look around all of a sudden and find cattle on both sides, and then you won't know what to do so you drift with 'em. Don't never try to head a herd; it can't be done. Sometimes you can bend 'em, but head 'em — never. If you meet a rider you think it's Billy the Kid out to rob a stage — face in a bandana, hat tied hard and fast, but some way the rheumatics has took him and he's hunched like an ape in the saddle. One feller I saw lose his hat and that's just barin' your head for the execution. What I mean it's a serious thing. He had a gunny sack tied behind his saddle, but before he could get to it I seen a blush start up his face that meant the skin was going.

'Once I looked around and *did* see nothing but cattle on both sides and there was nothing I could do. I thought left was out and bore that way, edging mighty easy through them horns, and finally I run clear of cattle and found two other fellers and knowed then that I had the flank. We drifted quite a while, shaping the herd the best we could, feeling them steers more 'n we saw 'em, and after a long time Harney Lee come up behind us with five men. He'd been clear around the tail of that herd. Red Handle'd sent him with half the riders they could find and kept the other half, and now we was organized. Six of us strung along the flank and three went up with Harney on the point. He rode a little Steeldust horse, I remember, one of those Texas ponies just the color of dust, and it was hard to follow him. We found what we figured was the point and stayed there, bending it all we could, and that wasn't much 'cause cattle traveling that way don't have much give in 'em. Pretty quick it got dark. This here was night, gen-u-ine. Once the dust blew clean away over us like a rainstorm does and we could see a piece of the moon up there, brown and rotten as an apple. Then the dust come on again, and all night it kept after us and all next day, and it seemed we was a-goin' backward where we'd been last summer — I mean the year itself was goin' back. We'd pass a gully or a rock we knowed, and they'd rise up there to say we'd wasted our time and never would get home.

'That day four more fellers joined us but we didn't eat and seen no sign of the *remuda*. I never cared; I had my best horse under me: a buckskin bronc named Anæsthetic and what I mean he'd put many a man to sleep. But when that kind tries you and sees you don't fade they become good horsey.

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For a tough ride give me a buckskin every time; they can't be beat.

'Well, the second day got on — we couldn't tell the time; it all run together and become evening. And now the steers was dryin' up and gettin' mad; sal-*i*-ver hung outer their mouths like spiders was inside a-spinnin' threads, and you had to be chary 'bout getting close or them big leaders would turn and root you one. But they kept right on; they was walkin'-mad.

'Harney would look 'em over and ride up and down the line. We got to calling him general and saluted as he come, and other things men does when they're very tired. He was so all-over dust you couldn't tell who it was coming 'cept by how he set his horse, always for'rd thataway in the saddle, ready to make his ride. He'd laugh at us, blowing dust off his mustache, and call us chuckwallas so-and-so's. He told me one thing: to keep my forty-five inside my pants or the sand would ruin it. He packed two guns hisself. I could see 'em bulge under his chaps; and he rode a low-lyin', double-rigged saddle with the short cantle and high horn — one they named after him.

'Oh, he was a giant of a man, was Harney Lee, but he weren't so big to look at. . . .

'Now after quite a spell — might have been noon, might have been three o'clock — he comes to me and says, "Young Rube, we're a-gonna bend this herd. I want you to ride and tell Red I need some men." Reckon my face showed what I felt: that bending the herd would be as easy as bending the storm; 'cause he sobered clear up and says, "We got an alkali lake ahead of us and the water's poison; we can't let the cattle to it." Well, then I rode. I got lost. I dried clear out. I couldn't find the end of the herd. Once I passed an *ocotillo* — one o' them cactus that's all joints and fingers — and that was the only time *I* ever wanted to be a cactus, 'cause them *ocotillos* can breathe through their stems. Then I found Red and he looked awful poor; he'd had a fall and sprained his arm. He took eight fellers and told 'em what Harney wanted and all he said was, "All right, boys. I want to hear ye've made this ride."

'I led the way back and when we come again upon the left flank the sky got terrible dark and then all of a sudden she lighted up and there was the greatest sight 'pon which my eyes ever laid. There was Harney Lee and seven men goin' alone agin the point, *and they had her bent!* Seven of 'em had her bent. They rode her down out of a per-pet-tual circle, riding close together, single file, with not enough room between for cattle to come through, and always the tightest part of that circle was agin the herd, and here the guns was flashing and the boys would make their ride — pressing in and in; and now a big steer would take to 'em and run 'em out of line, and they'd shy off and come round the loop and hit the herd again; and always Harney led 'em pouring fire in the air from both his guns. We hurried and joined up with 'em and made a bigger, heavier circle, with never room between us for a steer to pass; and we bent them critters clear around.

'Them as was fighting mad and wouldn't bend we shot and the rest kept on — but always to the right, just a little to the right. We hit a kind of water course that in such country was like a line on the palm of your hand, but it helped; and here we done what no men ever done — we milled that herd. Yep, milled her. Red shaped her from the other side but Harney Lee it was that milled her, tucked her in till she was running like a rattler on her own tail. Time and time again he led us in, flyin' in the twilight like a man who rode the wind, 'cause through the dust you couldn't see his horse at all and it was like a man alone ridin' the air. Slowly she wound up and run down, and some critters at the inside fell and was chewed like meat in a grinder; and then just as

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we thought we had 'er the whole thing come undone, snapped open like a willer branch that's been rolled up, and away went them critters down the plain. Three times we rolled 'em up and three times they come undone, but on the fourth they stayed. . . .

'I never seen such a cattle to run; but now they was plumb tuckered and we backed off some and give 'em slack. You could see those steers was done: they had heads down and for old-time cattle that's a precious rare sight. They'd run themselves gant; they seemed to have nothing left but head and hind end. While we left 'em to git reconciled the storm quit altogether and there was the sun goin' down over there behind some hills.

'We held the herd all night, and next morning the day broke clear and we eased 'em up this wash into a new country. By noon we'd found water, running water, and made camp. Toward evening here come Cookie and the *remuda*. They'd drifted with the storm the same as we. The wranglers said they'd gone ahead and the ponies had follered 'em like they will a man in the dark — and in a way that's the rest of my story. But anyhow, from this stream of running water Red got the idea for going home along the Coche Hills where there was more streams like it and a storm couldn't git right at us if it come again. We laid over two days and within three more we'd hit a rimrock country with canyons and some timber.

'We all stood turns nighthawking the ponies, three of us, usually, 'cause there was Mexicans around and this far from home we couldn't take no chances. There's nobody loves good horseflesh as does a Mexican.

'This particular night Harney Lee was on the shift from ten till two, him and a couple of fellers — one called Sleepy Head and another silly kind of feller we called Graveyard Jack. The herd was on a slope above a canyon, and when the next shift come it got to Jack first. He'd seen old Sleepy dozin' over there and had an *i*-dee for some fun. He gave his horse to the others to hold and slipped over there with his quirt behind old Sleepy.

'You know how horses are at night — up and down three or four times, and as long as some are up and feedin' the rest won't scare; but this particular night it happened all the horses was asleep, and when Jack smacked old Sleepy's nag across the rump he jumped twenty feet down hill and bucked old Sleepy off and broke in two and went down through the herd just a-buckin' and a-raisin' hell; and them ponies was to their feet like one horse and away down the canyon.

'Well, square in their way was Harney Lee. You boys never saw horses comin' at you wild in the dark but it's a terrible thing. They'll run you down same as steers and twice as quick. Their shoes knockin' the stones sends out all manner of sparks, red and yeller and blue. Harney see 'em comin' and could have got away, but instead of that he turned his pony and begun to ride — same little Texas pony he'd rode through all the dust. He knew horses will foller a man at night if you give 'em just enough room, and he figured to wind 'em up somewhere. And that's what he did. We found the herd next day up agin the rimrock, and in the canyon by the trail lay Harney where he'd fell — a badger'd dug his hole right there.'

Old Rube stopped talking. The cold spring wind slapped through our clothes and made the wiry grasses sing in the ditch beside the track. 'Pity —' said Rube, 'pity he couldn't have died upon his greatest day; but all of us can't do that — we gotta die in beds or, if we're lucky, just a-doin' our job like Harney.'

Dynamite gave a wet sniff and tried to hide it in a sneeze, wiping his mouth with his shirt sleeve. There was a single poppy growing in the track between two ties and he picked it and mashed the petals through his fingers. 'Well, by God, Rube,' he said, 'that was a good story.'

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THE ARMY AND ITS CRITICS

BY T. H. THOMAS

I

ELIHU ROOT, if he had lived to see it, would have understood better than anyone else the full significance of the recent reorganization of the War Department. Properly speaking, it carries through to a sound and logical conclusion the far-reaching reforms he initiated almost forty years ago. But by a comically misguided impulse of praise the press hailed the latest reorganization as the cleaning away of a century's accumulation of dust and cobwebs in the administrative machinery. There were the usual catchword phrases in regard to Brass Hats, red tape, and bureaucratic routine, and the general impression given was that after a century of neglect a great mass of useless and inefficient bureaus had been 'streamlined.'

All this is a caricature of the actual situation. Under the heavy burden of the past two years, the administration of the War Department has shown itself to be, not bad, but good. There have been amazingly few serious criticisms from the press; and Congress has tacitly recognized that the work of the Army and the Department was in good hands. (When one recalls the vindictive hostility of Congress in 1915, the contrast is striking.) We have a good Secretary of War and a good Chief of Staff. For the higher civilian posts in the Department the Secretary, without exception, has chosen highly competent men; and in the critically important post of Undersecretary, Judge Patterson has been an outstanding success.

Secretary Stimson himself has been no minor factor in this favorable record. When his appointment was announced, comment turned mainly on the question of his age. The remark was made by one who had known him in earlier days: 'Stimson already knows more about the Army and the War Department than a stranger could learn in two years.' For the first time we had an incoming Secretary of War who knew what it was all about: who was familiar with the language and the habits of thought of the Army, and with all the peculiar complications of the Department. Colonel Stimson had had first-hand acquaintance with all this ever since the time of Elihu Root. He had been Secretary of War after Root's reforms were carried through; he had witnessed the vast expansion of 1917 and shared in it as an artilleryman in France; and at Washington during the post-war years he had known the anæmic régime which denatured the National Defense Act of 1920.

No other American, in the summer of 1940, could have offered the particular knowledge and experience which Colonel Stimson brought to the Department — at a most critical period. Such a period was not the moment for overworked officials to explain to an innocent newcomer the elementary points of the Army organization. In this instance the incoming Secretary fortunately knew a good many things which subordinates might have left unsaid. Above all, his previous experience had enabled him to avoid the

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apprentice solution of trying to deal with everything himself: only by a proper delegation of work to responsible subordinates is it possible for any chief to carry out the duties of a Secretary of War. His success in this has contributed largely to the efficient operation of the Department during these two years, and his own competence in the field has built up a position of quite exceptional authority in the eyes of Congress and the country at large. Never before in time of crisis have there been such good working relations between Congress and the Secretary of War.

II

Even during the early period of reduced appropriations, the Ordnance Department patiently kept at work in its own field; and when the time came, it was already getting into production the best automatic rifle in the world. The record of production and deliveries of essential weapons would be very different today if the warning given in 1937 had been heeded; it would not have been necessary to call up troops for training before these new weapons were on hand. Even so, it is due to the initiative of the Ordnance Department that any of the new types of weapons were forthcoming in 1941. Without waiting for the OPM to come into existence, the Ordnance Department got into production the new types of arms and fighting equipment for which money first became available at the beginning of 1939. Practically all the new weapons in the hands of the troops during the manœuvres of 1941 came from these early contracts. For nearly twenty years after 1918, there was no money, for example, to develop and test tanks on any useful scale. Even with this handicap, the new tanks the Ordnance Department sent out to Egypt proved far more rugged, and had a far greater range of durability, than any the British had on the scene. It is reported that one tank was put over 1800 miles of desert and stony ground without requiring the replacement of a single part. The record of the American tanks in the autumn battle in Libya was so conspicuously good that the British Commander-in-Chief in Egypt gathered the press correspondents together to hear a formal and comprehensive tribute. Moreover, all this was accomplished by the first model brought into production. The new medium tank, M-4, now coming into service, is a far better design in all respects.

The Quartermaster Department has made a correspondingly good record. The hearings on the Burke-Wadsworth Bill brought forth into print again the record of things left undone or mismanaged in 1917, such as the calling up of large numbers of draftees before clothing and blankets and proper shelter were available and ready. In 1940–1941 some 900,000 selectees and new recruits were absorbed into service without these complaints arising. Only old-timers took note of the fact that almost everything — uniforms, rations, the layout of camps — was far better managed than in 1917.

III

The carrying out of the draft is another item on the list of things well done. With a minimum of time for preparation, the draft of 1917 had succeeded, for one reason, because General Crowder had taken carefully into account the report of the Provost-Marshal General of 1865. This contained among other things a survey of the lessons taught by the Civil War, with a list of things not to do if a draft ever had to be undertaken in future. Possibly no other American in 1917 was aware even of the existence of this report, but General Crowder had taken it fully to heart. For the first time in our history, perhaps, the lessons of one great war were studied and turned to profit in preparing for the next. One result of this was to entrust to the country at large the effort and the responsibility

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of making the draft work: not through Deputy Provost-Marshals (as in 1864), but through volunteer civilian boards in every community, which summoned their fellow citizens to register, sifted out those who were to serve, and sent them off to the designated training areas. Only then did the drafted man pass into the hands of the Army. The apparatus of this whole process, which in Europe had been a routine part of the mechanism of the *état civil*, had to be wholly improvised in the United States — and in a few months' time. General Payot, one of the outstanding officers of Maréchal Foch's staff, remarked that this improvised effort, on so immense a scale, was the most surprising achievement in our whole war effort.

The Selective Service Act of 1940 was a private measure, drawn up outside the War Department and introduced without the backing of the Administration. But in its final form it gathered up practically all the lessons of the experience of 1917–1918. A small and inconspicuous office of the War Department kept these lessons alive in a practical sense and, by coöperation with the Governors and the National Guard of the various states, gradually worked out improvements upon the administrative machinery of 1917. Lieutenant Colonel Hershey, who had directed the work of this bureau, took a leading part in explaining to Congressional committees (during the hearings on the Burke-Wadsworth Bill) the practical questions involved in the new phenomenon of peacetime conscription. His success in this had a singularly reassuring and convincing effect in Congress. It became an immense advantage to be able to entrust to him the application of the law, once the Selective Service Act was passed.

There was next the hurdle of actually applying selective service in peacetime — a thing never imagined before in American history. Although a majority of opinion very clearly had approved the law, the opinion of those to whom it applied was a less known quantity. A large proportion of the opposition press continued to denounce the law as a shattering of American traditions, while Mr. Hanson Baldwin led a chorus of military-expert opinion in protesting loudly that the whole thing was a stupid professional blunder. Infantry, in the view of these experts, was a thing of the past; a small mechanized army of professional soldiers was what was needed in 1940 — even to face a German army of 200 divisions! It was folly to expand our 'highly trained regular forces' into a mass army — a chaotic aggregation that could be no more than cannon fodder against tanks and dive bombers.

If this view had prevailed, we should now have no prospect of being more than a cheering section for the countries fighting Hitler. Yet this view filled the front page at the time the first contingents of selectees were being called up for service. As a cheering send-off, it loudly assured them that they were being uprooted from a useful life in order to waste their time in the empty forms of outmoded military routine. They were surprised and disgusted not to find themselves riding about in tanks within a week or two after they reached training camps. This was the first step toward the 'bad morale' the press exploited so eagerly in the following summer; and for months on end the press and the popular magazines did their best to encourage the new soldier in the view that he was a useless sacrifice to military stupidity.

In retrospect, the whole process of drafting the first contingent seems to have run on oiled wheels; today it would almost seem that there had never been a problem at all. This is in fact the highest praise that can be given. Handled differently, conscription could have become an irritating and dangerous and more or less incurable *problème à trois* between Congress, the Army, and the country at large. Colonel Hershey handled the matter in such a way that this alignment will not arise, even in the future.

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IV

In so vast an effort, working at such pressure, it would be ludicrous to look for perfection at any point: the great thing has been to get the work done. In none of the major tasks it shouldered a year ago has the Department failed. Whatever success our forces may have in the field later on will be due initially to the *administrative* accomplishment of these past two or three years.

Never before has the Army carried through, in so well-planned and orderly a fashion, the immense task of expanding suddenly from a peacetime framework to a full war establishment. Never before, when mobilization has begun, has there been ready a clear and workable plan for training a large body of civilian soldiers — an essentially different task from that of absorbing occasional batches of recruits into the established routine of a Regular Army unit. General Marshall saw in France the handicaps of the improvised expansion and the improvised training methods we were forced to turn to in 1917. In 1940 he was not caught napping.

Nothing has done more serious harm to the thinking and morale of the country at large than the loudly trumpeted charges by the chorus of critics that the 'mass army' was a chaotic and planless effort — a mere groping for larger numbers and size, without a clear idea as to the aims in view. This is exactly the opposite of the fact. The National Defense Act of 1920 (now almost forgotten) set up what might be called an administrative structure within the Army which offered a far sounder basis for expansion than ever before. The plan for this expansion had been worked out at least by the autumn of 1939 — possibly some time earlier. It was in no sense a mysterious secret: a simple chart which summed it up could be seen in General Marshall's office by any visitor interested in the matter — and the main outlines had been confided to a little-interested press and public. This plan provided for forming 9 Regular and 18 National Guard divisions — exactly the establishment actually set up in 1940–1941. Armored units and an increased Air Force were by no means overlooked, but to bring these into being upon a substantial scale depended upon appropriations such as were beyond the wildest stretch of the American imagination in 1939. (By now, Undersecretary Patterson has pointed out, the proportion of armored units to infantry divisions is at least equal to that in the German Army, and the proportion of motorized equipment is much larger.)

This plan, moreover, was no mere paper project; it provided a practical means of expansion by making the fullest use of the materials then available: the officers and men of the Regular Army; the 50,000 or more officers on the active list of the Officers' Reserve Corps, and all the better-organized units of the National Guard. With the collapse of France, the country suddenly woke up and provided the man-power necessary for bringing the planned army into being. Without waiting, even before the machinery of selective service could be set up, General Marshall immediately formed a special command, under General McNair, with full authority and responsibility for training the forces already in service and the new divisions then being brought into the field.

The striking success of the training program in 1941 has been due first of all to this prompt and farsighted decision. It was out of the question for General Marshall to take charge of training so many divisions in the field and at the same time to carry his work as Chief of Staff in Washington. As Chief of Staff he had to bring before the Administration all matters of general Army policy, to represent the Army when called on by House and Senate committees, to lend a hand in new legislation, to deal with the press and public opinion, to oversee the production of weapons and equipment,

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and to direct the expansion of our whole military establishment. These duties, moreover, he could not delegate to subordinates or helping hands. He could delegate to General McNair the sweeping authority which would allow him to take full charge of training troops, and of organizing and directing manœuvres, without having to refer things back to the General Staff at every turn for confirmation and approval. The point worth noting is that this critically important fact was appreciated in advance, without waiting for a bottleneck to develop; and at the very outset General McNair was given full control.

The result of this wise decentralization of functions has been that for the past year and a half all the field troops within the United States have formed, in effect, a distinct army under General McNair's command. As it proved, also, he had a clear and definite idea of what he wanted to do, and the divisions in the field soon realized that they were not marking time or puttering along in the mere outward forms of a training routine. By the autumn of 1941, General McNair had acquired the additional authority built up from the fact that every corps and every divisional commander in the Army shared the opinion that his appointment had put the right man in the right place. The success of this measure has now been reaffirmed by General McNair's appointment to the new post of Commanding General of the Ground Forces. ('Ground Forces' is a singularly unmilitary phrase; why not 'Field Armies'?) It is not so much a change as an extension and a formal recognition of the authority he has exercised with such outstanding success during the past year.

V

Least of all is it true that this building up of the Army according to previous plans involved the 'shattering' of a highly trained Regular Army. Such was the lament set up for a year and a half by the 'mass army' critics, led by Mr. Hanson Baldwin, who sees no hope of safety outside the Regular Army and the professional soldier. In his volume *United We Stand* (which appeared early in 1941) Mr. Baldwin complained: 'We are attempting to expand our mobile forces from three infantry divisions in September, 1939, to twenty-seven in the spring of 1941. . . .' This mistaken effort, he added, would ruin the Regular divisions in order to build up a 'pudgy amorphous mass.' This is no stray individual comment. It is the main theme chanted for so long by all the hostile critics of our military policy.

It would be hard to imagine a more complete misstatement of the actual facts. First of all, 18 of the 27 infantry divisions were National Guard divisions in existence long before 1938. They came into Federal service with their own cadres of officers and their own personnel: in no sense did they represent an 'expansion' of the Regular Army. Next, the three Regular divisions of 1939 themselves might fairly have been called a 'pudgy amorphous mass': they had recently been assembled for the first time from fragments of the Regular Army previously scattered about in many small posts. Whether or not they were professional soldiers, they were the very opposite of trained and seasoned divisions. In point of fact, nothing could be more misleading than to apply the time-honored phrase, 'a small but highly trained army,' to the Regular forces of the two decades following the World War. The active service of the old days (on the frontier or in the Philippines) was gone once and for all. The divisions were scattered in small permanent posts and never assembled for large-scale manœuvres; in many ways this became one of the most stagnant periods in the Army's history.

In respect to the Army, the period of post-war economy continued into the second Roosevelt administration. By 1937 or so, no unit of the Regular Army

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had ever seen a force of tanks in action in field manœuvres; no division had ever been engaged as a unit in manœuvres against another division; no unit was familiar with weapons of a more modern type than those left over from World War I. The 'highly trained force of professional soldiers' was still the accepted slogan, but in reality it was no more than a rhetorical fiction. By its weapons and equipment, and by the opportunities for training allowed it, our army was no longer able to take its place in a modern line of battle.

This was made clear by the critique of the Regular Army manœuvres in Louisiana, in the spring of 1940, drawn up by the Commanding General directing the operation. This critique, moreover, was confided to the press without delay; the full text appeared in the *Army and Navy Journal.* After this, it was clear to those in authority that the time had come for a fresh start. By this time, also, half or more of the rank and file were green recruits: Regulars or not, they were no more professional soldiers than the draftees of the coming year. Whether the army was to be organized on a basis of 5 or 50 divisions, in the matter of training it would be necessary to start from scratch.

This, in a word, was the task General Marshall and General McNair set to work on for 1941. The arrival of the selectees made it possible (for the first time since 1919) to bring units up to full strength; and with few exceptions more than half the strength of each division in 1941 was made up of selectees. But all selectees and new recruits were put through a carefully planned period of field training over a period of thirteen weeks — a professional initiation far more thorough than ever had been given new recruits by the Regular Army. Next, every division was kept steadily at work in the field — first in exercises by divisions, and then by entire Army corps. By the end of the season every division and corps had taken part in Army manœuvres on a scale never before attempted in this country.

The Carolina manœuvres, in November, brought into the field 300,000 men, with more than 40,000 vehicles and tanks: there entered into the fray two Army commands; an air force for each army; five Army corps; and thirteen combat divisions — a much larger force than the whole army which made the opening attack of the Meuse-Argonne. All in all, the forces General McNair brought up to the point of being able to play the game in large-scale manœuvres comprised more Army and corps commands than all those the AEF brought into battle in 1918.

The point is that this is the first time such a thing has happened in the history of the United States. In 1917, as in 1861, no officer in active command had ever seen a division of American troops actually gathered together in the flesh. No officer had had the experience of actual command of large units of troops. In 1917 it was still an undetermined question what an American division would consist of if such a thing were to come into existence — and the question remained unanswered until Pershing reached France. Such a thing as an organized headquarters of an American division or Army corps was a purely hypothetical entity. In 1941 all these have been brought into being.

When over half the personnel of an army were civilians in civilian clothes in January or February, it would be absurd to pretend that by the end of November that army was ready for battle. Both General Marshall and General McNair then offered the sensible reminder that there was still a good deal of ground to cover before these combat units would be ready to take their place in a modern line of battle. Many of them had not yet received their full equipment of the newer types of weapons. But the fact remains that all these units were in a higher state of training than any American division had been before it entered

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the line in France: no division of 1918 had ever carried its training to the point of taking part in corps and Army manœuvres. For the first time in our history we have Commands and Staffs who have been given — in time of peace — the actual experience of handling large units in the field.

VI

In all this accomplishment, the Army was hard at work long before the general public or the press was prepared to pay attention to what was being done. Even today there is little appreciation of the importance of the new policies thus carried through. So, likewise, in the recent reorganization of the General Staff, the Army has not yielded to 'the necessity of a change,' but has taken the initiative and acted long in advance of public opinion.

Least of all is this change a sweeping away of 'rusty and incompetent bureaus.' For all practical purposes, the organization of real powers and authority at the War Department derives from the reforms of Elihu Root. Before him, in effect, there was no General Staff. In order to bring into a real and workable subordination the planless and haphazard War Department of earlier days, Root had to create a Chief of Staff with real authority over every bureau and every branch of the service. The thing was not accomplished without a fight. It took the full weight of Theodore Roosevelt's administration to overmaster the Mandarin régime of jealously independent bureau chiefs—firmly entrenched in a sort of feudal power by adroit legislative provisions. Following that conflict, it took the full authority conferred on the Chief of Staff to enable Leonard Wood to achieve a final decision. By unsparing use of this same authority, General March rescued the Department from the collapse that threatened in the midst of World War I; and by the strength of this central authority General Marshall has been able to carry through the present expansion of the Army.

But all this was achieved at the cost of the Chief of Staff being responsible for every phase of the Army's work. The centralized control necessary to carry through a basic reform was an impossible and thoroughly unsound administrative burden for a Chief of Staff who has to direct an army in time of war.

The decentralization now put into force follows well-tried and proven lines. The tripartite divisions of functions and authority which has long been the basis of every well-organized European army falls into three distinct tasks: command of troops; General Staff; administration and supply. This in fact was the ultimate aim of the process of reform which Elihu Root got under way. It has been achieved, at last, in March 1942.

The 'command of troops' passes to General McNair and General Arnold, as heads of the Field Army and the Air Forces. All the branches of administration and supply are grouped together under a single head: the Quartermaster and Ordnance Departments; the AGO; the Army finances; the Judge Advocate General's Department; the medical services, and all the others. The General Staff has at last been freed from administrative tasks and can devote itself to its proper duties of war plans and the specific direction of military policy. The streamlining of our higher command in 1942 is thus in no way a risky or experimental venture. Its effect will be to put the Chief of Staff and his subordinate organization in a far better position for carrying on the direction and management of an army in time of war.

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YOUNG POETS

WHEN I WAS TWENTY

I

When I was twenty and a man of promise,
Innocent of time, at ease with it,
Nowhere by moonlight, I remember this
Friend of mine who said — he was explicit —
I'd do my best work in the next ten years.
Even though he spoke, of course I knew,
Less of my than his expected cheers,
Designing epics when my rhymes were through.
Thirty wakes me — and what have I done?
Shelley and Keats are younger now than I,
Chatterton's a child sure of the sun,
Only Yeats and Hardy comfort me:
These days, a river darkening and slow —
The nights a dream of it fired in the snow.

II

Memory of young and living nakedness:
O when I was twenty and in love,
Doped by day and half the night sleepless,
Doomed and saved and dazed and waked by love:
And, of course, moneyless for love and houseless,
Sure that earlier passions had not been love,
Swept back and forth from tenderness to madness
To eat and breathe and think my love, my love —
Not to possess her each day: not to possess
Her surety and fidelity as proved,
And every hour I could not see her, guess
A hundred men might see her and be moved.
At thirty, I wonder for a moment where
She is, how gold is all that golden hair.

Winfield Townley Scott

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PREFACE TO NEW POEMS

THAT which is simple is most subtle,
Said one with a way of holding my hand.
Where is the frontier of the soul and the five senses?
Shall we ride the ranch of imaginary fences
Or study the map of a probable land?
Let us draw maps and ride ranches.
The maps will include the sea also, which is most subtle
Of all symbols and not simple to understand.

ISOLATION

DO YOU notice nothing, not the mare
Ripe brown and restlessly alone
Cowered from the wind lashing the blond mane?
Do you hear nothing? Are you not aware
When the delicate calves under the damp stone
Walls of barns complain?

Not my country this where men stand
Irrelevant upon enormous fields.
I am the stranger inland from the sea.
The dun bull, the rooting pig, the bland
Mule — all the fattening landscape yields
Signs unread for me.

I have studied the waters. I have seen
Death by drowning. I have strained my ears
After the keeled ship, the lost sound.
Death by water most the earth fears.
But of the air? How can you not attend?
Are you the undistressed by the wind's sound,
Susceptible to nothing earth yields,
Seeing irrelevance upon your fields,
Deaf to the distant portents of the sea?
The wind is a trouble to seamen. Land
And water lie one under the wind.

JEREMY INGALLS

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BY THE CHERWELL

THERE's a glitter on the water.
A lark in the sky
Is raining down his song again
As I go by.

Up the long furrows
In green lines and neat
Stretches out beyond me
The glistening wheat.

A lapwing flashes
As he tumbles through the air;
A pale thrush is singing
On a bramble there.

And by the curling water
Now gleams the celandine,
And sweet spring has come again
As I have seen.

A POET GOES TO WAR

(From a German Prison Camp, Summer, 1940)

I WAS a captive too while yet uncaught:
  I held that men but by mistake did ill —
  And helped to punish them, thought guiltless still.
I had no freedom, yet for freedom fought.
I left my joyful love, and hatred sought,
  And wishing men to live, I tried to kill;
  And so, unwilling to obey my will,
Forsook my duty to do what I ought.
No, there's no answer, though I think and think.
  War's Chaos; and no man can Cosmos frame
  Unless he fling his soul in the ruin there.
Then must he stand and watch, and watch it sink
  Amid the whirl of anger, fear, and shame;
  And like a patient madman he must stare.

JOHN BUXTON

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IN DEEP CONCERN

(Guilford College, North Carolina)

QUAKERS define the hour when thoughts begin to burn
And faith leaps from the heart into the hands,
That great turbulence of spirit, 'a concern,'
The hour when contemplation breaks its bonds.

Poems are written, colleges are built, states live
When people go out from their thinking to the street
With a faith in their hands so deep and positive
It makes the vision true. Here thought and action meet.

So the idea of a college a hundred years ago
Was born from Quakers' deep concern, and with their hands
They dug and baked clay into bricks that warmly glow
Still with the heat of faith. That college stands.

But we, late-comers, are not sure, we are bound fast.
We do not know for certain, we have not got it clear:
Paul Revere rode, Benjamin went to France, John Brown
Was shot because thought burned to action in the past,
Because thought grew so deep and hot it cast out fear.
And it is matter for concern whether we shall go down,
Or from the deeps of thought and prayer take up our stand,
Where faith moves from the mind into the working hand.

MAY SARTON

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EDUCATION IN AN EMERGENCY
THE PRIVATE SCHOOL

BY RICHARD M. GUMMERE

I

GUNS and bombs in the Pacific have punctuated, if not punctured, the educational theories of the past twenty years. Seven million secondary pupils await the deliberations of school authorities. Two hundred thousand graduates of the class of 1942 will soon present themselves to the admissions officers of various colleges. Those who direct this cross-section of America are endeavoring to face the world chaos with candor, courage, and a program of essentials. It is a time for integration rather than analysis; the 'batteries' of intelligence and achievement tests are literal necessities in the face of the enemy, rather than mere figures of educational speech.

College faculties are first on the field, designing an accelerated plan which shall cut down the undergraduate period by one third. They are deliberating to what extent radio communication, map making, aviation, and many other emergency courses shall occupy the curriculum. Secondary educators, national, local, and private, are endeavoring to help young people, who have lived all their lives in the aftermath of a world war and a financial depression, to cope manfully with a state of sudden change, with dot-and-dash thinking, mechanistic mass methods, and new uncertainties. It is to their credit that they recognize the right of American youth to an uninterrupted school life and all its valuable by-products, as the British still do with their draft limit set at nineteen years of age; but they wonder what ingredients are essential for the winning of the war, maintenance of American democratic ideals, and the basic minimum cultural standard. Parents, with their minds on mounting taxes and the impending stroke of the draft registration clock, are considering ways and means for their children's sake. Hence the cost, the human adjustments, and the most desirable type of training are three insistent problems in education as America grimly settles down to a policy of self-denial and effort, with the ultimate aim of building a peaceful and coöperative world.

II

The private or independent schools aggregate little more than one fifteenth of their public or tax-supported counterpart. But they have had an influence far out of proportion to their numbers. Their past has been a distinguished one indeed; they carried the entire burden of colonial and early United States schooling until the twenties of the last century. They set the pattern for the high school, and they have continued to pioneer in many ways ever since. No wonder parents are asking what is to be the function of the private schools, characterized as they are by smaller classroom units and backed in many cases by religious denominations, with endowments varying from ten million dollars down to none or the pay-as-you-go plan.

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Finances are naturally uppermost in the minds of their patrons and directors: this is the ghost that now rattles its chains with the greatest frequency. Some friends of the private schools have suggested that state or Federal authorities might grant subsidies equal to individual pupil cost, and thus bestow what could be called public scholarships. A few look hesitatingly towards the National Youth Administration. There is a certain amount of justice in this query: for it is clear that every 'paying guest' removed from the attendance roll of the community public school relieves that community of a burden. If the five hundred thousand students in private secondary schools were to be educated in public schools of high standards the added burden on the taxpayers would be about fifty million dollars per annum. There is obviously a *quid pro quo* value in preserving the private schools.

Many private schools, however, are chary of accepting any public aid. They feel that they should spin the fabric of economy out of their own resources. They ask no handicaps. They feel that the strings of public control might become shackles. They call attention to the fear of political pressures such as might stifle freedom of discussion and action. They prefer to plan more Spartan ways of living, tightening the academic belt, as Mr. Willkie has several times suggested. Similar conditions have occurred in the past and were met by the birth of Andover and Exeter during the Revolution, by the activities of Horace Mann in the panic of 1837, and by old Sawney Webb's plain-living establishment at the close of the Civil War in Bell Buckle, Tennessee.

Self-service by pupils, with a maximum amount of school chores, is no new thing. To what extent it reduces cost is still to be determined; a prominent headmaster has calculated that such economies in his own school would result in a saving of only fifty dollars per individual. School farms, however, worked by the boys, have begun to operate in several cases with a larger reduction of overhead expense. Afternoon jobs in certain industrial centres, on an apprentice basis, are being planned for pupils of country day or boarding schools. Senior students, properly qualified, are doing tutorial work with younger pupils. If 60 per cent of a good school's budget goes toward payment of teachers, and if we agree that a minimum of cutting is desirable in this department, its authorities should prune hard at the remaining 40 per cent. School athletics may be rationed more economically; more time may be devoted to chores beyond mere housekeeping. Work camps are being set up for vacation periods.

Barter and payment in kind may return again from the misty past of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when a calf appropriately arrived on the scene in company with an entering student, or a cord of firewood paid the first term-bill. One thinks, along with many financial experts, that the symbol of the future may be visioned as units of work rather than units of money. The semi-public endowed academy, an inheritance from a century ago, is being encouraged.

Defense activities in many schools have accentuated the habit of useful occupation in contrast to the rampant self-indulgence which marked the years following World War I. While government authorities have advised against premature military training at the secondary-school stage, there has been an increase among young people in private schools who are willing or eager to toughen themselves in other ways than through athletics. Airplane spotting, map making, radio communication, photography, meteorology, first aid, assistance at medical examinations, metalwork, ground aviation, navigation and naval architecture, junior policing, forestry, road engineering — all these are claiming enthusiastic attention. 'Even the headmaster,' said one school paper, 'swings a wicked pick.' Whole buildings have been

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erected by squads of boys. Girls have taken over certain phases of Red Cross activity, nursing, and food hygiene. Student councils have suggested the conservation of automobile tires by establishing intramural athletics in place of outside contests. If the school must perform the functions of the home, it is surely fair to argue that every economy and effort should be made to employ teachers who will spend nine hours at a country day school or sixteen hours at a boarding school in continuous attention to the characters as well as the minds of their charges.

III

The days are gone when the private school could be justly accused of encouraging social distinctions or snobbishness. There are as many differences in financial standing among the parents in a purely tax-supported institution as there are between the families which send their children to a public school and the families which pay tuition. Within the last few years the private schools have been giving more thought to the question of democracy and coöperation, to the obliteration of any distinction between public and private education on social grounds.

A prominent magazine not long ago accused the private school of not furnishing enough citizens who would enter public service and hold office. And even educators are wondering whether justice is being done in an educational way to the 10 per cent of private-school graduates and the 80 per cent of public-school graduates who do not go to college and for whom the college preparatory program is not suitable.

The man in the street, however, will open his eyes if the service rendered by the private school is made clear to him. The pamphlet recently published by the Country Day School Association, and the address of Frank Ashburn contained in the Proceedings of the Seventy-Fifth Anniversary of St. Mark's School, are revealing documents. Mr. Ashburn, in speaking of public service, humorously calculated that, if a certain preparatory school which in 1934 had graduated a thousand men in its fifty years of existence could represent a ratio constant for the whole population of the United States, there would have been '37,000 Presidents, 333,000 Ambassadors or Ministers, 111,000 Senators, 111,000 Governors, 37,000 Congressmen,' and, among other professions, '37,000 Pulitzer Prize Winners.'

In the private schools a spirit of coöperation with the community is manifesting itself in many ways. One institution is solving the problem by offering regular classroom service to a specified number of boys from the surrounding region. Several others have established regional scholarships. A country day school in the Northwest included a two-weeks review session without charge for all College Board Examination candidates from the public-school quota of a near-by city. Another shares a series of its auditorium lectures, given by its faculty members, with the adults of the town. Another opens its recreation grounds on a share-alike basis to Boy Scout troops. Another has an 'open night' at its observatory. Others report hobby groups on many subjects, from Greek to mechanics, from journalism and printing to agriculture, from music to photography, open to interested young people and adults in the neighborhood. Many boarding and country day schools send their seniors to attend civic and political gatherings in order to learn the routine of the responsible voter. There is a clearinghouse among private schools for boys who desire summer jobs on farms, or in factories, or in the merchant marine.

In other words, the spirit of the 4-H Clubs, which spread through agricultural America, and the industrial uplift of the Junior Occupation Service are elements which of themselves will leaven the formerly easy-going philosophy of the Amer-

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ican adolescent, without the hard and metallic drive which has characterized the German totalitarian enslavement of youth.

IV

However thorny may be the financial path which the private schools are traveling, and whatever may be the goals of democracy in the next decade, it is clear that both private and public schools have an equal and coöperative share in the program. There is no reason to denounce the former as oligarchical. Both groups are deeply interested in what President Conant has called a 'flexible classless society.'

In the third phase of our problem, however, the private schools are capitalizing a golden opportunity for national service. They are trustworthy custodians of the cultural tradition and the religious heritage of Western Europe. They are adapting this tradition to American needs by their insistence on training *plus* learning, skills *plus* intellect, an introduction to the work of the world acquired hand in hand with what we might call 'the uphill thinking faculty.' Hence they offer a type of education for life in America not generally obtainable elsewhere; and their task in the post-war period will be an essential one. They are striving to carry out the purpose which Georges Duhamel has called 'the closing of the tragic gap between thinking and doing.' They believe stoutly in a cultural medium of study for the lowest third in the high schools of today; they have something to offer our children even if they cease their education with the school diploma. And at the other end of the academic line they are anticipating the material of a college freshman year, whether you choose to call it postgraduate or junior-college work. They understand that 'culture' can no longer be defined in the sense in which it was formerly used — as primarily an armchair, artistic, æsthetic medium. They know that it means today the arts and crafts, the machinery, the language symbols, the ways of living, the leisure recreations of a community. It must have a common medium of exchange; and to find this medium, acceptable to educated persons of all income groups, is a primary task of the private school, free from local or state legislation except in certain obvious fundamentals. It is proper to equip boys and girls with a culture which both Matthew Arnold and Thomas A. Edison would appreciate.

Their religious education is broad and varied — from the parochial type, to the Sacred Studies of the church boarding school curriculum, to the meetings in Friends' schools which are often conducted by the pupils themselves. One notes volunteer Sunday-school teaching in many neighborhoods, and Y.M.C.A. groups conducted in near-by towns. We can take pride in camps for underprivileged children, where seventeen-year-old counselors from the private schools serve under expert direction. Trips for the purpose of observing labor conditions at first hand are numerous.

Secondly, the private schools are at liberty to encourage the widest possible circulation of unfettered ideas, both in the classroom and outside, questioning their own policies in complete academic freedom. A recent report from the Council of Learned Societies recommends a greater understanding and discussion of major issues — what lies behind Soviet Russia, or the China of Hu Shih, or the causes of our errors in dealing with South America, or the symptoms of the disease which has perverted the totalitarian powers. These topics are no less important than the statistics of the social scientist or the laboratory results of the physicist. The flexible program of the progressive schools has played a considerable part in this opening of the adolescent mind and has reacted upon all secondary teaching. By such procedures the book becomes alive. Through such topics of discussion, pulp-magazine trash is staved

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off and good taste is formed. If and when such boys are drafted, it cannot be said of them, as an Army general declared about the draftees recently examined, that one quarter of them had not reached the equivalent of a fourth-grade educational level.

The majority of private schools are now presenting a curriculum made up of 75 per cent of standard material where 'meat courses' are continuous and are taught in an up-to-date way, and of 25 per cent of vocational work geared either to national defense purposes or to the future profession of the student. Two examples may suffice. One student whose application for college is in hand has been prepared for junior class standing in the humanities; and another has submitted to the Committee on Scholarships a victrola record made by himself in his own laboratory, in which he gives an account of his experiments and presents his case. Languages are being taught on a realistic basis; art teaching satisfies the creative instinct without being too abstract; English is correlated with the cub reporter's ambitions; the scientific boy not only gets a thorough training in mathematics but studies practical mechanics. Biology is adapted to the needs of the future farmer or bacteriologist. The skill of the craftsman is cross-fertilizing with the ideas of the student. Thus there is a transition from the emergency procedures of the present to the permanent apprenticeships of the reconstruction period. The gradual disappearance of the playboy, partly as a result of these programs and partly for national economic and military reasons, is a plain fact: in a university which this year draws approximately 50 per cent of its entering freshmen from private and 50 per cent from public schools, the proportion of candidates from both categories for graduation honors has risen from 20 to 50 per cent in the last twenty years.

To the dispassionate observer, then, the tax-supported schools and the private schools complement each other. In the emergency each has its function, the former dealing in large community groups and the latter in smaller units. Each will cut down the nonessentials; both will produce leaders, as in the past. Their policy will be one of integration and unity. College preparation will occupy the independent school to a proportionately greater extent. But a wider responsibility for pioneering, for experimentation with new ideas and imponderables, will be the privilege of the private school. Each in its way will have a spiritual aim. But, in the words of Headmaster Norman B. Nash, 'it is our conviction that neither the democratic nor the totalitarian state can be safely trusted with a monopoly in education, since a precious fact of true education is the freedom for critical study and the evaluation of society as it is. The independent schools, like the independent institutions of higher learning, are not less necessary, but more. It is therefore not a matter of educational theory, but a way of living and thinking. It is more than bookkeeping or statistics or tests or schedules. It is imaginative reason feeding into the skills and procedures of adult life.'

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ANDOVER AT WAR

BY CLAUDE M. FUESS

I

War is the supreme test of the adaptability of institutions, whether governmental, industrial, religious, or educational. Those which are unbending, spongy with dry rot, or deficient in vitality crash before the continued storm; those which are deep-rooted and flexible adjust themselves to new conditions and survive. The American private secondary schools, which, as Dr. Gummere points out, have made such significant contributions to the nation in times of peace, are now facing the challenge of a rapidly changing world, and are feeling acutely their responsibility to their pupils and to their country.

In charting our future at Andover, we have started with some basic assumptions, the chief of which is that secondary education in a democracy should never cease to be preparation for life in a peaceful, freedom-loving world. If this were not so, we should all become without delay military schools, aiming to turn out boys trained solely in the most up-to-date methods of slaying an enemy. The military school, as such, undeniably has its place, and a very respectable one, in a peacetime society, but the typical American secondary school will be concerned with less warlike skills.

The second fundamental assumption is that, in this present crisis, we must be prepared to organize almost overnight the new forms of specialized training required for armed combat between nations. Boys graduate from our schools, on the average, at the age of eighteen years and three months. Under existing conditions they are still exempt from call by their local draft boards; but they are eligible for various types of active service, including the Air Corps. On March 16, our government announced a program of 'pre-flight training' open to 'pre-college American youth,' and beginning in September will 'process' 45,000 young flying students each year. According to a recent newspaper report, Canada has already instituted a volunteer corps of air cadets open to boys between the ages of twelve and seventeen, and under the command of Royal Canadian Air Force officers. We have no reason to expect that, if the war continues, our own boys of nineteen will not be enlisting in large numbers. The graduates of the private schools are healthy, courageous, and loyal, and as they see their friends putting on uniforms, they will not wish to remain behind.

We headmasters should not deceive ourselves on this point. No matter how much we may believe that our boys should wait until they are called, they simply won't do it. As the war grows more exacting, the enrollment in colleges, even under the accelerated plan, will be smaller and smaller. This means that the secondary schools will feel obliged to make extra efforts to send out their graduates mature, self-reliant, and adequately trained.

A third assumption is that every boy should secure his secondary-school diploma, and, in the case of schools like

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Andover, his admission to college. The suggestion that the high-school period be accelerated or reduced to three years goes contrary to the whole process of nature, which cannot be hurried without danger to the adolescent. Furthermore, if, as we are praying, our foes collapse within the next year or two, the young soldier may then still go from the army camp to college, as many did in 1865 and 1918. The boy who enlists without earning his school diploma is unnecessarily impairing his whole civilian future.

II

The policy agreed upon by most private schools for the emergency begins with physical fitness, which underlies all military efficiency. Schools like Exeter, Lawrenceville, and Taft have long had programs of athletic sports in which each boy has been obliged to participate. This we all expect to continue. Now, however, we are superimposing at Andover a combination of posture work and body conditioning, involving exercise of the 'toughening' variety, from which no boy is excused unless ill or crippled. The value of drilling and marching to music has always seemed to me great, and perhaps next year we may use it with the two upper classes. Judging from what I see at my own and other schools, the mere business of standing erect, chin up, shoulders back, facing the world, needs more emphasis than it has had in recent years. Slouchiness, untidiness, and sloppiness in general are infinitely more detrimental to school discipline in wartime than they are in peace.

As for any formal uniformed military regimen for schools like Andover, the best judgment is unfavorable. We tried such a system during World War I, and for a season I was successively a private, a 'non-com,' and a second lieutenant in the unit. Our corps was never officially under government maintenance or control, although we secured retired or wounded veterans to direct it. It seemed to me to be, like most halfway measures, unsatisfactory — confused, aimless, and superficial. If or when the War Department takes over our schools in order to establish units of a Reserve Officers' Training Corps, we shall coöperate wholeheartedly. At present, however, we are advised that we cannot as private enterprises secure either officers or matériel. That disposes of the question temporarily so far as Andover is concerned.

On the intellectual side, we are retaining our long-standing framework of English, history, foreign languages, mathematics, science, and the fine arts, but with greatly shifted emphasis in many cases. Frequent and insistent questioning of higher authorities only confirms our judgment that the importance of mathematics can hardly be exaggerated as preparation for active service in a mechanized army. Accordingly we propose to teach a larger number of our boys to know elementary mathematics really well, and we are also instituting special courses in the higher branches for those qualified to profit by them. For many undergraduates, we shall reduce the amount of time spent on the so-called 'cultural' subjects. Physics and chemistry are being revised by our instructors to meet war needs, and we are now offering simple but adequate courses in communications and in radio. The internal combustion engine, hitherto rated under 'hobbies,' is now being taken more seriously, as are photography and map reading and interpretation. We are considering the possibility of work in ground aviation, for which we have ample space. All we require now is a suitable response from the government. Several boys during this school year have been allowed, with their parents' approval, to take flying lessons at a near-by airport, under competent instruction, and their practice will undoubtedly be emulated next year by others who can meet the rigid requirements. In the modern foreign languages, we are altering our technique to place more emphasis on speaking and reading

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and less on formal grammar. Next year we shall have groups in French, German, and Spanish actually speaking the language together day after day at tables in the dining hall.

While we should not ordinarily in peacetime have considered any such drastic modifications, I am not much concerned about the sanctity of the curriculum. Our immediate, indeed almost our only, purpose in our schools today should be to make our contribution to an all-out effort as a people. Unless we win our victory, the cultural elements in our education may vanish altogether for many decades to come. Even if for a few years direct preparation for war should absolutely control the curriculum, we should still recover — always provided we are victorious.

Aside from the formal curriculum requirements, we are introducing almost from week to week optional instruction in other war activities. More than a hundred boys have already taken and passed a stiff course in first aid. A larger number are shooting every evening on the rifle range. Selected groups are studying camouflage in the Art Gallery, taking gasoline engines apart, practising on the typewriter (a valuable skill to any soldier), and even experimenting with electronics; indeed, I find that impromptu classes are starting up all over the Hill in such fields as military history or geography, the master trying to keep a little ahead of his self-appointed pupils. This is all to the good. If it persists, we may find our boys actually eager for education.

Our teachers will be fewer next year, and therefore we shall have larger classroom sections. An instructor in English who now has five divisions, with an average of twelve in each, may in 1942–1943 have six divisions of eighteen or twenty; but nobody is objecting. The masters who remain wish to keep the places warm for their colleagues who are, or soon will be, at the front. Everybody will work a little harder for the same salary.

Added responsibility will have to be thrown on the boys themselves. With fewer faculty proctors available, students will have to choose their own dormitory committees for enforcing the rules and regulations. Already each dormitory has its own Deputy Air Raid Warden and Deputy Housemaster, with very specific duties, and even larger delegation of authority to them is contemplated next year. The time is peculiarly propitious for placing responsibility for his own conduct squarely on the boy — a policy which has always been favored at genuinely American private schools, and which is certainly a phase of education for war. Andover, like Loomis, Deerfield, and many other schools, has always used student waiters in its dining halls. Some have gone further by having students make their own beds and take care of their own rooms, and this practice will doubtless become more widespread. The possibility of certain kinds of work 'on the grounds' has been suggested, but at Andover we are inclined to believe that other matters are more urgent. The trend is toward encouraging boys to stand on their own feet, to rely less on the services of others, and to develop that pioneer self-reliance which we once had as a people and have only lately lost.

We shall be operating on a smaller budget than usual. Income from investments is falling off and commodity costs are rising. Like everybody else, we are devising plans for curtailing expenses, eliminating waste, reducing the number of comforts and luxuries. All this helps the war, but is also good for the soul.

If boys are to be kept in school until they are eighteen, they must not only feel that they are profiting by the experience, but also must contribute to the common cause. 'Drives' for the various service organizations, the regular purchase of defense bonds and stamps, the promotion of special enterprises, little self-sacrifices now and then, such as 'meatless meals' — all these help to keep morale healthy. Above all, boys like to be told the truth, to be talked to like

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men, to be reminded of the great moral and spiritual issues at stake in these momentous days.

III

Because it seems wasteful to let our extensive plant lie idle during the summer months, Andover is for the first time opening a summer session, from July 6 to August 29, using all its facilities, including a large proportion of its faculty. This is no educational innovation. Exeter has operated a summer school successfully for many years. Our own summer session, however, is primarily a war measure and will feature very strongly several aspects of military preparation. It is open not only to Andover boys, but also to students from other similar schools, and from the surrounding community. We shall include in the curriculum any specialized work within our scope required by current Army needs.

In certain sections of New England, plans are being made for students to assist local farmers in their seasonal requirements. The Hotchkiss School has already taken the leadership in coöperating with the farmers of northwestern Connecticut in planting and harvesting. Andover is in a different kind of community, and I suspect that our agricultural efforts, necessarily intermittent and amateurish, might be more confusing than efficient; but schools located in rural districts can do much to help the farm labor shortage, even to the extent of organizing farm camps to provide student help during the vacation period.

I must say a word about the relation of the private school to its village or town environment. Our Andover Adult Education program is, as far as I am aware, unique in that it offers to the townspeople an amazing variety of instruction, principally by the school's own staff, on subjects ranging from folk dancing to rather abstruse finance. When war came, the existing program was at once expanded, with the result that literally hundreds of adults have been getting elementary training in first aid, air-raid protection, navigation, communications, spoken Spanish and German, military history, and many other fields. Dozens of prospective draftees have enrolled to 'brush up' on their trigonometry and physics. Our teachers, I should add, have contributed their services, the Trustees of Phillips Academy have given the classroom facilities, and the actual cost to the student has been infinitesimal. As an example of what can be done to bring Americans of all ages together, it deserves the highest praise.

Most of us are rapidly learning in these critical times a scorn of 'miserable aims that end with self,' but the exigency is also a practical one. The question with the independent schools, especially those which have hitherto been charged with ultraconservatism, is not so much whether they shall modify their policies as whether they can exist at all if they do not. Only in a free land can such schools survive, and the issue is now one of a survival of all free institutions. Hence the combined resources of the great private schools, their accumulated experience and wisdom, their planning and their practice, must be devoted during the next few months to the winning of the war, even if temporarily they have to abandon some of their cherished traditions. It is better to forsake part of our accumulated gains than to perish.

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MY CONRAD

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I

I HAVE two feet of Conrad in my library. It is not, I know, customary to measure him in this yardstick fashion, but as I glance at the shelf of well-thumbed volumes, I am impressed by the sheer bulk of his work — by the number of inches, growing to feet, that Conrad wrote his way along during the course of a literary life that began so late and ended so comparatively early. Twenty-four inches is not, of course, the measure, even linearly, of his achievement. My present collection lacks the two collaborations, *Romance* and *The Inheritors*, as well as *Almayer's Folly*, *The Secret Agent*, and *The Arrow of Gold*, which friends have borrowed and failed to return. They show preferences which I do not share. Place the above mentioned volumes with those before me, and one may say that Conrad wrote his way across and down some nine thousand pages (this is a rough estimate), which, printed and bound, occupy close to three feet of library shelf.

I begrudge none of the space which these books occupy in my own library, but if I were compelled to reduce it, I would reluctantly part with all but the following, named in the order in which I prize them: *Lord Jim*, *Under Western Eyes*, the *Youth* volume, *Victory*, *Typhoon*, *Nostromo*, *Chance*, and *The Nigger of the Narcissus*. You observe that I have not mentioned *The Mirror of the Sea* and *A Personal Record*. These are in a special category, and it would be foolish to attempt an estimate of their value in comparison with the tales. The ten books comprise some fifteen inches of Conrad's work, and I could as easily part with one of my own linear feet as with any inch-and-a-half volume of the lot.

I have read that interest in Conrad is waning; that the present generation care little for him. If I were one of his publishers I should not be greatly concerned. Whatever may be the preferences of maturing readers, Conrad will never lack devoted admirers among the matured. It is inevitable that he should have his seasons of neglect. His path, like that of Halley's comet, is elliptical: he will follow it, full circle, time after time. Not as endlessly as Halley's comet, but oftener. He may be outward bound now, as some think. If so, a generation to come will know something of the breath-taking astonishment and delight felt by those who witnessed his first appearance.

When we remember the unhappy circumstances under which much of his best work was done: the frequent ill health, the perpetual struggle to earn enough for his family's support; when we recall with what, one may well say, anguish he labored under these circumstances, how are we to measure the extent of our debt to him? I am speaking, of course, of lovers of Conrad, for I am aware that the full enjoyment of his work is, in part, a matter of temperament. Some men do not and cannot read him at all. Those who prefer him to all other novelists of our times, down to this year of 1942, are justified in estimating

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him by weight or measure, for not a troy ounce, not the fraction of an inch, will ever be added to Conradian literature. Estimators of the future, surveying the important literary figures of the early twentieth century, will say: 'And now we come to Joseph Conrad,' as biologists might speak of an extinct genus comprising a single species. They will recognize that he is of unique Conradian stature, and cherish him, as we do, for this. H. L. Mencken once said of him: 'My own conviction, sweeping all those reaches of living fiction that I know, is that Conrad's figure stands out from the field like the Alps from the Piedmont Plain.' He might, to the better liking of Conrad's novelist contemporaries, have reversed the figure. It is not height that matters, but unlikeness — unapproachable oneness.

II

What purer delight can a reader have, upon surrendering his imagination to another's guidance, than in the sudden coming upon the signs and portents that reveal a creative mind functioning serenely, with an all but unconscious rightness of instinct? The serenity may be disturbed, at times, as the surface of a full-banked river is flawed by gusts of wind blowing across it; but it is unmistakably there, as though it were, in itself, part of a stream of energy flowing from an inexhaustible source. Or, to change the figure slightly, the energy of Conrad's mind seems, rather, the tide sweeping up the estuary of a river, flooding into coves and bays and creeks as it proceeds on its way. The main channel is neither wide enough nor deep enough to contain it.

Consider the tales within tales that Conrad gives us. They are not the mere surplus of a richly stored mind, thrown in *à propos de bottes*. When Conrad tempts you away for a moment, or a quarter of an hour, from the main course of his narrative, he has the best of reasons for doing so. Consider, as one of many examples, the tale of Captain Brierly, in *Lord Jim* — 'Big Brierly, the captain of the crack ship of the Blue Star Line,' and his first mate, old Jones. What a superb digression it is, although it may be called a digression only for the sake of convenience. It is one of the signs and portents. In Conrad, one may not immediately recognize them. One may pass them by before the realization comes of what has been passed. Some reflect light from a source hidden afar; others reveal themselves with the sudden splendor of a meteor. Conrad is a great provider of this unexpected delight. In him alone, of the novelists of our time, can we be certain of finding it.

I will speak of one instance among many. It is to be found on page 127 of my old 1909 Doubleday, Page edition of *Lord Jim*. In the midst of a paragraph you find Marlow saying, with one of his abrupt and seeming digressions: —

'"*Fort intrigués par ce cadavre*," as I was informed a long time after by an elderly French lieutenant, whom I came across one afternoon in Sydney, by the merest chance, in a sort of café, and who remembered the affair perfectly.'

The sentence might, perhaps, be arranged somewhat to its advantage in smoothness, but this is a detail I should be ashamed to call attention to, except that someone may ask what I mean by a creative mind functioning serenely when the citation begins thus. Conrad was too deeply preoccupied with his story to be concerned about such a trifle. This incident, the conversation between Marlow and the French lieutenant, has always seemed to me an excellent example of what might be called white-heat serenity. The reader anything but expects this digression. Throughout fifty-seven pages immediately preceding he has been with Marlow, in the Malabar House at Soerabaja, listening to Jim's story. Then, in a flash of time, he finds himself in Sydney, listening to a Greek chorus commenting on the action in French, through the lips of an elderly

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naval lieutenant. It is not a reasonable transition, but what has reason to do with these matters?

I wonder how many readers of Conrad have noticed the number of what can only be called 'dusty pictures' scattered through his work. He is tagged as a writer of romances, and so he was, but none of our modern realist novelists has been able to approach, to say nothing of equal, his mid-afternoon, 'life-with-the-bloom-off' sketches. The scene between Marlow and the French lieutenant is one, and there are dozens of others. I once started to make a list of them, but was led away from my purpose by the recollection of the many writers, not only novelists, who give evidence of that mid-afternoon disenchantment with life. In Amiel's 'Journal,' under the date of March 31st, 1873, appears this entry: 'Of all the hours of the day, in fine weather, the afternoon, about three o'clock, is the time which to me is most difficult to bear. I never feel more strongly than I do then, *le vide effrayant de la vie*, the stress of mental anxiety, or the painful thirst for happiness.' This is what Tennyson said, in the last stanza of 'Mariana': —

> The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
> The slow clock ticking, and the sound
> Which to the wooing wind aloof
> The poplar made, did all confound
> Her sense; but most she loathed the hour
> When the thick-moted sunbeam lay
> Athwart the chambers, and the day
> Was sloping toward his western bower.

Even Henry Thoreau, that healthy spirit, was not immune. In one of his Journals, where he is speaking of his Walden experience, he says: 'Why did I change? Why did I leave the woods? I do not think I can tell. . . . Perhaps I wanted change. There was a little stagnation, it may be, about two o'clock in the afternoon. The world's axle creaked as if it wanted greasing, as if the oxen labored with the wain and could hardly get their load over the ridge of the day.' This is the only passage I have ever discovered in Thoreau in which he admitted that he knew and feared the spectre that makes its presence felt between the hours of two and three P.M. Conrad, it would appear, was not an occasional, but a frequent, host of this dreaded visitant.

III

I am puzzled at the indifference of Conrad readers of my acquaintance to *Under Western Eyes* — at least, the comparative indifference; it is never one of the favorites, and often they place it far down the list of preferences, sometimes at the very end. I have yet to meet the man whose eyes kindle at the mere mention of the title. One man whose judgment I respect resents the appearance of yet another spokesman for Conrad: the professor of modern languages who is at such pains to disclaim 'the possession of those high gifts of imagination and expression' which he reveals so eminently before he has done. Another thinks the tale would have been greatly improved had Conrad conquered, for once, his painfully meticulous concern about method, for plausibility's sake. Yet another finds the beginning of the story tedious, and tells me that he has never got beyond the first half-dozen pages.

I am such a wholehearted admirer of Conrad that I can no more wish for than I can conceive of a structural plan other than the one adopted for each of his tales. They seem to me perfect, for Conrad; and when we read a man's work, it is not to compare his method of composition with those of other novelists. We read it because it is his and no other's. All one needs to be convinced of is that the guide knows what he is about. Plausibility is, rightly, an important concern for a novelist; Conrad could not be otherwise than meticulous in this matter, but he is never painfully so, to my thinking, and least of all in *Under Western Eyes*.

I can think of no tale that engages the interest more swiftly, or that holds it more relentlessly. The professor of mod-

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ern languages makes his knowledge of Razumov's history entirely plausible on pages one and two. On the following page, Razumov takes his three-dimensional shape, and more than that: among other things, you learn the salient fact concerning him, upon which all the story hangs — his curious, unconscious ability to inspire confidence. On page four you find yourself plunged into the midst of the tale, and he who can read to the bottom of that page without wishing to proceed . . . I pause here. People do break off at about this point. I have known them to do it, without in the least wishing to proceed. The observation to be made in this connection has been made before: How strange and various a creature is man! I would doubt the paternity of a son, of twenty or thereabout, who found *Under Western Eyes* unreadable.

Some years ago, I was interested in searching out references to it in Mr. Jean-Aubry's *Life and Letters* of Conrad. The first is a brief note by the biographer: —

> At the beginning of 1908 he started upon a novel, *Razumov*, afterward called *Under Western Eyes*, the idea of which sprang out of a casual conversation he had with a stranger at Geneva as long ago as 1895; for revisiting that city had brought that talk back to his mind. Physically and spiritually, Conrad was in a very bad way all this year, but he succeeded in pulling himself together.

There are four other references, three of them in Conrad's letters, but nothing to indicate that he took pleasure in this story, written, as I believe, when he was at the height of his powers. Occasional outpourings of unhappiness in letters to friends do not tell us all, of course. Conrad's were, undoubtedly, sincere, but the state of mind in which those letters were written could not have been common when he was engaged upon this task. As he reread the pages of the growing pile of manuscript, he could not have believed, in his heart — as he wrote to Norman Douglas — that 'there is neither hope nor inspiration in them.' To be sure, we do not know what pages were discarded before the right ones were written; but in any case the story, lacking only the final 12,000 words at the time when he wrote to Douglas, contained evidence overwhelmingly against any finding for despair. Ill health must have accounted for his pessimism on that occasion.

One way — not the best, of course — of estimating Conrad's stature, is to take incidents from his stories and compare them with somewhat similar ones in the work of other novelists. The best of his are nuggets of gold. For all the casual way in which they are offered, they lie beautifully embedded in the structure of his tales. You may lift them out for the pleasure of closer examination, but you must put them back. Nothing else can be substituted for any one of them.

I take an example, at random, from *Under Western Eyes* — it is to be found on page twenty-seven of my two-shilling Methuen edition. Razumov, having left his lodgings to search for Ziemianitch, the coachman who was to help Victor Haldin escape, goes instead to Prince K——, and through him betrays Haldin to the police. He then returns to his lodgings, where Haldin is awaiting him. 'Well, and what have you arranged?' Haldin asks. 'It's done,' Razumov replies. The whole of this passage, from the time of Razumov's departure from his lodgings until his return, is an illustration of the mind of a great artist working with what appears to be effortless power; but the incident I refer to is the passage describing Haldin's departure. Aroused by Razumov's strange manner and by his words as they sit there, waiting for midnight, — when the coachman, supposedly, was to be in the street below, — Haldin is suddenly appalled by the thought that his action — the killing of the Russian official, which has made him a fugitive — is abhorrent to his friend. He rises abruptly and leaves the house.

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There was a faint rustling in the outer room, the feeble click of a bolt drawn back lightly. He was gone — almost as noiseless as a vision.

Razumov ran forward unsteadily, with parted, voiceless lips. Staggering out to the landing, he leaned far over the banister. Gazing down into the deep black shaft with a tiny glittering flame at the bottom, he traced by ear the rapid spiral descent of somebody running downstairs on tiptoe. It was a light, swift, pattering sound which sank away from him into the depths: a fleeting shadow passed over the glimmer — a wink of the tiny flame. Then stillness.

Let those familiar with the tale recall what has gone before and what follows: what awaits Haldin in the silent, snowy, dimly lighted street. That swift, pattering, tiptoe descent is as memorable an exit as a character in fiction has ever made to his doom. Indeed, I can think of no other to be compared with it.

IV

Last week I was reading H. G. Wells's *Experiment in Autobiography*, and, remembering that Wells had been a near neighbor of Conrad, in Kent, I was interested to learn what he thought of him, both as a man and as a fellow novelist. He didn't care much for him in either respect, that is clear, although he is as fair to him, perhaps, as a man so different in character, interests, and outlook upon life could be. He tells an amusing story of Conrad's first meeting with the old egocentric playboy, Bernard Shaw: —

When Conrad first met Shaw at my house, Shaw talked with his customary freedoms. 'You know, my dear fellow, your books won't *do*' — for some Shavian reason I have forgotten — and so forth. I went out of the room and suddenly found Conrad on my heels, swift and white-faced. 'Does that man mean to *insult* me?' he demanded. The provocation to say 'Yes' and assist at the subsequent duel was very great, but I overcame it. 'It's humour,' I said, and took Conrad out into the garden to cool. One could always baffle Conrad by saying 'Humour.' It was one of our damned English tricks he had never learned to tackle.

In speaking of Conrad and other novelists of his generation, Wells goes on to say: —

These vivid writers I was now beginning to encounter were, on the contrary, hard to educate — as I use the word educate. They were at an opposite pole to me as regards strength of reception. Their abundant, luminous impressions were vastly more difficult to subdue to a disciplined and coördinating relationship than mine. They remained, therefore, abundant but uneducated brains. Instead of being based on a central philosophy, they started off at a dozen points; they were impulsive, uncoördinated, wilful. Conrad, you see, I count uneducated, [with] Stephen Crane, Henry James and the larger part of the world of literary artistry. Shaw's education I have already impugned. The science and art of education was not adequate for the taming and full utilization of these more powerfully receptive types and they lapsed into arbitrary, inconsistent and dramatized ways of thinking and living. With a more expert and scientific educational process, all that might have been different.

This paragraph, it seems to me, tells us indirectly more about Wells than it does about the men whose shortcomings he deprecated. One would say that he himself had never mastered the 'Humour' trick. When his 'Planned World' comes into existence, I hope that a few of the unredeemed, of the James and Conrad kind, may somehow escape the expert and scientific educational process. Even Mr. Wells, one would think, would appreciate their value for the sake of contrast. The educated hosts could look down from the shining towers of the Temple of Central Philosophy upon the few wretched beings in the huts outside the gates. And they would say, or think: 'There, but for the grace of Wells, go I!'

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UPDIKE OF MERRYMOUNT

The Scholar–Printer

BY M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

I

THE names of the Merrymount Press and of Daniel Berkeley Updike, who died in Boston near the end of 1941, almost eighty-two years of age, are inseparably connected. They suggest first of all to many who know them the production of beautiful books, both ecclesiastical and secular, often sumptuous and costly. It is nevertheless a fact that one of the last undertakings of the Merrymount Press in Updike's lifetime was the printing of a general timetable for the Boston and Maine Railroad. In a time of curtailment of many plans this was not carried beyond the making of an 'Index to Tables,' a list of all the stations on all the branches of the road. It takes no expert knowledge of typography to see at a glance that this Index, in the current B.&M. folders, is an object of real beauty attained through clarity. At the very beginning of Updike's career as a printer he declared his aim 'to make work better for its purpose than was commonly thought worth while.' There spoke an intensely practical realist who felt that print was intended first and foremost to be read, and was glad to undertake any and every form of printing, from folios of learning to advertising cards, so long as he could do it in his own way. Because he was also an artist and a scholar, deeply imbued with a sense of the fitness of things, he brought to his work a capacity for which 'unique' does not seem too strong a term.

Now it is the achievement of Updike in his chosen field of printing, whether of stately tomes or of timetables, that makes him a figure of public interest and justifies such a paper as this. Let it be said at once that he could never have achieved what he did had he not been essentially a perfectionist — a devotee to what seemed the very best in his eyes, an embodiment of a pet word of my own, 'aristophile.' A family motto, '*Optimum vix satis*,' used for his own bookplate spoke for his feeling that the best was hardly enough, in whatever field. He used it also for a colophon in the first substantial book of his own making, an exceedingly churchly volume, and soon afterwards, by way of contrast almost comic, as the legend of the Merrymount Press in a sketch of the Maypole round which Thomas Morton's godless crew was supposed to have danced. The *Optimum* was Updike's constant goal. His road to it was hard. The wayfarer was shy, under a cloak of aloofness, fastidious, sharp of tongue, exacting, but in all respects as critical of himself as of others — hardly an equipment that made for an easy march through life.

He was born in Providence in February 1860, of sound Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and, more remotely, Dutch stock. An eighteenth-century Daniel Updike was on such terms with Dean Berkeley in his Rhode Island days that the future Bishop, on quitting America, gave him a silver flagon as a token of

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friendship. The flagon and the name of Berkeley were transmitted in due time to the Updike with whom we are now concerned. His father, by the way, was named Cæsar Augustus — and who am I, a Mark Antony by descent, to think it strange? Our Rhode Island forbears must have had classical leanings.

Updike's backgrounds and beginnings would commonly be called 'advantages.' But as an only child, with delicate health and a sensitive nature, he passed an unhappy boyhood, and when he was nearly eighteen years old experienced in the sudden death of his father a shock of more than passing effect. His mother, a woman of strong character and intelligence, was left to him, and until her death nearly twenty years later, they were inseparable and devoted companions. Yet he was conscious through life that a boy had better not be brought up by women only. In a recent summer, I am told, he looked with envy one day upon a number of young people at a seashore place disporting themselves in breakneck amusements, and contrasted their childhood with his own. Fears of everything, he said, were instilled into him. 'Water,' he went on, 'was something that would drown you; fire would burn you, and dogs would bite you.' My own remembrance of him in boyhood summers is that he took no part whatever in the tennis, sailing, and swimming in which his young contemporaries were finding pleasure. Nor did he ever present, except for a certain 'filling out' in his latest years, the figure of one to whom such exercises were natural. His physique and bearing, even the precision of his speech, were those of a man to whom the mind seemed more important than the body.

One may not, and would not, peep and botanize on the grave of a friend. When anybody makes so much of his life, however, as Updike did, the achievement shows only the more clearly if the handicaps and obstacles that precede it are frankly acknowledged. Besides those that have been mentioned, there was the plight of slender means, following his father's death. At a Providence private school, where the weekly 'declamations' filled him with dread, he made his beginnings with books, and turned his taste for them to good account by serving for a time as an assistant in the Providence Athenæum. This was another beginning — of a lifelong intimacy with libraries. If he had gone, as he hoped, to college — Brown or Harvard — there is no reason to believe that he would have become ultimately more a scholar and civilized thinker than he was, for the college graduates who achieve precisely that are few. So are they who start, like Updike, at the bottom of a particular ladder and proceed to the top. The rung on which Updike first put his foot was that of an errand boy in the Boston publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin & Company. At twenty, as he was in 1880, when this work began, he was beyond the normal age for this rudimentary but trying post. Sticking to it through fatigues and discouragements, he was transferred from the business office of the firm in Boston to the Riverside Press in Cambridge, where his aptitude in matters of print began to count — also his taste, which was by no means confined to type.

Updike's earliest printed writings consisted of five unsigned articles in the 'Contributors' Club' of the *Atlantic Monthly* in the years 1889 and 1890. They were little essays, with one exception relating entirely to observations in Europe. Many eminent writers have done worse in their twenties. One of these 'Clubs' was devoted to a rendering into meritorious English verse, under the title 'A French Folly,' of a long poem of François Coppée's on the Eiffel Tower. This was not only a token of Updike's self-cultivation, already well under way. Beyond that, and without reference to him, but of peculiar interest at this much later moment for its revelation of the seer in Coppée, are these stanzas written about the Tower in 1888: —

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In revery on its highest plane,
By sad presentiment I hear
The German cannons' sullen roar
Far eastward, on the French frontier.

For on the day when France, in arms,
Shall cast, with fatal throw, the die,
With bitter tears shall we not look
Where gold and iron wasted lie?

The exceedingly churchly volume of which I have spoken was made under Updike's direction at the Riverside Press before he became a printer on his own account. It was a work of collaboration with his friend Harold Brown of Providence, who, besides sharing in Updike's ecclesiastical sympathies, could finance both this book, *On the Dedication of American Churches*, and the superb Altar Book which Updike published under the imprint of the Merrymount Press five years later, in 1896. The authors of the first appeared on its title-page merely as 'Two Laymen of the Diocese of Rhode Island.' Its dedication: 'To the Right Reverend Father in God, Thomas, By Divine Permission Bishop of Rhode Island' was perhaps more strictly in the tradition of Anglican propriety than was the witty old Bishop Clark himself.

Like a number of young Bostonians of his earlier years Updike, according to his own statement, had little in common with American Protestantism. If the term 'Anglo-Catholicism' had not yet come into common use, it was that to which he was devoted — and so sincerely that any sincerity less than his own annoyed or amused him. I remember the relish with which he related one experience of the time — at an early Easter service at the Cowley Fathers' Church of St. John the Evangelist. Passing through a vestibule door he found himself face to face with another young layman, who greeted him eagerly with 'Christ is risen — give the proper answer!' Updike could give all the proper answers, but that was not the way to get them out of him. Equally foreign to him were the rather self-conscious activities of the young Jacobites, members of the 'Order of the White Rose' who celebrated the Feast of Charles the Martyr with ceremonies of mourning and expiation and, for another outlet, tossed their 'Pewter Mugs' and published their *Knight-Errant*. There are natural Bohemians, and there are those who outlive their Bohemianism. From this, in any of its forms, Updike was perpetually immune. Whatever partook of sham, in whatever degree, was anathema to him, and he was at no pains to conceal his scorn of it. A case in point was his allusion, in his *Notes on the Merrymount Press and Its Work*, to the books produced by the short-lived firm of Copeland & Day — books thought by many of us to be attractive in form. He admitted that these were the best of the period when his own press was in its infancy, but they could not help reminding him of a saying of Lord Minto's at a soulful house party: 'I hate clever people — they're so damned silly.'

II

All this may seem a long preliminary to the story of the Merrymount Press. Perhaps it is justified by taking thought that Updike's work was so much an expression of his personality that the one can hardly be understood without some knowledge of the other. Pretense and compromise were equally foreign to his nature. This was as true of his printing as of everything else about him.

When he made up his mind, still at Riverside, with no sufficient prospect of advancement, to become a better all-round printer than was commonly thought worth while, he knew that this end could be attained only in an establishment of his own. As he looked back after forty years on the beginnings of his business in two rooms on an upper story of an old house at the corner of Beacon Street and Tremont Place in Boston, he could not wonder that the valor he displayed was regarded as ignorance. 'I required capital,' he wrote, 'and had little;

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comprehension of my own trade, of which I had less; and business experience, of which I had none at all.' He did not permit himself any illusions about his work, either when he undertook it or afterwards. Thus he referred to it all in a bit of autobiography which he contributed in 1930 to a Boy Scouts' pamphlet on Printing: 'There is one encouraging thing to be learned from what I have done — that starting with no education, not much health, little money, and a generally poor and unpractical training for life, and being pushed by necessity into printing, a work that I hated, by studying that work and persistently keeping at it, I have succeeded in it better than some men, and, in spite of many handicaps, made myself over, through it.' To these words he added others, of which the following set forth a philosophy of life and work, not for printers only: 'What we specially need in these United States is an intensive cultivation of the field that is given a man to till — not talking about it, or writing about it, but working at it. If you do this, by and by, after years of effort, success and failure, you will become so good at your work, that you will be (just as I am) asked to tell how you did it! — which appears to be the lowest rung on the ladder of Fame!'

It was certainly a happy thought to name his enterprise the Merrymount Press. Established in 1893, it was not definitely so called until three years later, and while it still needed to be made known, he declared the Maypole of Merrymount 'a symbol of happiness found in workaday things; of a high aim and pleasure in trying to attain it, an ideal to which the Merrymount Press has endeavoured to be true.' Many details of its attainment are set forth in Updike's own *Notes* already quoted. Here it would be superfluous to follow them at all minutely — the migrations from smaller to constantly larger quarters, always harmonized in taste, through old furniture and prints, with the work proceeding from the Press, the relations between management and 'help,' the fortunate association with Mr. John Bianchi, foreman until he became partner in 1915. Through the hands of Updike and Bianchi, under whom the business is now continued, it has been estimated that some twenty thousand pieces of printing have passed during the nearly forty years of the Press. The rule that nothing was too small or trivial for close personal supervision has accounted for much. Under the further principle of Merrymount that it should remain a small establishment, the number of employees has seldom exceeded thirty.

Updike's equipment for the adventure of the Press has been excellently defined by Mr. W. A. Dwiggins as 'an æsthetic predilection, a philosophy of life, and friends.' These elements have already been suggested. The technical aspects of Updike's work may be left to printers and designers, writing as specialists for special readers. The experts will assign him to his particular place, among the loftiest, in the hierarchy of printers, relating him duly to past and present masters of the craft. In more general terms it is to be said that friends at the start are a blessing in every endeavor, and also that they are of no avail unless the befriended proves worthy of their belief in him. This is precisely what Updike did with the Altar Book which he could not have undertaken but for his friend Harold Brown. His philosophy of life was a religious philosophy, taking its outward form in the Anglican Church, for he was a traditionalist as well as a perfectionist. Thus he brought to the making of a book designed for clerical use in the service of Holy Communion a complete understanding and sympathy. His æsthetic sense led him to choose, from his young contemporaries in Boston, the supremely gifted Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue as the designer of borders, initials, and special type. For a few full-page illustrations he turned to England and enlisted the services of Robert

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Anning Bell — as of Sir John Stainer for bits of musical notation. In the early nineties, when this book was in preparation, William Morris and his Kelmscott Press were having their effect upon what was called the Renaissance of American printing. The influence was noticeable in Updike's Altar Book, but only to a limited extent, and it did not continue. The standards of a cool lucidity, closely related to the rules of common sense, fundamental in Updike and calling for legibility as the first requisite of anything meant to be read, were the standards most truly expressive of his own nature. On these he proceeded to build, freed, again by common sense quickened by imagination, from any fetish of the superiority of work by hand, and demonstrating beyond doubt that the most modern labor-saving mechanisms of the printer's trade could be employed under intelligent direction, with the best of results.

Of these results in general Updike himself wrote: 'I have been classed by my work as a conservative, but I am a liberal conservative or a conservative liberal — whichever you like or dislike. All I wish to conserve, either in traditionalism or modernism is common sense.' In another place he suggested the relation of his whole life to his printing: 'One is automatically either a critic or an enthusiast of modern trends in literature, music, art, and daily living, so we unconsciously govern our printing by the kind of life we approve.' With him it was the life and the printing of a liberal conservative.

The mention of Goodhue and other helpers in the production of the Altar Book suggests what became a continuing alertness of Updike's — to recognize ability even in beginners, and to employ it for the Merrymount Press. The names of W. A. Dwiggins and T. M. Cleland, now well known, were relatively unfamiliar when Updike first printed their designs; and of Rudolph Ruzicka — both designer and friend — it is enough to say that from 1912 till 1941, excepting only the year 1925, he was the producer of the cherished 'Annual Keepsakes, Printed for the Friends of the Merrymount Press.' These twenty-nine wood engravings in colors of views in and about Boston, the beauty of each enlivened by a Latin text of singular aptness, chosen by Updike himself, can hardly fail to become 'collector's items' for the sheer pleasure of possessing them.

Among the friends who helped him both by counsel and by patronage in the earlier days of the Press was Charles Eliot Norton, about to quit the scene as a guide and arbiter of American taste. Another was Edith Wharton, who required of the Scribners, on publishing her first volume of short stories, that it should be printed at the Merrymount Press. This was not quite the first, or by any means the last, of the 'trade books' manufactured by Updike for publishers in New York and Boston. Privately printed books, — family chronicles and the like, — yearbooks for churches, annual reports, school and college catalogues, club publications, programmes, all the varieties of 'job work' which a printing house is glad to undertake, issued year after year in growing volume from the Merrymount Press. Happily there was no quarrel with Dr. Holmes's principle of 'small fevers thankfully received.' If the work was regarded as expensive, it is only to be remembered that a large number of discriminating patrons found it worth while to meet the cost attaching to the productions of highly qualified specialists who spared no pains to give of their meticulous best. Not every printing house is thoughtful enough in making a programme for a musicale in a private house to use paper so soft that no rustling is audible; or to 'check up' a European journey of 1833 by means of road maps and guidebooks of the time; or in printing *Benjamin Franklin on Balloons*, with a Montgolfier balloon on the title-page, to secure from a French papermaking Montgolfier of the

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present, descended from the aeronaut, a specially made paper watermarked with a Montgolfier balloon.

The standard Book of Common Prayer of the Protestant Episcopal Church is regarded as the acme of Updike's work. All his liturgical learning and typographical skill were brought to bear upon the production of the folio volume, of the highest dignity and beauty, from which all the Prayer Books printed since its completion in 1930 are reproductions, with uniform pagination whatever their size. An important point in its design was the avoidance of 'turnovers' at moments when what he likened, in connection with an earlier book, to 'the effect of the sudden flight of a flock of pigeons' was particularly to be avoided. It is well for all users of the Prayer Book as it stands today to know what they owe to a Scholar-Printer.

III

There are fugitive writings and several small books on which Updike's right to the title of scholar might well be based. There is, however, one work, his monumental *Printing Types* in two volumes, which gives him a place among the really learned. It had its origin in a course of lectures at the Harvard School of Business Administration, ending with the entrance of the United States into the World War. A searching study of types at home and in European travel, and first-hand intimacy with their use, qualified him to speak with a rare authority. The extensive rewriting, and the choice and explanation of numberless illustrations, before the book could be published in 1922, were labors of genuine erudition. Second and third printings were called for in 1923 and 1927, and in 1937 a revised and enlarged edition met the continued demand for the book, which has come to be called — by others, be it noted, than Updike himself — 'The Printers' Bible.'

In evidence of the place this book immediately took, and has held, in circles best qualified to appreciate its value, I must give myself the pleasure of quoting some words about Updike received since his death from his friend, Mr. Stanley Morison, historian of the London *Times* and Typographical Adviser to the Cambridge University Press. This master of Updike's own calling met him first on a visit to America in 1924.

'I went as a pilgrim,' writes Mr. Morison, 'for the two volumes of *Printing Types* had been published in 1922. No more needs be said here than that this publication was the most exciting event of a decade. Its value to a country that had been starved of typographical literature since 1914 can hardly be imagined by Americans. To us at that time the book had a messianic quality. Despite the immense amount of research that has been done since, and which Updike's work was designed to inspire, *Printing Types* remains absolutely essential to the understanding of the subject; and, as far as the intelligent appreciation of printing style is concerned, every bit as valuable to-day as it was twenty years ago. The book, like the man I met, was not made in a hurry. . . . The whole is a combination of charm, wit, and solidity.'

Printing Types won for its author the honorary degree of Master of Arts at Harvard in 1929, even as the reissue in 1907 of *The History of the Narragansett Church* by his grandfather Wilkins Updike gave to Brown University the occasion to honor him with the same degree, which the grandfather had received on the appearance of the same book in its original form in 1847. Updike was wont to deplore his lack of a formal education and the scholarship to which it might have led. In fact he was a shining illustration of the familiar truth that self-education often produces the best results of all. For him they were recognized through his election to learned societies and his part in the governance of libraries in Boston and Providence.

The trouble with many scholars is that

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they lack precisely the cultivation, the sense of proportion between their own interests and those of the larger world of general urbanity, which Updike possessed, to the constant and increasing advantage of his writing. He could draw at will, for instance, upon an abundant store of apt quotation, for which he took no credit, saying that his mind was equipped with a number of little drawers, which would pop out with needed words at the call of a retentive memory. Both his talk and his writing were quickened by this gift, which indeed was only one of the elements that gave to the best of his writing a positive distinction and charm. Witness, besides the books already mentioned, the papers collected in the two small volumes, *In the Day's Work*, and the last of his publications, *Some Aspects of Printing Old and New*. There is also his *Richard Smith, First English Settler of the Narragansett Country, Rhode Island*, dealing, after the best fashion of the pious antiquarian, with progenitors of his own.

As a man of the world he was not, to be sure, of the sort that suffers fools at all gladly, but he impaled them with his wit less frequently in his printed writings than in his talk and correspondence. In these he often seemed to echo the Silver Swan in the song of Orlando Gibbons — 'More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise.' He chose his diversions and companions with much care, discarding readily those that were not for him. He used to tell a story of a child who was held up before a window to see a passing procession, and soon complained, 'My buttons hurt more than I can see.' In terms of adult choice, Updike was just as sure of his own preferences.

That sense of the fitness of things to which I have alluded developed early in him, together with a humorous recognition of its opposite. Late in his life he recalled the first Washington's Birthday party he attended, with a special remembrance of a head of George Washington in vanilla ice-cream, mated, not with Martha, but with a strawberry ice-cream rabbit — 'the last emblem applicable to a childless pair.'

To the loneliness of his later years it is hard to believe that he would not have preferred a family life of his own and the perpetuation of a name of which he was naturally proud. If he never married, it was not because he shared at all in the confirmed celibate's scorn of matrimony. In its place he made the most of his friendships, whether, through these later years, in the house he occupied in Boston, or at his farm in Vermont, far from his associations with Lenox and Newport. In the beauty and peace of the countryside, in the simplicity of his surroundings, innocent of the cares of business, his sense of reality found a satisfaction of which both the visitors who came to share it and the devoted Italian couple who ministered to him for many years were keenly aware. Younger fellow-craftsmen were among the friends to whom he gave himself with least reserve; and so, early and late, were intelligent, witty, and sympathetic women, with whom a feminine quality of sensitiveness in his own perceptions gave him a special kinship of spirit. There was something of the older world about him and — Yankee as he was — something Gallic, something consequently in the essence of his mind and wit that made him turn, as cultivated French Abbés of the eighteenth century turned, to the society of congenial women. Of course there were Abbés and Abbés, but if one only knew the life and letters of pre-Revolutionary France as well as he did, it would be possible to name the very Abbé to whom he might be likened with some accuracy. With respect to less intimate human relations, it was like him to observe that a man who came to see him on a matter of business expected to encounter a mixture of King Solomon in wisdom and a wildcat in manners, and was surprised to find a normal human being. Such a creature

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as this visitor expected to meet would never have indulged himself in little plays of wit which Updike enjoyed — such, for example, as the Wordsworthian lines 'On a Wash-Cloth Left on a Visit to the Lake Country by the Printer Rogers,' received by Bruce Rogers after a country visit to Updike.

For further light on Updike's distinctive qualities I am indebted yet again to Mr. Morison, who writes: 'He was, I judged, immovably attached to the virtues of self-reliance, hard work, and thrift which were so intensively cultivated in old and new England when he was a boy, of which less and less has been heard both sides of the ocean during the past twenty-five years. I recognized at once, too, that Updike was very deeply rooted in the spiritual department of life, besides the social, professional, and commercial. Nothing he seemed to say or do was done rashly; nor was there any precipitancy in making what this generation calls "contacts." Similiarly, Updike was too surely what spiritual writers describe as a "recollected" man, to allow conversation to degenerate into mere gossip. In his relish for talk about persons as well as things he was careful to refrain from harsh verdicts upon men as men. But he had too good an eye for genuine quality to be patient under any attempt to secure his approval of work that was pretentious, showy, or egoistic. His comments, then, however acid in form, were never spiteful in substance. He showed, in fact, an unexpected keenness of sight in searching for redeeming qualities and a tenderness towards those the Victorians called the "deserving" poor.'

Distressed as he was by tendencies of the times quite out of keeping with standards he set for himself and by the signs of chaos in world affairs, he found a countervailing comfort in the recognition of his labors by those best qualified to pass upon them. Year after year since the American Institute of Graphic Arts began its annual exhibitions of 'Fifty Books of the Year' in 1923 the productions of the Merrymount Press have received signal honors. In 1940 the Institute and the Grolier Club joined in arranging a display of the work of Updike and his Press in the exhibition room of the Club, and marked the occasion by publishing a pamphlet with the addresses made by Royal Cortissoz and others, with Updike's response, and an admirable checklist of the books, pamphlets, and articles written and edited by Updike. Even since his death, the Institute of Graphic Arts has counted three of the latest Merrymount books among the fifty best of 1940, and the Huntington Library has prepared an exhibition commemorated in a pamphlet, *The Work of the Merrymount Press and Its Founder, Daniel Berkeley Updike (1860–1941)*. Stretching thus across our continent, his fame has long been established also beyond these boundaries. His labors may truly be said to have had a world-wide reward.

IV

In the bit of autobiography which Updike wrote for the Boy Scouts' manual he said: 'I became a printer by accident. If I have become a good printer — not more — it is through intention and determination, and the intention has got hold of me to such an extent that printing has become to me — with one exception — the most interesting thing in the world.' For those who knew him there can be little doubt that this one exception was the church, religion, God and the soul of man — however you may choose to define a sphere of life and thought which was paramount with him, as it was with the best of Abbés. May not the pursuing of a trade in the spirit of a profession be merely the regarding of one's job as a vocation in the sense of a commission from higher powers?

Order is heaven's first law — and it was Updike's. I have already spoken of him as a traditionalist. In the church of his forefathers for several centuries, and

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of his own upbringing, he found an order, an authority, which met his own deep sense of tradition and of human need. 'It seems,' he once wrote a friend, 'as if religion and God as found in it, is the only thing in the world that understands because it knows the whole story. It is the great Friend, who knows our troubles and deficiencies without being told: and one sometimes meets something like that in people, though only rarely.' For another friend he copied from a notebook of his own this fragment of Richard Bentley's translation of Manilius: 'Wherefore see we the stars arise in their season, and move as at a word spoken, on the paths appointed for them? Of whom there is none that hastens, neither is there any that tarries behind. Why are the summer nights beautiful with these that change not, and the nights of winter from of old? These things are not the work of chance, but the order of a God most high.'

With this sense of the nearness of God, it was natural for Updike, on successive Eves of All Saints' Day, to light the candles on each side of a Madonna and Child on the pressroom side of a door to his office, and to observe the Day himself in worship and remembrance. To faith, however, he added works, and of a sort which could not have been easy for him. This, for a number of years, was the regular visiting of inmates of the State Prison at Charlestown, and befriending them on their release. There was an instance of taking one of these men into his own employ, after telling the man's story to those who were to work beside him, and ensuring his welcome. The church, for Updike, was by no means all of Christianity. His outward devotion to it took many forms, including expressions of loyalty to his own past in the shape of memorials in the Rhode Island 'South County' churches with which his ancestors were associated. Here, too, there was a secular loyalty, prompting gifts to a local school, library, and hospital.

Have we strayed too far from the printer? I think not, and for a reason that will stand repeating — that the work and the personality of Updike were immitigably bound together. If the work is an object of interest outside his immediate circle, the personality, surrounded in that circle with personal reserves, must also be regarded. The two were very much of a piece. For his life and for his art — which he preferred to call his trade — there was a single standard. This can be shown forth hardly better than in a passage of his own carefully considered writing on the final pages of his *Printing Types:* —

> For the printer there are two camps, and only two, to be in: one, the camp of things as they are; the other, that of things as they should be. The first camp is on a level and extensive plane, and many eminently respectable persons lead lives of comfort therein; the sport is, however, inferior! The other camp is more interesting. Though on an inconvenient hill, it commands a wide view of typography, and in it are the class that help on sound taste in printing, because they are willing to make sacrifices for it. This group is small, accomplishes little comparatively, but has the one saving grace of honest endeavour — *it tries.* Like Religion, 'it will remain a voice crying in the wilderness; but it will believe what it cries, and there will be some to listen to it in the future, as there have been many in the past.' Around this camp idealistic lunatics hover, but they are quite harmless, and were never known to hurt or print anything seriously. This camp I think the only one worth living in. You may not make all the money you want, but will have all you need, and you will have a tremendously good time, for as Stevenson said, 'work that we really love is nothing more than serious play.'

With these words of his, rather than any of my own, Updike, the printer and the human being, may be left in the camp of things as they should be.

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CIVILIAN DEFENSE—UPSTATE

BY AMOS WHITE

I

For some weeks after the bombing raid on Pearl Harbor the public consciousness of the whole United States, in city and country alike, was pretty well dominated by the phrase 'civilian defense' and by the thoughts and problems associated with those omnipresent words. It was a preoccupation that undertook to organize itself by means of mass meetings convoked as promptly as possible after December 7 to review the whole subject of civilian defense and to instruct the ordinary citizen in what he and his family could, should, and must do about it. In the typical enough New England small place to which I belong the state of the public interest was proved by the attendance, which far exceeded even that of any recent year at that red-letter annual function, the town meeting; and I gather that the same unusual intentness was shown virtually everywhere else.

Those who attended found the two hours uncommonly instructive, if not in quite the ways counted on by either those who had called the meeting or those who had made a stern duty of attending it. There were, besides the local business man who served as chairman, four speakers. The first represented the state organization for civilian defense, and he explained the newly improvised communications system by which the forewarning of any presumably impending air raid would be distributed to various points. The second speaker represented the county, and his subject was first-, second-, and third-degree air-raid alarms and how the county organization proposed to flash the state's forewarnings on to selected representatives of the towns and villages. The third was a municipal fire chief who had made a studious hobby of bombing in all its aspects; for forty minutes he elucidated his charts and graphs of demolition bombs, penetrating bombs, incendiary bombs, with a good deal about their mechanics, their chemistry, their trajectories when discharged from given altitudes at given speeds, the dimensions of the craters produced in different kinds of soil, and the effects of the bombs on different types of office-building construction. The closing speaker, a young man who had had a week's intensive training in a civilian air-raid school and received a certificate of proficiency, analyzed the duties of air-raid wardens, gave a character sketch of the ideal warden, and closed with ten minutes on the standard poison gases, first-aid treatment of the victims, and the chemistry and technique of decontamination.

The state of mind in which we adjourned — and in which most of us remain two full months later — can be summed up in a few specific observations and reflections as automatic to our kind of audience as its breathing. The chief of them are these: —

1. From first to last we did not hear a single mention of the word 'barn,' or the word 'hay,' or the word 'woods,' or the word 'cattle.' Instead, our attention

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was systematically directed to reinforced concrete, the safest place to be in a skyscraper, the operation of first-aid stations for damaged or shell-shocked cats and dogs, and the method of preventing large plate-glass windows from adding avoidable casualties to the inevitable ones.

2. It gradually dawned upon us, as speaker followed authoritative speaker, that the science of air-raid protection in teeming city blocks and crowded subways and twenty-floor office buildings is all the science of air-raid protection there is. There simply is no code, because there can be none, for dealing with, say, an incendiary bomb that penetrates the roof of a wooden barn into forty tons of hay dry enough to be put into a barn. And the lack of such a code struck us as being, on the whole, not too alarming. On the subject of air raids a consensus of us had already agreed (a) that Hitler would ultimately feel obliged, by some hook or crook and at any cost, to get bombs dropped on the Atlantic seaboard, and (b) that what small loads of explosive he might succeed in getting here would by that time be worth their weight in platinum and could not conceivably be squandered on anything less than first-class military objectives.

3. More important by far, we discovered that we had unconsciously been taking a rather broad view of what civilian defense meant and included, or ought to mean and include — a good deal broader view than any sanctioned or even recognized by our official mentors on the platform. To them, civilian defense was mitigation of the effects of air raids — that and nothing more. To us rural people, us farming and farm-minded people, it had just not occurred before that the really important aspects of the war were scheduled to be brought home to us on the wings of enemy bombers. We had thought that preoccupation was for the cities, the centres of industry, the great foci of the transportation systems, the airports. The questions in our minds as we trooped into the assembly hall were such as these: How can we, by getting together as a community, speed the joint effort? What can we make our land count for, over and above what it counts for in normal times — our land being, in effect, all we have to offer or to work with? What is our small appointed part in the fearfully complex national job of getting things running as they ought to run? Exactly what must we collectively know and be prepared for, to make sure that nothing we do as individuals will turn out a waste, a hindrance, a misfit? In short, what, if anything, can we of the country do for the cities that may soon be in the thick of these horrors now being so thoroughly inventoried for us — horrors that, a thousand chances to one, our countryside will continue to be spared?

II

The answer, as in private reflection and neighborhood discussion we have been working it out, is one that we fear may prompt some of our urban critics to murmur 'Yankee bargain!' We are thinking, they will charge, two thoughts for ourselves to every one for our city neighbors and for America. We must even be prepared to hear someone blurt out the harsh word 'exploitation.' It is, in the circumstances, almost inevitable.

What we rural households and communities want to give the cities in 1942 — and for the duration — is asylum for those of their inhabitants who are not directly serviceable to either the military or the industrial aspects of the war effort where they are, but who are as likely as others to be victims of 'enemy action,' as the austere official phrase calls death broadcast upon the helpless. And what, for the duration, we want to receive from the cities is, in two syllables, labor. In fact — to state the case in the three syllables of a phrase that will now have to be dug out from under the odium we have been heaping upon it

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for two generations — we want child labor.

To the city's side of this interchange we shall come in a moment. First, consider briefly our side of it, the country's side.

The war came to us long before Pearl Harbor, long before the United States was overtly in it. It did not, to be sure, drop upon us through the air. There has been nothing very spectacular about its devastation, nothing out of which to manufacture front-page headlines. Yet its destructiveness is fully as formidable in the long run, if not so instantaneously visible, as that of intensive bombing; and its coverage is infinitely wider, more consistent, and more predictable. The war began to reach us — the war, I mean, as disaster — before it materially disturbed the rest of America, and indeed at a time when much of America saw war in the guise of a blessing, a restorer of long-lost prosperity. It came upon us rather gradually, in a sapping, mining, eroding operation of which we had begun to be uncomfortably aware by the summer of 1940. In the summer of 1941 our awareness was acute to desperation. Our national involvement in declared war has not changed the process in any way. It has merely accelerated it to the point where we hardly dare think about the summer of 1942. Yet if we do not think about it, and to uncommonly good purpose, we know that we are lost.

What we are increasingly desperate about is simply the war-produced phenomenon that detached observers sum up in the cool, impersonal, not unfamiliar phrase, 'labor shortage.'

Always before, the small farm could squeak through its short-handed emergencies somehow, if only by arranging an exchange of services between neighbors or recruiting able-bodied schoolboys. Today, the possible makeshifts have all but ceased to exist. The professional hired man, of course, long ago went away to a machine shop. The submarginal small farmer, the harassed and debt-ridden fellow who made ends meet by working out part of the time and doing everybody else's work better than his own, has sold his scrub cows to the butcher, left his run-down land idle, and housed his family in a trailer or parked it on relatives; he is taking his dollar an hour and overtime in a war industry. Those who are just too young for the draft enlist in the Navy or, rejected, earn more than a man's peacetime wages in a factory; and the very schools patriotically abet them by handing out June diplomas in February. The farm youngsters who always liked to work out summers and in spare time find that they are now too sorely needed at home. The summer boarder who used to pitch in for the fun of it — and really accomplish wonders by main strength and awkwardness — is not likely to be a summer boarder in 1942. And the foot-loose unemployable who used to turn up at the kitchen door with his offer to 'do anything' and sleep in the hay — even he has not been seen or heard from for months.

It is perhaps not as widely understood as it ought to be that any farm, large or small, diversified or specialized, profitable or insolvent, has to have extra labor at certain definite seasons, on pain of ceasing to be a farm in any competent sense. The problem of civilian defense is, for the countryside, this problem before all. Unless it is solved, there will presently be little or nothing left in the countryside to defend.

Here, let us say, is a northern New England barn cellar with a hundred tons of stable manure in it that ought to be on thirty acres of hay land when the snows melt and the spring rains come. Without extra labor it is certainly not going to be spread until next year's firewood is cut and sledded (which also calls for an extra hand) or the lumbering done (two more extra hands) for the additional small buildings that must go up (more help) if the farm is to meet its share of the government's revised expectations. That means that the manure will keep on accumulating until the latest favorable

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time, which will almost certainly coincide with the March–April sap run — itself another demand for outside help, and a louder one than ever in a year when, because of the sugar shortage, maple products have become an integral part of civilian defense broadly construed. If lack of man power makes it impossible to get that manure spread on the mowings, what will be the exact consequences? First, the land that ought to cut sixty tons of July hay and a good September aftermath will cut perhaps forty tons and no aftermath. Secondly, the land will run down, as land does when you take from it without putting back. Thirdly, the wintering of twenty-some cows in abundance and maximum production will have been cut down by a third, and that when the requirement of total civilian defense is that the herd be expanded. Fourthly, the main and most reliable source of the farm's income will have been cut down in the same proportion, and with it the farmer's ability to contribute what he knows is his fair share of the war effort through the purchase of defense bonds.

Incidentally, if the dearth of auxiliary labor makes the haying period itself dawdle along over weeks where it should take days, — and it is precisely in haying time that the labor shortage has been the most acute in every recent year, — the effect will be nearly the same as if the land were not manured, for the protein content of overripe hay or persistently rained-on hay may be reduced by a full third.

Multiply this particular impasse by the immense number of farms affected. Multiply it again by the number of farm operations that require extra hands if they are to be at all efficient, from corn planting through berry picking to corn husking. You perhaps begin to get some inkling of the general truth that the cumulative devastation of a farming region by chronic labor shortage makes the effects of blitzkrieg look trivial, transient, and reparable.

The countryside must, in fine, have a labor reservoir if it is to hold up as a going concern, a provider of indispensable sustenance. In this emergency it has lost every single one of its normal sources of labor, some to the armed forces, more to the cities and their industries. It does not begrudge the losses, since they seem to be necessary to the whole program. But it insists, because the thing is so painfully obvious, that replenishment must come from somewhere. And as things stand it is utterly unable to conceive where this shall come from unless the cities are to give back some sort of substitute. You can no more starve productive regions of man power, if they are to continue productive, than you can cheat a single field of manure without destroying its capacity. The war effort has reaped our crop and exported it to the towns. The towns will now have to replace it with some sort of working equivalent, exactly as every sound manager puts a share of the earnings of his business back into the business.

The country is the city's business always, but in these days more crucially than ever. And this the city dweller may discover some morning, if the country's dire need is not promptly apprehended and dealt with, by reading in his daily news that he must henceforth get the milk for his children and the cream for his coffee on ration cards.

III

We can see nothing for it, then, but that the cities, and especially the seaboard cities, must quickly face the necessity — in the end they will discover the desirability — of lending the rural regions great numbers of their young for the term of the emergency.

Why the young particularly? Because they will add so needlessly to the casualties if high explosives begin to fall on the great centres. Because, from the point of view of either war production or civilian defense, they are a liability at home,

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whereas they could rapidly become an important asset in the safe open spaces. Because they are teachable, absorptive, consciously or unconsciously hungry for a great deal that the country has to give. Because participation in the affairs of the farm, a practical and instinctive awareness of the eternal cycles of seedtime and harvest, birth, growth, and death, is education in the profoundest sense and the very best possibility open to what is known as progressive education — a fact already exploited by the recent multiplication of farm schools for city children. Because a strong representation of the city's youth, entrusted to the country for an uncertain period and scattered far and wide throughout it, will bring it home to the city, as nothing else could do, that its stake in the country is real, not theoretical.

Not that it is any service to either side to pretend that there are no immediate difficulties in the way of such a proposal, or that the kind of adjustment called for will not involve a degree of real sacrifice all round. The city youngster and the rural household accost each other under a handicap of mutual patronage and pity. Each seems to the other inconceivably green, ignorant, and unapproachable. Public agencies and free services being what they are in the modern city, even a slum child is likely to look upon himself at first as having been shifted into an underprivileged existence. The farm's plumbing seems to him primitive, its heating arrangements antediluvian, its diet fantastic, its clothing uncouth, its hours of work and of rest outrageous, its speech crude, its diversions artless. It takes time — fortunately, the young *have* time — for him to discover that these items and the others, like the city counterparts he is used to, are extremely pat answers to inevasible conditions. The diet, for instance, he finds to be one on which long, healthy lives have always been lived, intense cold defied, and the fatigue of hard work noticeably eased.

The difficulties are admittedly real. But they are not too great or too numerous to be overcome, and they are dwarfed by the reasons for overcoming them. After all, most of them are not greater than (or much different from) the difficulties faced without a qualm whenever children go away from home to a boarding school. A single flight of enemy planes over Manhattan Island, even if not a bomb were dropped, might bring a multitude of reluctant parents to the discovery that mountainous objections to having their children in the Berkshires or Vermont had suddenly become molehills.

The ultimate guarantee that the difficulties, mentioned and unmentioned alike, will take care of themselves fast enough is simply the kind of farms and the kind of farm folk in question. It cannot be made too clear and emphatic that this proposal has nothing to do with that potent political hobgoblin, the 'farm bloc.' The farm bloc is agricultural big business; it is invested capital from sources alien to the land; it is pressure-group lobbying; it is interest on mortgage bonds; it is exploitation of American soil for quick dividends; it is the city reaching out octopus-like tentacles to swallow what was once the country. To it and all its works the prospective hosts of the city's young people are completely alien and nearly as hostile as any city merchant is. We are speaking here simply of the one-family, hundred-acre, two- or three-horse non-mechanized farm, operated by individuals, individualists, Persons — folk used to adversities, very long on patience and philosophic resignation, longer still on contrivance, invariably fond of young creatures human and other, not conspicuously keen about making money (though mostly very intent on saving it if possible), and on the whole well content if they can get their obligations met, their children educated, their land employed for what it is worth and — a burning issue — improved a little each year.

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The character of the households involved is, too, the best of guarantees against the exposure of any visiting child to work beyond his strength or to undesirable interference with his schooling. The small farmer has traditionally, I believe, rather a hard name as an exploiter of his own children. He may have deserved it in time past, but there can be only a negligible justification for it today. The county in which I live is an excellent cross-section of the whole of rural New England and areas westward to the Great Lakes. It contains specimens of every kind of establishment from the enormous chain farm operating its own tank trucks to the broken-down end-of-the-road place half farmed by a family little above the grade of squatters. If any appreciable abuse of children's time and strength existed in the region, it would be notorious, and those at fault would be made too uncomfortable to persist. They would be, in a local phrase of large and potent implications, 'spoken to.'

Here is a faithfully exact illustration of the present-day part played by farm children in farm chores:—

When my small daughter was four she began to tease me for lessons in milking. One day I let her sit between my knees on the milking stool, and after a while her insignificant hand had the triumph of extracting a barely visible jet of Guernsey milk. After that she seldom missed a milking. Usually I let her perform for two or three minutes, and presently for longer. One morning when she was six I, being wretchedly ill, tottered out to the stable half an hour late, to find that she, without a word to or from anybody, had grained the cows, pitched down their hay, hoed the manure down the chute, covered the floor with clean litter, brushed the animals, and milked the first cow dry — all at her own pace, but with results I could not have told from my own. Anyone who knows children will not need to be told that I found her in a state of high glee and mighty pride. Now, on the verge of seven, she is not easily kept from doing far more in the stable than her parents think good for her. Incidentally, being feminine enough to dislike the way the standard technique of milking thickens and misshapes the hands, she has been at pains to learn an alternative method that obviates 'milkmaid's hands.'

That is about how farm children begin to make themselves, in every department, useful; and it is an instructive enough picture of how the youngest evacués would begin. Naturally, nobody with any sense would dream of proposing that they be distributed hit-or-miss without supervision or safeguards. The occasion has provided us with an opportunity to initiate a vast number of children into habits of industry, thrift, self-reliance, and general competence that most children used to have and that all of them would be permanently the better off for having. Furthermore, we should be able almost entirely to avoid the early ills of the British evacuation system, devised in haste to achieve physical safety and nothing else, and for a time so badly mismanaged that it produced wholesale misery for parents, children, and hosts alike.

And incidentally we ought to be able to rusticate an immense number of city youngsters, from just under the draft age down to twelve or so, with a negligible minimum of drain on the public purse. There are farm families by tens of thousands that would think it a privilege as well as a duty to support a reasonably energetic boy in return for spare-time work that he would have the time of his life doing, and even to pay him what they could afford for his summer work. And let no one overlook the reasonably energetic girl, for whom the opportunities are quite as interesting, both indoors and out.

The December mass meeting that so bewildered us could and should have laid the foundation for just such a program

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of give-and-take as that here outlined. There was probably not a single person present who did not consider air raids a decided possibility for New York and Boston, an extreme improbability for our hinterland. Yet no one put the two opinions together or drew an inference from them, no one mentioned the word 'children' or the word 'evacuation,' no one said that we could do a lot to help city youngsters who might also do a little to help us. Why should we not have used that meeting to sound out the community, to arrive at a preliminary estimate of its potential hospitality, to collect the pledges of households already minded to commit themselves, to agree on temporarily abating or abolishing the school tuition fees for nonresidents? Why should not rural communities everywhere have been doing that sort of thing and forwarding their gathered data by counties to the states, until there existed a complete picture of what the country, on its own initiative, was ready to give the city and to ask of it? The result could have been one end of a complete evacuation program, ready for the setting up of suitable agencies at the other end; and the very existence of the invitation would have created a powerful pressure toward prompt response and energetic action.

As it is, valuable weeks have been lost, during which we have drifted along in a dazed inertia. The danger is that it may turn out to have been a fatal inertia. Fatal it will certainly be if nothing is done until one of our big cities finds itself under a rain of disaster from the skies. Wholesale evacuation will then be ordained, of course, and it will be carried out in an unplanned, hysterical, and extremely expensive way that can offer the evacués nothing good but safety from bombs, and the commandeered hosts nothing but a trifle of expense money for no end of bother and worry.

RUMINATION

BY RICHARD EBERHART

When I can hold a stone within my hand
And feel time make it sand and soil, and see
The roots of living things grow in this land,
Pushing between my fingers flower and tree,
Then I shall be as wise as death,
For death has done this and he will
Do this to me, and blow his breath
To fire my clay, when I am still.

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THE LAST HARPOONEER

BY AUSTIN STRONG

I

ONE winter's night a raging northeaster hit Nantucket as if an angry storm king had cut the string and let it out of a bag. It struck us in all directions at once, lashing down the trees, tearing off large branches and somersaulting them through the cobbled streets. It tore down the telephone wires, ripped shingles from the roofs, blew bricks off old chimneys, and snatching awnings from the shops sent them flying into the night like flapping nightmares.

Though I wore hip boots and was wrapped in oilskins with a sou'wester, I was defenseless against the horizontal rain which stung my face, blinding my eyes, sending icy spears of water up my sleeves. Main Street was dark and deserted as I struggled down to post a special-delivery letter. Seeing a steady light in Mr. Brown's hardware store I fought my way across the slippery cobbles, wading through gutters roaring like mountain torrents. After a frantic hand-to-hand struggle with the heavy front door I managed to dive in, wet and breathless, to find the store afog with tobacco smoke. Shadowy old whalemen sat on kegs of nails, rolls of barbed wire, and coils of new Manila rope. A Civil War monument of a stove rose red-hot almost to the ceiling, giving forth a taste of hell-fire. Everyone was shouting at once, the air was charged with lost tempers.

Mr. Brown, cool and serene, met me at the door calmly combing his immaculate white beard with one hand as he wiped away tears of merriment with the back of the other.

'For heaven's sake, what's up, Mr. Brown?'

'They're killing whales,' he whispered. 'There's been more whales killed in this store than ever was at sea.'

There on the counter, in the centre of the uproar, sat George Grant, the last harpooneer alive on the Island. Straight-backed, superb in his wiry strength, he looked like some angry albatross caught at bay on a ship's deck. His white hair and beak of a nose gave him a wild free look; strange lights played behind his deep-set eyes — eyes full of old sunsets and sea dawns.

A passionate man with the unruly soul of an artist, he could throw a harpoon farther and truer than most of the boat steerers of his day. He was a champion killer of whales who played his part with the finesse of a dandy, with the histrionic dignity of some ocean toreador. In dungarees or arctic furs he always achieved style; neat, slim, he stepped sure-footed, almost daintily through his turbulent years of greasy blubber, bloody decks, and wild battles with sea monsters. But loneliness had laid a heavy hand on his spirit and silenced him during the interminable slow-creeping voyages which ate away the precious years of his manhood. Therefore I was surprised to hear him breaking through his reserve, shouting in a harsh untamed voice over the angry tumult.

'What I say is true! I've seen it time

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and time again. I tell you sperm whales are mysterious animals. When they dive they always turn on their left side first, and whether it's dawn, noon, or sunset they always head to the sun before they go down. I've never seen it fail. Another thing, you've got to be mighty careful, when chasing a sperm whale, to keep to windward of her wake, for if you cross it even a quarter mile astern of her she'll know it and she'll instantly sound!'

A mangy little coot of a man with a snaggletooth leaped to his feet, upsetting a nest of rakes, and squawked: —

''T aint so — don't believe a word of it!'

George Grant slowly rose to his feet and stood looking with unblinking eyes through and beyond the little Edgartowner. There was something of Melville's Captain Ahab about the old boat steerer, something wild and menacing about his scorched face. Like Captain Ahab 'he seemed made of solid bronze shaped to an unalterable mould.' Sensing danger and to save the Edgartowner's hide, I stepped forward and deliberately changed the subject.

'George Grant, I've been told that you were the best scrimshawrer in the whaling fleet.'

He turned a baleful eye on me.

'I was,' he admitted reluctantly and turned back to deal with the Snaggletooth.

'Wait a minute,' I insisted. 'What was the finest thing you ever made out of whalebone?'

By a lucky shot I had struck the bull's-eye. He whirled on me, shouting as if it were my fault.

'The bird cage!' he roared.

'Bird cage? I never heard of a bird cage made of whalebone.'

'I guess I made the only one that ever was made. It took four years away from my life, and all I got was the fag end of nothing!'

There was pain in his voice as he told a tale I have never forgotten.

II

'I was engaged to a girl who lived on Joy Street — you know, that little street that leads up to the Cemetery. She was always pestering me to bring her home a parrot that could talk — and, of all fool things, she wanted it to spout the Lord's Prayer. She wanted it the worst way and got me to promise to build the bird a white whalebone cage. She wanted it on an ebony base and to stand three feet high.

'I never would have started the damn thing if I knew what I was letting myself in for. I sailed from Edgartown as first officer of the *Mary Frazier*, Captain Dexter. It was in the seventies and we cruised the South Atlantic for two years. Whenever we caught sperm whales I'd save ivory from the jaws and slit it into strips thick as a pencil and round them off with a file. I bought ebony in St. Helena and made a baseboard round the cage six inches high, setting the bars in the upper edge; then I drew them all together at the top into a manrope knot through which I had carved a Turk's Head to use for the ring. Then right up the centre of the cage I rigged a white whalebone mainmast with topmasts, stun'sl booms — I even had weather clew garnets, leech lines and buntlines, and all the parts. I took Mexican dollars, beating them into silver wire for the ropes. No two ways about it, it was beautiful to see the standing and running rigging, even the footropes and futtock shrouds all shining silver.

'Then on either side of the cage I made ivory davits and slung two little whaleboats, one to starboard and the other to port, all fixed out correct, with tubs, oars, harpoons, lances; and in the middle of each boat I cut out a well, one for water and the other for birdseed.

'This took me two years, sweating, filing, scraping. When we caught tortoise sleeping on the surface of the sea I kept their shells and polished them up, then cut and inlaid, on the surface of

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the ebony, tortoise-shell compass roses, fouled anchors, Southern Crosses, and such stuff.

'Then I carved four whales biting their tails in their death agony and used them for the feet to keep the cage off the floor. When we got into Cabinda on the African coast on the north side of the Congo River I bought the parrot. A good little fellow, smart and green as the inside of a wave just before she breaks. They breed the best talkers on the Gold Coast and she was no exception. She was the knowingest bird I ever saw, bright as a button, clean, shipshape, always cheerful. She had a way of putting her head sideways and flirting at you. She was cute that way and hardly bigger than your fist.

'I cut off the toe of my sock and sewed it into a little cap which fit snug over her head. You've got to keep them blindfolded if you want to teach them to talk a long piece. I rigged an inside pocket with battens to protect her from being crushed and I sewed it snug to fit over my heart under my jacket. Many a time when I was reefing, laying out on the yard with the wind trying to blow the very thoughts out of my head, I would reach in my jacket and lift up her hood and there was that bright eye, cheerful and trusting; looking at me as if to say, "Hello, Sailor Boy!"

'Well, sir, all the way round the Cape of Good Hope to the Madagascar whaling grounds I taught that bird the Lord's Prayer. I was at it day and night, on and off duty, even when I ate or stood my watches up in the lookout hoops. Come fair weather or dirt, there was I agoing it — repeating the Our Father, till sometimes I thought I'd bust or go eight buttons to the dozen. But she was quick and clever, I'll say that for her; from the very start she seemed to know what was wanted of her and she did her damnedest. She'd rattle it off, never missing a word, but what made it comical was to hear out of that dainty bunch of feathers *my* voice speaking. It certainly sounded sacrilegious to hear my sin-ridden, tarpot voice speaking those sacred words.

'I had a hell of a time, too, with my shipmates, who all tried to snitch her away from me and teach her foul words and fancy cussing. I had to sleep with one eye and ear open — say, they had me sweating to keep that bird pure. I had to keep her uncontaminated for my sweetheart on Joy Street. But it was worth all the work and grief. You had to see it with your own eyes to know what I'm telling you is God's truth, when I say there never was anything so beautiful as to see that little green bird tripping aloft on that shining silver rigging. Up she would go, claw over claw, sailor-fashion, even, by golly, dodging round the futtock shrouds to slip up through the lubber's hole. Out she'd go on the snow-white yard, stick her tail up in the air, bow low and reverently; then slyly cocking her head to one side she'd shoot you a wicked gleam from her eye as she'd roar the Lord's Prayer in my foghorn voice.

'The bird and cage soon got famous throughout the whaling fleet, so whenever we hailed a sister ship and their captains with their wives came aboard for a "gam" the first thing they'd ask for was to see the bird cage. The Old Man would order me to bring it to the afterhatch, where I'd set it down and take off the canvas cover I'd made to protect the cage. Then the bird would go through her performances; she was very obliging that way, you never had to coax her, she was always ready, willing, and seemed to get as much fun out of it as the rest of us. I thought the captains' wives would go crazy.

'Funny thing, though it took me over four years to teach her the Lord's Prayer she never could get to the finish. She would start out fine with all courses drawing till she got afoul of the "trespasses" — there she'd kind of fade and lose her bearings and, like me, peeter out and go aground on "not into temptation."

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'Yes, sir, the whole business took me four years. That shows you what damn fool things a man will do for a woman. Well, sir, when I got back at last to America I was broke. I'd spent all my lay and was in debt to the slop chest; riotous living and St. Helena rum had taken all my money and I came aboard the Nantucket steamboat at New Bedford with nothing to show for my four-year whaling voyage but a little green parrot and a white bone bird cage.

'I met old friends on the boat; they'd all heard about the parrot, so I had to set the cage up on the baggage truck, remove the canvas cover, and put the bird through her piece. She never let you down, always gay. She was excited that day; she knew she was coming to her home port. I'd told her all about her new mistress and the house on Joy Street. She went way up on the top, out on the royal yard, teetered her tail in the air, bowed her head low like a parson, and cocking it to one side without closing her beady eye she let fly the Our Father! Laugh? I thought my friends would have died, they fairly rolled on the deck. She was comical and no mistake!

'Then I began to notice a tall Western-looking man with a long frock coat, a wide-awake hat, and pants stuck in the tops of his boots. He had a big pasty face with a cigar stuck in it.

'"Say, Mister," he said, "that's the only beautiful thing I ever saw in my life. Make her do it again!" Well, sir, he had that bird agoing till we got off West Chop, then he says, "I just can't believe I'm seeing what I'm seeing, it's just too beautiful. I'll give you fifty dollars cash for the bird and cage."

'Fifty dollars! Say, dollars in those days were as big as cartwheels and could roll farther. Fifty dollars to a poor busted sailor, flat broke on his tail, looked stupendous I can tell you, but I thought of Joy Street and I just couldn't head up to the thought of seeing my girl without keeping my promise.

'"No," I said, "it's not for sale. This is a present I made for a particular friend of mine in Nantucket."

'He didn't hear me, just kept looking and looking into that cage, chewing his cigar around in his mouth. When we tied up at the Vineyard to let off some passengers, he came up to me again.

'"Mister, you don't know it, but you made that just for me. I never hope to see a thing as beautiful as that and I've got to have it. I'll give you one hundred dollars in silver! What do you say?"

'Say? What could I say? One hundred dollars — hell, it was more than most whalemen ever brought back from a voyage. So I let him have it. I even helped him put on the canvas cover. He was the happiest man I ever saw as he went laughing down the gangplank carrying that bird cage in his arms.

'My insides were heavier than those silver dollars weighing down my pockets. I loved that bird. I watched that cage go down the wharf; I could see it bobbing over the heads of the people getting off. I watched and watched till I could see it no more and I don't mind telling you I was crying inside. Four years gone up the spout, four years slaving to make something beautiful, and now nothing to show for it but pockets full of silver.'

George Grant stood still. No one moved. I broke the silence gently.

'What did you say to your sweetheart when you got to Nantucket?'

'Would you believe it,' he laughed, 'it worked out all right. Soon as I landed I made a beeline for Joy Street, knocked on her door to find she'd gone to the Cape and got spliced! She couldn't wait for me and she got married, by God, and I was one hundred dollars in!'

George Grant still lives, one of the last iron men reared on wooden ships. For almost ninety years his strong heart has ticked like a good ship's chronometer quietly and steadily through all his stormy, battered life, and now in his old home port, with both anchors down, he patiently waits the pilot.

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GIFT OF THE GODS

BY NANCY BICKEL-FRENT

I

SOFT-SPOKEN, brown-eyed Mr. Spitzenberg stared into the gloom and rain from his second-story window. The rain came down with relentless determination. Few pedestrians were traveling the cross-town street, partly because of the weather, and partly because their business did not bring them to the Park Avenue district at this time of day. It was an afternoon at the end of November, dreary without and within, for the lights were not lit. Mr. Spitzenberg, as always when he took his stance by the window, was thinking of nothing in particular, but his position hinted a morose satisfaction with life. A man of short stature, he stood solidly at his post, hands clasped behind him, feet apart, cigarette hanging from his lips. It was his customary pose during the slack hour between four and five, and one had the impression that he rested so.

Mr. Spitzenberg's house stood in the centre of a row of houses presenting a united front of quality and equality, and formidably attached to each other with the purpose of protecting from prying eyes the gardens and patios to the rear. The front of Mr. Spitzenberg's house was imposing and chaste, its four stories of stone a cold gray. There was no sign or trade label to indicate that Mr. Spitzenberg was a designer of women's dresses. He himself was inclined to minimize the fact, preferring to be described as a connoisseur of the arts. Somewhere in the long mystery of his diverse ancestry the artist had overcome the trader. His true interest was in his house, which he had remodeled room by room, and in the beautiful things he had collected to fill those rooms.

The jangle of the front door bell interrupted his afternoon pause. He padded to the head of the stairway which had been one of his reasons for buying the house. White and slender and railed with white-painted iron grillwork, it rose in a perfect reverse curve from the first floor to the fourth.

The butler was at the door. A gust of cold wind elbowed rudely through the opening. A level voice inquired: —

'May I speak with Mr. Spitzenberg? I am from the Piccadilly Agency.'

Mr. Spitzenberg remained where he was. He enjoyed watching people unobserved.

'I shall see if he is in. Will you wait here?'

The butler crossed the hall to a house telephone. 'Mrs. Spitzenberg, please.' He waited a moment. 'Is Mr. Spitzenberg in, Madam? The Piccadilly Agency —' Another pause. The conversation was completed.

'Mr. Spitzenberg will be down in a few minutes. May I take your umbrella?'

Mr. Spitzenberg watched the girl as she paced restlessly back and forth in the darkened hallway. Unfortunately he was not able to see much of her face, for she was wearing a broad-brimmed black hat. A shabby tan polo coat, now limp and wet, obscured the lines of her body.

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She looked as if she had walked for a long time, shoulders hunched in a tense tiredness, legs stiff and mechanical. She gazed straight ahead of her, noticing her lavish surroundings not at all. Mr. Spitzenberg experienced the prickling under his left eyebrow that occurred when he scented treasure. He descended the stairs.

'How do you do,' he said. 'I am Mr. Spitzenberg.'

The girl turned sharply. He looked into an unfamiliar, wet face. Mr. Spitzenberg never looked directly at his customers. They did not bear close scrutiny. Wealthy women who never exercised; successful actresses strangely fearful of choosing the wrong dress; young girls awkward as heifers.

But he looked at this girl carefully. The strange face was white and almost expressionless. An absurd brass hoop of earring dangled at each side of it, wrongly, but with certain verve. The eyes that met his were bedded in deep caves, and indeterminate in color. Secret they were, and sad. Violet shadowed lids drooped over them. They were beautiful. There was something mysterious about her that called to mind the tragic queens of Ireland — almost a spirit of arrested time. No, there was nothing of fashion about the face, which glowed ashily in the gloom of the late afternoon. She is very thin, he thought.

'The agency sent me,' the girl explained. 'They said you needed a model.'

An understatement. He had needed a third model for weeks, but his requirements were hard to fill. At least five feet ten inches tall, and able to wear a size twelve.

'Would you mind taking off your coat and hat?' he asked. 'And,' for he could not bear the false note, 'your earrings too?'

She dropped the earrings into her coat pocket.

'My hair —' She removed her hat, and dark, wet hair fell about her face. 'It's gotten rather wet —'

'Don't worry about that. I just want to see if you will fit the clothes.'

She stood before him in a dark wool sweater and skirt which preserved the anonymity of her figure, but Mr. Spitzenberg knew that he would hire her. Something unusual had been delivered, so to speak, at his doorstep.

'I'm sure you'll do,' he said, 'but I'd like to have you try a few things first. Will you come upstairs?'

His offhand manner seemed to startle the girl, for she hesitated a moment before smiling a shy smile. 'Oh — yes.'

She followed him up the stairway, touching the railing wonderingly. They entered a room of pale greens and yellows.

'Will you wait here a moment?' Mr. Spitzenberg disappeared into a side room where rose and fell the murmur of soft voices. The girl wandered to the casement window at the far end of the room and looked through its thick, leaded panes into a wind-swept patio where a Renaissance faun lifted his laughing mouth to the dusk and rain. There were small trees there, too, and boxes of flowers. The girl sighed, and played with the braided tassels of the curtains. She shook her head once, and a shower of water drops spattered over the carpet. The murmur of voices grew louder as the door opened to admit Mr. Spitzenberg and a small, plump person laden down with dresses.

'I would like you to meet my wife. Lucy, this is Miss —?'

'Stevenson,' the girl supplied. 'Dora Stevenson.' He was surprised to hear that she had such a prosaic name, and unwilling to believe it.

'Dora —' he savored the word doubtfully, 'from Theodora?'

The girl laughed. 'I don't know. I suppose so.'

'Miss Theodora will try a few things for size, Lucy,' he continued smoothly. He watched his wife closely to see what impression the girl had made on her. He could discover none.

'Certainly.' As she led the way into a

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dressing room, Lucy Spitzenberg noted without emotion that the girl was extraordinarily beautiful. Lucy was not beautiful herself, and regarded the beauty of others with humorous curiosity. She had long ago learned that beauty is an accident of nature, and not always a comfortable thing to have. Lucy was above all things a comfortable person. Once one had given up the idea of having children, one discovered that the world was full of good things. But she was forced to admit to herself at times that the house, crammed as it was with beautiful objects, often depressed her. She lifted a dinner dress of dark green crêpe from the heap on the chair.

'I think we'll try this one first,' she said.

The girl peeled the sweater and skirt from her body with an automatic movement, but her face was strained. Lucy slipped the dinner dress over her head. She stood in front of the long triple mirror and wriggled into the garment. It clung to her dampness like fish scales. At last, with a little sigh of resignation, it fitted over her bones. The mirrors showed a deep-sea divinity just risen to the surface. The stony blue clip at the apex of the V-shaped neckline was a pebble caught in strands of reluctant seaweed, and the purplish blue girdle that swept from belt to hem was more a streak of discolored sea water than a fine piece of velvet from the looms of Lyons. She eyed herself unsurely.

'It's a little tight across the hips —'

'No, that's right,' Lucy reassured her, 'and we always ask the girls to try the hardest ones first. But see what Mr. Spitzenberg says.'

The girl hesitated.

'Just go down those steps into the front room,' Lucy instructed her.

The girl walked professionally, drawing in her stomach, arching her back a little. She took a position and awaited his verdict. Mr. Spitzenberg felt that moment they silently faced each other to be suspended in time. He would never forget it. They were about five feet apart, but was there not a dangerous acceleration of the atoms between them?

He glanced a moment at the fit of the garment, and then his eyes were drawn to the face. The face again, inanimate and drowned-looking, that wavered in the half-light.

'Will you turn around, please?' He would not have recognized his voice had it been played back to him on a record.

The girl turned, and he saw a long torso with sloping shoulders and gently rounded hips. Not an ideal fashion figure, but somehow more disturbing than perfect measurements. And that was saying a great deal, for Mr. Spitzenberg was a perfectionist.

'I'm sorry about my hair —' The girl lifted a hand to it apologetically.

'That's all right. Tomorrow you will come with it in order.'

'Tomorrow?' The girl could not keep elation from her voice.

'Yes.' Mr. Spitzenberg appeared not to notice her excitement. 'After you dress, I would like to have a few words with you.' And then to his wife: 'I think she needn't try any more.' He turned again to the window.

He turned to the window calmly, but his thoughts were raging. How did she happen to be so beautiful? Why did she seem more beautiful to him than any of his possessions? He had never before seen a woman who did not jar his æsthetic sense. How could a woman like that just appear at his door without warning, without his seeking her out? And there was something she was hiding. What was it? Or was it just her aloofness? And yet she wasn't really aloof. Common she was, quite ordinary. Just wanted a job. Hiding something? How absurd. No reason to get romantic. She was tired, of course. Was there an aura about her? That moment . . . I will find out about her, he thought, and if she remains beautiful . . .

She was in the room again. He drew on his cigarette before he spoke.

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'Would you like to try working here?'

'Oh yes —' The words were timid, as though she still could not believe her good luck.

'Then I think you'd better come in about ten o'clock, Miss Theodora, and bring a pair of plain black shoes.' Then, as if a whimsey had struck him, he inquired, 'It is "Miss," isn't it?'

'Why — yes —' Uncertain, she stood waiting. The interview was at an end. She half smiled, and started to go.

'Oh,' he detained her, 'and what salary do you ask?'

She named the standard sum. He nodded.

'Good. That's what I pay.'

'Well, then —' She moved toward the steps.

Lucy Spitzenberg entered. She wore her habitual faint smile of curiosity, but her voice was kind.

'I'll show you the way out of here if you like, Miss Stevenson. Just follow me.'

Mr. Spitzenberg stood by the open window perhaps ten minutes before he felt his wife in the archway behind him. Doubtless she was wearing that perpetual, meaningless smile of hers. And now she was speaking.

'Hadn't you better shut the window, Leonard? And it's so dark in here!' She moved gracelessly through the room, turning on lights.

II

It was Christmas time, the afternoon before Christmas, but throughout the house there was a disavowal of the impending holiday. The doorbell jangled intermittently, customers came and went, the tone was as always — restrained salesmanship, diffident advice. Mr. Spitzenberg contemplated the dowager before him, resplendent in Yuletide satin. The dowager wheeled before the mirror like an animated Christmas tree ornament. A satisfied smile played beneath her nose, resembling in some way Lucy's maddening, tolerant smile.

Theodora drifted into the fitting room in a dashing white gown sewn with brilliants.

'How pretty she is!' the dowager commented indulgently. 'Isn't it amazing how much she looks like Bunny?'

A shiver contracted Mr. Spitzenberg's backbone. Bunny was Eleanor Thorne, the dowager's oldest niece. He had made her first ball dress, her trousseau, and only last week he had completed an order for garments to disguise a delicate condition. It was one of his rules never to discuss customers with employees, but at Theodora's peculiar expression his own loathing had come to the surface, and he had muttered, 'Why do women make such disgusting cows out of themselves?' It was sacrilege to compare the bloated Bunny to Theodora's cool perfection. How could she make such a mistake! Pretty!

Theodora had been with him less than a month, but how she had changed. Today she was particularly lovely, color in her cheeks, an air of excitement about her. If there was anything beautiful about Christmas as it is celebrated in New York City, she expressed it. Hair piled high to show off a long, slender neck, mouth painted full and soft. Yes, she was more beautiful than on that first day. But she had lost nothing by the change. The same bones, the same eyes, long, tilted, and half visible beneath smudgy lids. Can a woman be truly beautiful unless she is nearsighted, he wondered? What a softness it lends to the hard lines of a classic face! He watched her move toward the door. How superbly she walked, now that she had confidence and, he suspected, enough to eat. And yet the most fascinating thing about her remained, the puzzling aloofness he had noticed the first time he had seen her.

Mr. Spitzenberg knew little about Theodora — it was not his habit to pry into the affairs of his employees. His attitude was compounded of politeness and indifference. But in spare moments

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he had managed through a few casual, pointed questions to learn that she had had some sort of unhappy marriage. He had not inquired further; it was enough for him that she was a finished product. A virginal woman was offensive to him, yet he was pleased and relieved that she was the possession of no man. Such little things could spoil beauty for him. A beautiful ring on an ugly hand became sordid, or a beautiful woman in the grasp of a gross, unappreciative husband. Such connections revolted him. Theodora was free of disturbing entanglements. As far as he knew she lived alone. If she had lovers they were transitory and, he liked to think, could not really touch her. She seemed untouched by her beauty also, utterly indifferent to her appearance. She was the least vain of any woman he had known.

He wondered how she spent her leisure time. How would she spend the holiday? He shrank from the thought, but it persisted. Five days. What would she do with them? He was seized with panic. Her face, which he thought of as one of his most treasured possessions — he would not see it for five whole days!

With a neat, self-effacing bow he left the fitting room. Theodora had completed her rounds of the customers and was on her way to the dressing room. Mr. Spitzenberg laughed deprecatingly, as was usual with him before beginning to speak.

'I wonder,' he said, 'would you do me a favor?'

The girl looked surprised. 'Of course. What is it?'

Mr. Spitzenberg laughed again, and the sound imparted an unwonted significance to his request.

'Would you help me shop a little while this afternoon — say half an hour? Could you?'

'Oh!' The girl was dismayed. He ignored her obvious unwillingness, and continued. Surely she could spare him half an hour!

'Something for Mrs. Spitzenberg.' He cocked his head boyishly. 'I've been so busy I haven't had a chance to shop for her yet. Isn't that terrible? And I'm not very good at shopping. I would appreciate your help so much.'

The girl smiled reluctantly. 'Why yes, I'd love to for a little while,' she said, but the happiness that had been in her eyes all afternoon was replaced by anxiety. Then it returned. 'You see,' and her voice was excited, 'I have a lot to do. You know, the day before Christmas.'

'Of course.' He was purring, but his hands were cold. For whom was she preparing Christmas? 'We shan't take long.' We shall take as long as we can, he thought.

Later as he crossed Fifth Avenue with her he felt victorious, in a position to control her and find out about her.

'It'll be a nice Christmas for the children,' said Theodora gazing into the softly falling snow.

'Somehow I can never get maudlin about Christmas,' he answered. But then he felt obliged to soften his worldliness, and added, with charm, 'Of course I'm really not such an ogre as I make out to be.'

'Ogre?' she echoed with curious intonation.

The girl was downright stupid, he decided, but what did it matter?

'We must have a drink before we shop, a wassail cup to celebrate the season,' he changed the subject, looking with distaste at the crowds, people bent over into ugly positions from the parcels they carried. 'And forget about all this,' he added to himself, guiding her into a bar.

'Hello, Frank,' he greeted the bartender.

'Best regards of the season, Mr. Spitzenberg,' returned Frank. Mr. Spitzenberg took illogical pleasure in being recognized by the Franks of the town, and put his hand in his pocket for insurance of that recognition.

'Have yourself a time,' he said, slipping the greenback into a ready hand.

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'Thank you, sir!' Frank tucked the season's custom into his vest pocket.

Mr. Spitzenberg looked at the girl inquiringly. 'What will you have?' he asked.

'Brandy and soda, please.'

'One brandy and soda, and a glass of plain champagne.'

'Yes sir!'

The drinks arrived. 'Here's to you!' Mr. Spitzenberg lifted his glass. The girl drank with him. He regarded her humorously.

'You don't mind my kidnapping you for a drink, do you?' he asked.

There was a pause. The girl played with her napkin.

'Do you?' Mr. Spitzenberg repeated his question with an added shade of emphasis. The girl affected a bright tone.

'Of course not, only —'

'I know. You have to get home.' Mr. Spitzenberg wondered if he dared ask why. Dared? A silly thought. No, she must tell him herself. It was in a way a game. With all the advantages on his side, of course. For sooner or later he would know all about her. He did not ask himself the why of that.

'I've wanted to talk to you for such a long time,' he said.

'I really don't see why.' There was embarrassment in the attempted lightness of her tone, as though she realized the banality of her reply but could think of nothing else to say. Self-consciously she fingered the elbows of her brown suit where the lining was beginning to show. She stole a glance at the clock above the door. Now Mr. Spitzenberg was sure that she was thinking about someone other than himself. Perhaps if he delayed her long enough she would tell him why she was in such a hurry. The prospect excited and depressed him at the same time. She was nervous in the silence he allowed to hang between them.

'If I'd known I was going out with the boss, I wouldn't have worn my old scout uniform.' She indicated the shabby brown suit.

The shock of her ungraceful words aroused him. She was making conversation. Marking time. That is what she is always doing, he thought. Suddenly Mr. Spitzenberg leaned toward her.

'Do you know that you are very beautiful?' he asked.

The girl withdrew from him slightly, and when she spoke, it was seriously. 'Please,' she said, 'that isn't true —'

'But it is true, very.' Mr. Spitzenberg smiled at her ignorance.

The girl was distressed. 'People can't help how they look!'

What a thing to say! Mr. Spitzenberg was angry with her for her stupidity, but he only smiled again.

'Would you mind if I took you to lunch sometimes — if I showed you some beautiful things? Paintings, some —'

She interrupted him. 'If we're going to shop, we ought to get started. It's getting late.' He knew she did not mean to be rude, but to remind him of the time, and his desire to detain her grew stronger. Why must she be so unruly?

'Just one more drink!' he urged her.

The girl got up. 'It's very kind of you, but I really must watch the time.'

Watch the time! Why was she so difficult?

'Very well,' he said, allowing her to feel his displeasure.

They went out into the street, silently. The snow was falling more thickly now. Mr. Spitzenberg was piqued and determined. He lingered thoughtfully before a blue and silver window.

'Shall we go in here?' he asked.

It did not matter which store they went to, for Mr. Spitzenberg had long ago selected his wife's Christmas present. At Christmas time he allowed Lucy to feel beautiful. He always presented her with an exquisite gift, perhaps as compensation for the lack of children in the house. This year he had chosen an Italian ring of heavily worked gold, possibly by Cellini, set with a sapphire cut

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from the very core of the stone. Lucy always paid his offerings marked appreciation, and continued to smile in her peculiar way.

Now he wandered into the store with Theodora as a pretense for enjoying her company. He was interested in her reaction to the costly frou-frou on display, but could discern no desire in her manner, not a single wish. She was doing her duty. They paused at a handkerchief counter. She fingered a bit of chiffon, bluish green.

'I think this would be lovely for one thing,' she said.

Mr. Spitzenberg laughed. 'Suppose we forget Mrs. Spitzenberg for a moment. If you could have what you wanted here, what would you take?'

'I don't know.' She was startled.

'Please, choose something.' Mr. Spitzenberg felt mingled with her resistance a desperation that might lead her to a rash word, and he was glad.

'I really wouldn't want anything!'

Soon it would come. He had only to prod her a little, and she would expose herself, would come alive to him.

'Why not?'

'Please, the store is closing. If you want to find something for —' Was there an effort at control in her voice?

Mr. Spitzenberg grew blander. Cheerfully he suggested, 'Let's try another store then. I hate to shop in a hurry, don't you? Some of them are open until nine o'clock tonight.'

The girl tensed then. There were tears in her eyes.

'What do you want of me? I have to go home now. It's important —' She looked at him beseechingly.

Now he had his advantage. He became very gentle.

'But, my dear . . . I was only trying to give you pleasure.'

'Oh, I know — it sounds so silly —' Her inflection was apologetic. Her attention was entirely on him. At last.

'Just a moment,' he was sure of himself now. 'Do you think I had any idea other than to give you pleasure? That's all I wanted.' He took his time, feeling better.

'You make me feel so stupid, but I —' The girl was plainly confused.

'But?' He waited.

'But even if you think me rude I must go home now!'

The reply came as a surprise to him. He had expected an apology. He was furious.

'Certainly,' he said coldly, 'I'll get you a taxi.' He had been so sure that she would stay a little longer. They went through the revolving doors into the snowy night.

'Please don't be angry with me.' So she thought to get off easily. Rage and defeat trembled in him. Let her worry about her precious job over the holiday.

'That's quite all right, Miss Stevenson,' he said politely. 'Only I don't understand you completely. Taxi!'

Her face was ashy, as on the first day he had seen her. He had a longing to touch it, to sever it from the willful body, to take it home into his beautiful house where it would hang on the wall, the loveliest of all his beautiful things. He could see it now in the red room, the sunlight prying through the crimson curtains and stroking it with blood-and-orange fingers. Or in the blue room, all living color drained from it in the moonlight, only the beautiful skull apparent through the skin, silver. He sighed, and gave the taxi driver some change.

'Tell him where you want to go,' he said. And then laughingly, 'I wish somebody would give me your face for a Christmas present!'

'Good night!' she called from the window. She looked happy and free as the taxi pulled away.

He stood on the curb, a dapper, prosperous figure. 'Theodora,' he murmured, 'Gift of the Gods!' Then he shook his head reprovingly at the cliché of his thoughts, bought a newspaper from a legless man on one of those scooters, and started to walk home. Halfway

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down the block he heard the scooter behind him and a harsh voice: —

'Here'syerchange!'

Mr. Spitzenberg was annoyed at the interruption of his thoughts, which were still spinning in the wake of his anger and disappointment, and startled to think the man had not sense to keep change of a dollar. He waved him off.

'Merry Christmas!' The password of the season, raucous and garbled, followed him across the street. With an emotion approaching horror it dawned on Mr. Spitzenberg that the legless man was drunk.

III

Mr. Spitzenberg stood at his window in the bright sunlight, unseasonable for February. He was at peace, having just made an eventful decision. He had made up his mind to divorce his wife. After weeks of weighing the price to be paid, he had decided to acquire Theodora. Lucy had been a good wife, a good sport. But he would be able to keep Theodora in his house. He would have to give up a certain social position and a great deal of his business. The business was unimportant, as he had long ago reached the point where it was unnecessary for him to work, but the social consideration had given him pause for some time. For it is to be confessed that Mr. Spitzenberg was a snob of minor degree. 'I could make her my mistress,' he thought, 'but that would solve nothing.'

It was true, that would solve nothing. What he desired was the presence of Theodora, moving among his cherished belongings, clothed in the creations of his mind. Theodora at dinner, pouring coffee into the Haviland cups; Theodora sitting beside him in the theatre, a single jewel in her perfectly dressed hair; Theodora putting out the lights all over his house, drifting a pale hand up the stair railing, finally undressing before the Roman mirror, the old glass treasuring her shadowed pallor in its murky depths. It was the right, the æsthetic thing. They were there as a setting for Theodora, who would give meaning to them with her living perfection.

But how could he present his offer? The girl was not subtle enough to understand his motives. And she would scarcely believe he was in love with her. Or would she? Was she sentimental? I will try it, he thought. Or perhaps she has relatives to whom financial. . . . What about her husband? Is she still in love with him? But she never mentions him; they must have separated long ago . . . and surely she has learned from working here how easy, how pleasant life without hardship can be. . . .

Mr. Spitzenberg's musings wandered into more agreeable channels. The lunches they had taken together, the hours he had forced from her after five o'clock, — she had changed since that Christmas Eve, and went with a quiet passivity wherever he wished, — cocktails, the ring of silver and the tinkle of crystal, her beautiful face causing comment wherever they went. Her face, remote and seldom smiling. Her eyes indifferently staring at art exhibitions, fashion shows, furniture, at jewels, at intricate French watches. She might as well be blind, he thought ruefully. No matter. Perhaps her own beauty made her insensitive to other beauties.

'I'm ready, Mr. Spitzenberg.' It was her voice, summoning him to their luncheon appointment. 'Do I look all right?' she asked.

The question pleased him. It was a sign of her growing docility. Lately he had requested her to wear his clothes when they went out together. Today she had on a soft suit of black wool, unrelieved except for a collar of turquoise and gold.

'You know you always look marvelous,' he answered. 'Here, let me tie your turban for you.' He reached up to her, and in a moment had twisted the length of black jersey into the likeness of a high toque. 'There,' he said.

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He lifted the house phone. 'Mrs. Spitzenberg, please.' He waited. 'Lucy? Will you be here in an hour? Good. I want to talk to you.'

There was a February wind in the street. The sunlight was cool and white. On Fifth Avenue the bells were chiming noon from St. Patrick's, a sweet repetitive monody. There was motion, color, sound. The crowds moved briskly, women in new hats, men with shoe shines.

Mr. Spitzenberg felt benevolent, and very rich in the presence of the beautiful woman beside him; felt all eyes turning toward her, and then, curiously, toward him. His blood rose in pride.

'Shall we go for a ride in the park before lunch?' he asked.

The girl nodded. Mr. Spitzenberg signaled a passing taxi. They got in. From this vantage point the people looked less important and the park, just beginning to green in the spell of freakishly warm weather, more so. Behind them the Plaza Hotel crouched like a gloomy personification of winter; before them the paths of Central Park beckoned with flirtatious arms. Come into the park, come in, the paths invited, and the birds sang noisily in the false spring.

Their driver pressed a button and the glass roof of the taxi slid back. Now Mr. Spitzenberg was a grand seigneur driving with his lady. He leaned against the cushions and lit a cigarette. The wind brushed by them and the girl shivered. Pedestrians stared at the sleek, brown-haired man and the beautiful woman in black. Mr. Spitzenberg kept his revelation in mind, but was in no hurry with it. He relaxed. He indulged in a few thoughts, lightly philosophical. Nature was too often in a state of growth or decay. There was a vulgarity about nature that was too often apparent. Beauty must be sufficient unto itself; there must be no cheapening alliances with weather, fertilizer, other things. If one cared to, one could find the so-called beauties of nature any time one wanted them by following the seasons from place to place. But it was much more interesting to find a substitute. Like this girl. The stage was set for her; she had only to enter, bringing with her all beauty and every season. He touched her hand reverently. Startled, she withdrew it. She had no idea, then, of what was to come.

'Mr. Spitzenberg,' she began, 'I wanted to tell you —'

He hardly heard that she was speaking.

'Theodora,' he said, 'I love you.' And then an amazing thing happened. As he said the words 'I love you' he realized that in a way they were true. The discovery shocked and troubled him. He felt dread, and with it an accentuation of the desire to possess her. Some remote, reasonable being in himself stood off and weighed that desire, and found it more driving than any sexual hunger. The idyllic character of the day was gone, lost in the sudden serious turn of Mr. Spitzenberg's emotions.

The girl drew a deep breath, as though the declaration embarrassed her beyond words. She gazed intently at a spot about an inch above his head, speaking quickly: —

'Mr. Spitzenberg, maybe you misunderstood when I let you take me out lately, but you know you made me go with you.'

Made her? What did she mean? He felt impatient at the delay she put in his way. 'What do you mean?'

'Mr. Spitzenberg,' she said then, 'I don't like to say this after you said what you did just now, but my job —' Her words petered off, pleading for understanding.

The meaning of what she was saying hit him like a slap in the face. Her job! Couldn't she think of anything else? 'Theodora,' he said, 'you were never under any obligation to go out with me. I only wanted to give you pleasure.' There were tears of earnestness in his eyes. He believed himself implicitly. Some of his faith must have communi-

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cated itself to the girl, for she spoke up kindly.

'Mr. Spitzenberg,' she began, 'maybe you were just trying to give me pleasure, but I never asked for that. I thought you could tell from the way I acted that I didn't like the idea.' She stopped, then went on. 'Let's just forget the whole thing. I have to stop work anyhow . . .' There was hidden aversion in her voice, along with an unwillingness to go on.

Mr. Spitzenberg smiled. 'Theodora,' he said, 'you don't think I'm making you an improper proposal, do you?' He quoted the two words delicately.

'All I know is that you have been very kind to me, and that I'll have to stop work now.' The girl spoke levelly, with some warning in her tone. Mr. Spitzenberg ignored it and took up the conversation before she could say more.

'Couldn't you guess why I was kind to you?' His temples throbbed. She was being very childish. Why did she always fight him?

'Mr. Spitzenberg —'

'Theodora,' he could bear interruption no longer, 'I want to marry you. Will you?'

Now he had said it. His head throbbed less heavily. Would she? She must! Why did the thing have to be so difficult? It was almost as though she held a kind of grudge against him. What was she waiting for?

When she spoke it was in a curious way, surprisingly soft. She seemed to be repressing herself.

'You don't know anything about me. It's silly to talk about marrying me!'

Mr. Spitzenberg seized on her words. 'Silly? I don't think so. And as for not knowing you — you haven't given me a chance to know you as well as I would have liked to, but I know you well enough to know I love you.' He sighed painfully, and changed his attack, feeling ridiculous and put upon.

'Do you love someone else?' he asked. And again that miraculous thing. As he asked the question, he became aware of how the answer would transport or annihilate him. A dangerous question. How beautiful, oh, how beautiful she is! he thought. I would kill to possess her face.

'What about your wife?' she countered, seeming to have forgotten her intention to leave him.

'Lucy and I understand each other,' he heard himself say.

'Then why do you want to marry me?' There was ironical emphasis on the word 'me' which snapped him back to the situation at hand, and filled him with irritation. He wanted so much to be finished with this business, happy, and making her happy. Was the girl trying to be clever with him? So she wants to know why she is in such good luck, he thought. Tell her, tell her the reason, tell her why she is in such good fortune.

'Why I want to marry you? I'll tell you.' The girl leaned forward in a listening attitude as if she had been waiting for this. Mr. Spitzenberg experienced an uneasiness that was very like a ridiculous, groundless fear.

'Because you are the most beautiful thing I have ever seen. Because of your beautiful face.' He looked directly into her eyes. Did the pupils widen? Her voice, when she spoke, was hardly audible. It was encouraging him to say more.

'Do you think that is a good reason?' it asked. A lover would have spoken so, or a mountain climber suspended over a precipice. Mr. Spitzenberg continued faster than he had intended to.

'I want you,' he said, and in the moment his desire became unendurable. 'I want you terribly.' He hurried on, 'I want to touch your face, stroke your hair, feel the bones of your magnificent head. I want to see you opposite me at dinner, hear you walk through the house, bring you lovely things and watch you smile —' He broke off, knowing himself exposed. Then he finished weakly, 'I only want to make you happy, don't you see that? That's all I want.'

Their taxi had completed its circle of

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the park. They were nearing the Plaza again. 'Will you marry me, Theodora?' He wondered what was keeping back her answer, why she was delaying. She was so very silent. And then she was speaking, but in a hoarse charged voice: —

'When this ride is over I am going home. I will send you the clothes I have on, and please will you send me my own clothes and my wages to date.' She pushed a gloved hand against her mouth, hard. Why, she is crying, Mr. Spitzenberg thought. She was sobbing dreadfully, the sobs stopping at the suede-covered fist. He tried to touch her, but she drew away from him with a movement that could only have been motivated by loathing.

'Theodora,' he whispered, baffled and distressed, 'Theodora, what have I done? Did I ever treat you badly? Wasn't I always kind to you?'

'I didn't ask you to bother with me!' Muffled the words, hysterical the sobbing.

'But what do you mean? Did I ever hurt you?'

'You always hurt me, you couldn't help it — you hurt me just by looking at me!'

'Theodora,' Mr. Spitzenberg tried to sound reasonable, but he was shaken, 'you have got to explain what you mean — I can't imagine what grievance you could have.'

'Grievance?' There was a shadow of wild laughter in the word. 'Grievance? No, I don't have any grievance. You can't help the way you are!'

Mr. Spitzenberg felt the situation become nightmarish. They were going in circles that would never end. He tried to bring reason into the thing.

'Theodora,' he said, 'if I was ever unkind to you —'

'Unkind! Unkind!' Anger replaced hysteria. 'You have no right to be kind or unkind to me! Your very existence is a torture to me! Why couldn't you leave me alone?'

'A torture?'

'Your ideas! I could hardly stand working for you after I found out your horrible ideas, and then when you forced me to go out with you —' A new wave of sobbing broke over the girl, and for a minute she put her head in her hands and frankly fought for control.

Mr. Spitzenberg wondered what ideas she meant. How strangely the lower classes react, he forced himself to think. But there was a pain in his diaphragm as though someone were twisting the pink lining of his body like a wet rag. The best thing to do, he decided through the pain, was to wait until she exhausted herself, and then ask her again. He noticed that the crying did not make her ugly. Now she had control of herself, except for an occasional shudder.

'Mr. Spitzenberg,' she said, 'you have made a big mistake. You should not have made me stay out Christmas Eve — you shouldn't have taken me all those places with you. It was wrong even to think about me.'

'But why, Theodora, why?'

'Because I couldn't bear it!'

'Theodora,' he began, 'I want you to marry me —'

'Can't you leave me alone?' Hate and anger struggled for supremacy.

'But why —'

'Mr. Spitzenberg, I don't want to marry you. But even if you hadn't said what you did today, I'd still be leaving. Will you let it go at that?'

Mr. Spitzenberg made sure he was quite calm before he asked, 'Why?' He knew there was something dangerous here, something he would not like, but his curiosity had to be satisfied. He must know!

A brutal look came over the girl's face, or perhaps it was only the effort she was making to answer him. Anyway, when she spoke it was from a quiet distance, although she looked him hard in the face.

'I am going to have a child,' she said.

A child! But how? . . . She had seemed so perfect, so alone, so untouch-

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able. . . . He looked at her, trying to find out the secret of her body, of her mind that was unknown to him. . . .

'Don't say anything!' she murmured in a kind of agony. 'Don't say anything. I know how you feel about those things. But you made it impossible to tell you I was leaving in any other way.'

He felt unable, through a dull nausea that had taken hold of him, to question her about the biological details. But how. . . .

The girl told the driver to stop. There was an impersonal force about her, although she also gave the impression of being ready to run away. Was it with malice that she answered his unspoken question?

'I was pregnant when I came to work for you,' she used the word cruelly, 'but I didn't know it. We — my husband and I separated. I had to get a job. That's all.'

She stepped out of the taxi, adding somewhat bitterly, 'Except that I wrote him a letter, and thought he might come back to me at Christmas. Good-bye, Mr. Spitzenberg,' she said.

He could not answer her.

He watched her walk away from him, across the square in the direction of the subway, alone. Did he detect. . . .

Streams of lunching humanity erased her passage.

A strange oppression settled at the base of his skull. His head felt heavy.

Mr. Spitzenberg hailed a taxi and managed to give his address.

Opening the door of his house, Mr. Spitzenberg could not order his thoughts. He wandered from room to room, touching a brocaded chair, a bit of sculpture, running a thumb over the surface of a painting. Reassurance. He needed reassurance. The eternal truth of beauty, he must find it again. He drew his collection of goldwork from its cabinet. The snuffboxes, cigarette cases, rings, watches, looked at him coldly, malignantly. He touched them and withdrew his hand quickly. They were so cold they almost burned him. He felt for the first time the smiths in them, the fires, the beat of hammers. He saw the half-blind craftsmen in their filthy aprons, the young boys bent over since childhood from learning their trade. He fingered his stones, his unset beauties, but hastily thrust them away. From them came the moaning chant of miners as they sang for company in the unchanging dark, their screams as the mine caved in.

He mounted the stairway to the white room at the top of the house. There, wreathed in ivy, and very picturesque, squatted a little Cretan goddess of stone. The squinting eyes looked at him balefully, directly. Blood was in the air around her; Mr. Spitzenberg was suddenly afraid to disturb the ivy at her base. It was certain to cover the steaming entrails of live things.

He ran out of the room and down the stairs, calming his gait to a walk as he stepped out into the patio. His wife was waiting for him with a glass of wine in her hand, pretending not to be cold. She raised her head inquiringly. Was there something out of the ordinary about him? He averted his face. As he did so his eye was caught by an early butterfly struggling out of its cocoon. Its wings were damp and lustrous, and the veins stood out clearly. It was a blue-green color, the color he had always associated with Theodora. Beautiful. He felt the tightness at the back of his neck loosen. But then he thought of the eggs it would lay, of the worm it had been, and he was struck once more with the existence of a mysterious, bestial force creating and feeding on all beauty.

His wife was speaking, smiling that unimpressed smile of hers that he now found strangely comforting.

'What was it you wanted to talk to me about?'

'Oh — nothing in particular. I was only thinking how dull spring is this year. Would you like to go south for a while?'

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FOUR NEW FALCONS

BY W. L. WHITE

I

THE best planes in the world are no better than the worst if you can catch them on the ground, as the Germans caught the Polish air force in September 1939 and the French air force in May 1940, and as the Japanese caught us in Honolulu on December 7, 1941. We can take comfort in the fact that, so long as planes were to be smashed on Hickam Field, our best ones were not there, and that the Japanese could destroy only old Curtiss P-40 Tomahawks.

But why did we have obsolete planes in Hawaii and the Philippines? The answer to the criticism implied in that question is that we did and yet we didn't have obsolete planes. About 80 per cent of the fighters built for our American air force in 1941 are by severe standards obsolete. But that fact does not alarm the Army Air Corps, which has reason to believe that we have some of the best fighter-plane designs in the world. It takes two years to get a new airplane design rolling off the assembly lines in that volume which the Air Corps calls 'battle production.' But the war is moving so fast that about every three months discoveries are made which render existing types theoretically obsolete. Hence any plane which is in important production is, in the nature of things, 'obsolete.'

At the close of 1941, America had only two pursuit planes, the Curtiss P-40 Kittihawk and the Bell P-39 Airacobra, in battle production. The more modern of these, the Bell, had been conceived in 1936 — the Curtiss even earlier. But remember that the British Spitfire is a military adaptation of a racing plane which flew ten years ago, while the basic outline of the present Messerschmitt was laid down shortly after Hitler came to power. Thus, if the basic design of the present Curtiss P-40 is obsolete, it is in respectable company.

Not only are designs changing rapidly, but fighter planes are becoming highly specialized. The German campaign in Poland showed beyond question the effectiveness of the combat plane, which is attached to and coöperates with the army in the field. No combat plane can have everything — super altitude plus super fire-power plus the maximum rate of climb and manœuvrability — and if any company tried to build all these powers of performance into one aircraft, it would produce an unworkable monstrosity. Our American air force will therefore go into battle with many specialized fighter types. In addition to the Bell Airacobra, which is a light, low-altitude pursuit that can land in a converted cow-pasture and is beautifully adapted for coöperation with ground combat forces, we have a middle-altitude pursuit in the Curtiss P-40 Kittihawk. A pursuit plane's function is to chase enemy bombers, and in order to chase down the bombers it must have speed and range; it does not need altitude to do its highly specialized job.

The other type of American fighter is the interceptor, which in its purest form is the Lockheed P-38 Lightning. The

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interceptor is not designed to go looking for bombers. Its base is near the city or target which it is assigned to defend, and it has a terrific rate of climb, so that it can get up into the sky and bring down the cumbersome bombers before they can make their runs over the target. The Lockheed Lightning is the fastest military airplane in the world today, but it gets its super speed and super rate of climb at the expense of range, which it does not need, and of manœuvrability, which it can spare.

Range and manœuvrability we find in the Republic P-47 Thunderbolt. If the Thunderbolt falls a little short of the Lightning's speed and rate of climb, not only can it intercept bombers but it is also a high-altitude fighter. With a ceiling equal to that of a Flying Fortress, the Thunderbolt on patrol can perch on the stratosphere's edge and plummet downward like a falcon onto enemy fighters which, escorting their bombers, might outnumber or outmanœuvre the Lockheed Lightning. Or so our Air Corps theorizes; for, while both Lightning and Thunderbolt have hatched out into battle-production volume, neither plane has yet been proved in actual combat.

II

The first of the new American pursuits of revolutionary design to go overseas is the Bell Airacobra. Its original was sketched out in the fall of 1936. The Army Air Corps was looking for an advanced type of plane, but one with no experimental airfoil combinations which could make trouble, and arranged a competition among fighter-plane manufacturers for June 1937, stating only speed, rate of climb, and the fact that tricycle landing gear and a 37 millimeter cannon would be desirable features. Bell submitted two designs and won both first and second place.

And then Bell's troubles began. The cannon (the mightiest ever to take wings) could not possibly be synchronized to fire through a propeller. The designers had drawn the propeller around the cannon, giving the propeller a hollow hub which contained the muzzle of the gun. But if all this bulky cannon mechanism had to come just behind the propeller, what was to be done with the motor?

The Germans had an answer to this: they were hub-firing a 20 millimeter cannon through the middle of a specially designed V-type Mercedes-Benz motor. Bell had to depend on the American Allison. The Allison could be pushed further back into the fuselage, making room for the cannon and its feedboxes, and be linked with the prop by a drive shaft. Only, with all this, the poor pilot would be pushed so far back into the fuselage that he would be practically squatting among the tail surfaces, with his forward visibility zero. Bell's designers reasoned that, since they had to have a drive shaft, they might as well lengthen it still more, pushing the motor still farther back into the fuselage to make room for the pilot in front. When it was all done the pilot had a twelve-cylinder Allison motor behind his ears and a cannon just in front of his lap. But he was happy among men, for, perched out there in front of the motor, he had marvelous visibility ahead and below.

The conventional airplane landing gear has two wheels under the wings and a third wheel under the tail. In the tricycle type the two wing wheels remain about where they were, but the tail wheel is removed to the nose of the plane. The biggest problem in rigging a pursuit plane with tricycle gear is finding room, under the motor, to tuck that front wheel away. For Bell it was no problem at all, because, with the motor shoved ten feet back into the rear of the plane, there was plenty of room for the front wheel under the cannon.

The Airacobra is the first modern pursuit plane to have the tricycle landing gear, the most stable landing gear ever designed, which, before the war is over,

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will save millions of dollars' worth of airplanes and hundreds of pilots' lives. For it's almost impossible to wreck an Airacobra on landing it. With tricycle gear, a pilot simply cannot ground-loop.

Tricycle gear not only cuts training time and saves planes and pilots' lives, but it vastly extends the wartime usefulness of the Bell plane, letting it land on darkened or uneven fields impossible for any other fighter plane.

With all these new ideas to fit together, it's small wonder that the first handmade prototype did not take the air until the spring of 1939. After it had been tested and a few more 'bugs' squeezed out of its design, the Army gingerly ordered thirteen. In the fall it ordered eighty more but held up production pending war-zone data.

Meanwhile war had broken out in Europe, and French and British experts had arrived to examine American planes. A French test pilot went over the Airacobra, flew it, and discovered for himself that its manœuvrability and speed of more than 400 miles per hour were fact, not fancy. Stepping out of it onto Bolling Field he said, 'No further selling is necessary.' After the Norwegian débâcle in April, Paris ordered two hundred.

Now these planes could really go into production, incorporating in the prototype the changes which had come of European battle experience. These were largely in armament; a number of .30 calibre guns were added to the two .50 calibre guns and the big 37 millimeter cannon, giving the Airacobra more types of guns than any other fighter plane in the skies today.

In those agonizing months when France fought on, only to collapse in the end, Bell had a personal worry; who would be left to take delivery and pay for those two hundred planes? But when France fell the answer came promptly: England took over the French order and raised it to eight hundred. A month after Bell's first production model had dribbled off the line in August 1940, our Air Corps ordered eight hundred more, so Bell could now tool for mass production and prepare to grind out planes in battle volume.

That same summer Noel Monks, the London *Daily Mail's* best-known war correspondent, was detached from the RAF to come to America and look at our new planes. He called the Airacobra 'the only aircraft in the world capable of dealing with tanks — America's answer to the panzer division,' estimating that 'one squadron could blast a panzer division to chaos' with the 37 millimeter cannons, since 'no medium tank yet built could withstand a direct hit — the very thing the British Army needs.' Also the Australian Wing Commander who tests fighter planes in America for the RAF calls the Airacobra 'a wizard ship — the most outstanding aircraft of its type in the war.'

III

While the Bell and other new companies have been piling up gold stars on their report cards for design, we should not forget that it is Curtiss which has been building the bulk of our planes. Since the start of the war, planes in an unbroken stream have been pouring out of the Curtiss-Wright plant at Buffalo. Curtiss has been the backbone and the trunk of American fighter production, and if all the Curtiss P-36's and P-40's were subtracted from our American air force its pursuit command would be reduced to a few hundred planes.

Significantly Curtiss had a model, the P-36, in production when the present war broke out, and a substantial number arrived in France in the fall of 1939. It was powered with a Pratt & Whitney radial air-cooled motor, and its top speed was only a little over 300 miles per hour.

The latest Curtiss model is a direct lineal descendant of this P-36. There have been many major changes — at one point the firm ripped out the radial motor

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and installed an 1150 horsepower Allison, gaining many miles per hour in speed and a new serial number, P-40; but the Army Air Corps has never allowed the Curtiss engineers to start with a clean drafting board to design a brand-new plane. It has kept Curtiss's nose to the grindstone at the prosaic job of turning out planes instead of blueprints.

The war has vastly expanded the Curtiss company, which at the outset employed 10,000 men and now has many times that number. But mass production has increased its problems. In the old days it cost only about $300,000 to retool for a new model, largely because so much of the work was done by hand and so few tools were used. Now it costs several millions, and the task of getting this machinery designed and installed adds months to the delivery time of the first plane of any new series.

The Bell company, which had only a prototype flying when war broke out, could afford to hold back production until the Army decided just what it wanted in the way of leak-proof tanks, pilot armor, additional machine guns, and other items in the rapidly changing styles of military equipment. Curtiss had to slip such innovations into its already moving production line without choking the flow of planes. Those critics who call Curtiss a patchwork forget that ever-moving line, forget that only Curtiss had pursuit planes flying with our American air force last spring. Its rivals had magnificent new designs, but Honolulu and Manila could not have been defended with blueprints and prototypes.

As 1942 opened, Curtiss moved into combat production with its Model F of the P-40 series, which is its biggest advance in design since the P-36 was discontinued. Along with its British motor the P-40F (it's called the Kittihawk) has taken the Spitfire's high blower gear to cram air into the carburetor, with the result that the Kittihawk can develop, several miles up in the air, more horsepower than some pursuits can produce at sea level.

The Kittihawk's increase in fire-power is still more startling. The .30 calibre machine gun, standard with the British at the start of the war, has been dropped, and the Kittihawk now bristles with the larger calibre guns.

Even the older models of the P-40 series outflew and outmanœuvred the carrier-based Japanese planes which bombed and strafed Philippine airdromes, according to the enthusiastic reports of the defending American anti-aircraft gunners from the ground. At Pearl Harbor the story was the same: the Japanese victory was entirely one of surprise rather than superior equipment. If we had had half an hour's warning, Secretary Knox points out, it would have been a different story.

IV

Better still, if at Pearl Harbor we had had only a few squadrons of our new Lockheed P-38 Lightnings, fifteen minutes' warning would have been ample. For within this time the Lightnings could have zoomed far over the maximum altitude of the more sluggish Nakajima 96 naval biplane torpedo bombers and come crashing down on them, breaking up the first attack and annihilating the second wave, and the *Oklahoma* probably still would be afloat. Because, when the new Lockheed Lightning takes off to defend its target, it practically stands on its tail, climbing faster than the most powerful express elevator in any New York skyscraper, covering its first vertical mile in about a minute.

The Lightnings did not rise to crash down on the single-motored Nakajima 96's because it is only recently that they have hatched out of the blueprints, crawled through the tedious process of tooling, and started dribbling off the assembly line at the rate of a few squadrons a month.

When Robert E. Gross bought the

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Lockheed Company in 1935, it was a struggling concern with about four hundred employees. It is now one of the largest employers in aircraft history. It occupies this position because from the beginning it concentrated on speed. Its fast commercial transports caught the eye of the British purchasing commission in the spring of 1940, and they asked Lockheed to remodel its transport into a reconnaissance bomber which they call the Hudson.

But Lockheed's achievements in speed had interested our Army Air Corps as early as 1938, when its officers first began talking with Lockheed designers about a fast, high-altitude fighter. Lockheed's designers emerged with a radical new type powered by two twelve-cylinder Allisons, with the pilot suspended in a gondola between them, the motor nacelles tapering back into a twin tail, and two three-blade propellers revolving in opposite directions. The experimental model, the XP-38, came within seventeen minutes of equaling the transcontinental record of seven hours and twenty-eight minutes which had been set by Howard Hughes in his special racer. It had tricycle landing gear, a wing span of fifty-two feet, and a gross weight of about 13,500 pounds. Armed with an initial order from the Air Corps for $52,000,000 worth of them, Lockheed could start tooling for large-scale production.

It was found that the new Allisons, which were designed to deliver 1360 horsepower each, in actual performance burned out above 1020. The present improved Allisons each deliver 1150, and this spring the Lightning will get the still newer 1250 horsepower Allisons. For the present, the Army describes the Lightning's speed as 'in excess of 400 miles per hour.'

Equally formidable is the Lockheed plane's armament. America is the only nation in the world to mount a 37 millimeter cannon on a pursuit plane, and the Lockheed Lightning is the only American plane to carry two of them, plus a number of heavy .50 calibre machine guns.

The Lockheed plane is also one of the two American pursuit planes to be equipped with the turbo-supercharger (another exclusively American development), which makes possible its high-altitude performance. A supercharger may be briefly described as a blast fan to stuff air into a carburetor, so that several miles in the air there will still be just as much oxygen to burn the gasoline as there was at sea level. In the turbo-supercharger the force necessary to drive the fan comes, not from the motor by gear, thereby robbing it of power, but from a pinwheel-like turbine installed in the roaring torrent of exhaust gases.

The only other turbo-supercharged fighter in the world is the Republic P-47 Thunderbolt, America's newest high-altitude pursuit. Incidentally, a couple of squadrons of these planes, had they been on patrol over Pearl Harbor, could have changed the picture. For patrolling Republic Thunderbolts would not merely have broken up that first attack; they might have prevented it, blasting the Nakajima 96 torpedo bombers and shooting down or driving off any Nakajima 95 carrier-based fighters which the Japanese had sent to protect their bombers. For the Nakajima 95 fighters are only Japanese copies of our ancient 1928 Boeing P-12's, a venerable design into which the Japs have stuck their version of a British Bristol motor. These planes will do only 215 miles per hour.

In contrast with this the new Republic Thunderbolt will do well over 400 miles an hour — only slightly less than the Lockheed Lightning. Also like the Lightning, it gets its best performance more than five miles above sea level, and its speed, while slightly less, is still very much over 400 m.p.h. Again like the Lightning, it is one of the world's largest pursuits, weighing 13,000 pounds.

It is the only one of our four American pursuits now in production to be designed after the war began; it was

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sketched on the back of an envelope at Wright Field a month after the French collapse, when it had become clear to everyone that the war in the skies was going rapidly up toward the stratosphere.

According to Air Corps gossip, one of the reasons we did not realize this sooner was that Colonel Lindbergh had returned from his pre-war European trip firmly convinced that in the air war nothing of importance was going to happen above 10,000 feet. This view permeated our Air Corps until it was upset by the Messerschmitt over the Low Countries and France.

The Republic Thunderbolt is the first plane to incorporate in an original design all the lessons of the first year of the war. But remember that old rule of thumb; it takes two years to bring a plane from its original design into mass production for battle volume. For Republic, these two years will be up in August 1942. Of course Republic has been hustling; but it can't be expected to attain battle volume many months short of the standard two years.

The Thunderbolt is the only fighter in the world to carry a turbo-supercharged *radial* air-cooled motor, just as it is the first plane to have the new four-blade propeller. Republic is proud of the Thunderbolt's new power plant, the brand-new 2000 horsepower Pratt & Whitney, which runs so cool (160°) that you can almost rest your hand on it.

Which of these two high-altitude American fighter planes is the better? The answer must be, strictly speaking, neither. The Lockheed Lightning is more specialized, slightly ahead of the Thunderbolt on speed and rate of climb, and therefore better considered strictly as an interceptor. The Thunderbolt outpoints it in other fields of performance. It is more manœuvrable and it has more range; throttling down the big motor, it can cruise several hours on patrol. Lightnings at Hawaii could have rushed up to smash that second Japanese attack, provided, of course, bombs had not crushed them on the field. But a few squadrons of Republic Thunderbolts, taking turns at four-hour patrol duty above Hickam Field, could have dived in to smash utterly that first assault of sluggish Japanese bombers, like eagles swooping down to tear the wings off turkeys.

V

The Thunderbolt, with more of the heavy .50 calibre machine guns than any other plane in the skies, has terrific striking power, as has the Lightning. Thus, in addition to their unique high-altitude performance, both the Thunderbolt and the Lightning are able to perform at low altitudes the same tasks as the Curtiss Kittihawk and the Bell Airacobra. However, using either the big Lightning or the Thunderbolt for low-altitude work which could be done as well by either the little Kittihawk or the Airacobra would be as wasteful as putting razor-tempered blades in a lawnmower, for the Thunderbolt is the equal of two planes in another sense also. It weighs about twice as much as the Airacobra or Kittihawk, and its cost is about double that of the Bell and Curtiss planes since airplanes in quantity production are practically sold by the pound. Money may mean little in a war, but it is an accurate measuring stick of the amount of precious man-hours and raw materials which go into any airplane. These things can't be printed by the United States mint. So long as high-altitude four-motor bombers are in the minority and the bulk of the bombs continue to be dropped by medium-altitude two-motor bombers like the Junkers or Heinkel, operating between 10,000 and 20,000 feet, the bulk of the defending fighters should be low- and medium-altitude types like the Airacobra and the Kittihawk, which in their altitude ranges can do just as good a job as either the Lightning or the Thunderbolt at about half the cost per plane.

We have learned far more about

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fighter planes from the British than they have from us. We may have given them a carburetor which would not strangle in a dive, and also the turbo-supercharger, plus a few ideas about hard-hitting fire-power in our .50 calibre machine gun. But the British experience has taught us to discard guns synchronized to fire through propellers (this arrangement cut down the rate of fire) and to provide a long-range, clear radio on a fighter plane (our American set was hopelessly inadequate). We have taken over the carefully worked out British plan for regional ground control of fighters in the air, adapting and, we hope, improving it. We have also adopted the British flame-dampening exhaust stacks which not only eliminate fire hazard but help make planes invisible by night. Our old safety belt has been discarded in favor of the British Sutton harness which supports the pilot's shoulders, so that in making a crash landing his nose and mouth will not be crushed against his gun sight. In the same field of pilot protection the British have also given us armor plate. We have learned from them the vital necessity for high-altitude performance and increased fire-power, and in the field of gadgetry they have given us what they call 'automatic booster control,' a safety device which prevents the pilot, in the excitement of combat, from carelessly burning out his motor by pushing it into too great feats of performance.

Army Air Corps officers who have returned from liaison duty in England are quick to acknowledge our debt, pointing out that, while American airplane companies deserve commendation from the standpoint of design and theory, the only real test of any plane is actual combat, and in building our new air force we have had the inestimable advantage of British battle experience.

But our biggest lesson we have learned from the Japanese. They have taught us nothing new in design — as our military observers had already reported, their air force seems to be based on fairly efficient copies of American, German, and British designs, with little original development. The lesson we have learned from Nippon is to strike, even with inferior equipment, before your opponent is ready. Strike when his planes are grounded, when his fleet is anchored, and while his newest designs are still struggling out of the blueprints and through the assembly line. Strike then and you have an advantage which will take him thousands of men, millions of tons of shipping, and maybe years of fighting to overcome.

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COMMON SENSE AND THE UNIVERSE

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

I

SPEAKING last December at the annual convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and speaking, as it were, in the name of the great 100-inch telescope under his control, Professor Edwin Hubble, of the Mount Wilson Observatory, California, made the glad announcement that the universe is not expanding. This was good news indeed, if not to the general public who had no reason to suspect that it was expanding, at least to those of us who humbly attempt to 'follow science.' For some twenty-five years past, indeed ever since the promulgation of this terrific idea in a paper published by Professor W. de Sitter in 1917, we had lived as best we could in an expanding universe, one in which everything, at terrific speed, kept getting further away from everything else. It suggested to us the disappointed lover in the romance who leaped on his horse and rode madly off in all directions. The idea was majestic in its sheer size, but it somehow gave an uncomfortable sensation.

Yet we had to believe it. Thus, for example, we had it on the authority of Dr. Spencer Jones, the British Astronomer Royal, as recently as in his new and fascinating book of 1940, *Life on Other Worlds*, that 'a distant universe in the constellation of Boötes has been found to be receding with a velocity of 24,300 miles a second. We can infer that this nebula is at a distance of 230,000,000 light-years.' I may perhaps remind my fellow followers of science that a light-year means the distance traveled in one year by light, moving at 186,000 miles a second. In other words, this 'distant universe' is now 1,049,970,980,000,000,000,000 miles away.

Some distance! as Mr. Churchill would say.

But now it appears that that distant universe has *not* been receding at all; in fact, it isn't away out there. Heaven knows where it is. Bring it back. Yet not only did the astronomers assert the expansion but they proved it, from the behavior of the red band in the spectrum, which blushed a deeper red at the revelation of it, like the conscious water that 'saw its God and blushed' at Cana in Galilee long ago. One of the most distinguished and intelligible of our astronomers, Sir Arthur Eddington, had written a book about it, *The Expanding Universe*, to bring it down to our level. Astronomers at large accepted this universal explosion in all directions as calmly as they once accepted the universal fall of gravitation, or the universal death in the cold under Carnot's Second Law of Thermodynamics.

But the relief brought by Professor Hubble is tempered on reflection by certain doubts and afterthoughts. It is not that I venture any disbelief or disrespect toward science, for that is as atrocious in our day as disbelief in the Trinity in the days of Isaac Newton. But we begin to doubt whether science can quite keep on believing in and respecting itself. If we expand today and contract tomor-

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row; if we undergo all the doubled-up agonies of the curvature of space only to have the kink called off, as it has been; if we get reconciled to dying a martyr's death at one general, distributed temperature of 459 degrees below zero, the same for all, only to find that the world is perhaps unexpectedly warming up again — then we ask, where are we? To which, of course, Einstein answers 'Nowhere,' since there is no place to be. So we must pick up our little book again, follow science, and wait for the next astronomical convention.

Let us take this case of the famous Second Law of Thermodynamics, that inexorable scroll of fate which condemned the universe — or at least all life in it — to die of cold. I look back now with regret to the needless tears I have wasted over that, the generous sympathy for the last little band of survivors, dying at 459 degrees below our zero (−273° centigrade), the absolute zero of cold when the molecules cease to move and heat ends. No stove will light at that, for the wood is as cold as the stove, and the match is as cold as both, and the dead fingers motionless.

I remember meeting this inexorable law for the first time in reading, as a little boy, a piece of 'popular science' entitled *Our Great Timepiece Running Down*. It was by Richard Proctor, whose science-bogeys were as terrifying as Mrs. Crow's *Night Thoughts*, only slower in action. The sun, it appeared, was cooling; soon it would be all over. Lord Kelvin presently ratified this. Being Scotch, he didn't mind damnation and he gave the sun and whole solar system only ninety million years more to live.

This famous law was first clearly enunciated in 1824 by the great French physicist, Nicolas Carnot. It showed that all bodies in the universe kept exchanging their temperature — hot things heated cold, and cold things chilled hot. Thus they pooled their temperature. Like the division of a rich estate among a flock of poor relations, it meant poverty for all. We must all share ultimately the cold of absolute space.

It is true that a gleam of hope came when Ernest Rutherford and others, working on radioactivity, discovered that there might be a contrary process of 'stoking up.' Atoms exploding into radioactivity would keep the home fires burning in the sun for a long time. This glad news meant that the sun was both much older and much younger than Lord Kelvin had ever thought it was. But even at that it was only a respite. The best they could offer was 1,500,000,000 years. After that we freeze.

And now what do you think! Here comes the new physics of the Quantum Theory and shatters the Second Law of Thermodynamics into gas — a word that is Dutch for chaos. The world may go on forever. All of this because of the final promulgation of the Law of the *Quantum*, — or, shall we say, the Law of the Just So Much, — of which we shall presently speak. These physical people do not handle their Latin with the neat touch of those of us who knew our declensions as they know their dimensions. Of course they mean *Tantum* — but let it go at that. *Quantum* is drugstore Latin, *quantum sufficit*. *Tantum* is the real thing — *Virgilium vidi tantum* ('I saw something of Virgil').

At this point I may perhaps pause to explain that the purpose of this article is not to make fun of science, nor to express disbelief in it, but only to suggest its limits. What I want to say is that when the scientist steps out from recording phenomena and offers a general statement of the nature of what is called 'reality,' the ultimate nature of space, of time, of the beginning of things, of life, of a universe, then he stands exactly where you and I do, and the three of us stand where Plato did — and long before him, Rodin's primitive thinker.

Consider this. Professor Hubble, like Joshua, has called upon the universe to be still. All is quiet. The universe rests, motionless, in the night sky. The mad

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rush is over. Every star in every galaxy, every island universe, is at least right where it is. But the old difficulty remains: Does it go forever, this world in the sky, or does it stop? Such an alternative has posed itself as a problem for every one of us, somewhere about the age of twelve. We cannot imagine that the stars go on forever. It's unthinkable. But we equally cannot imagine that they come to a stop and that beyond them is nothing, and then more nothing. Unending nothing is as incomprehensible as unending something. This alternative I cannot fathom, nor can Professor Hubble, nor can anyone ever hope to.

Let me turn back in order to make my point of view a little clearer. I propose to traverse again the path along which modern science has dragged those who have tried to follow it for about a century past. It was at first a path singularly easy to tread, provided that one could throw aside the inherited burden of superstition, false belief, and prejudice. For the direction seemed verified and assured all along by the corroboration of science by actual physical results. Who could doubt electricity after the telegraph? Or doubt the theory of light after photography? Or the theory of electricity when read under electric light? At every turn, each new advance of science unveiled new power, new mechanism of life — and of death. To 'doubt science' was to be like the farmer at the circus who doubted the giraffe. Science, of course, had somehow to tuck into the same bed as Theology, but it was the theologian who protested. Science just said, 'Lie over.'

Let us follow then this path.

II

When mediæval superstition was replaced by the new learning, mathematics, astronomy, and physics were the first sciences to get organized and definite. By the opening of the nineteenth century they were well set; the solar system was humming away so drowsily that Laplace was able to assure Napoleon that he didn't need God to watch over it. Gravitation worked like clockwork and clockwork worked like gravitation. Chemistry, which, like electricity, was nothing but a set of experiments in Benjamin Franklin's time, turned into a science after Lavoisier had discovered that fire was not a thing but a process, something happening to things — an idea so far above the common thought that they guillotined him for it in 1794. Dalton followed and showed that all things could be broken up into a set of very, very small atoms, grouped into molecules all acting according to plan. With Faraday and Maxwell, electricity, which turned out to be the same as magnetism, or interchangeable with it, fell into its place in the new order of science.

By about 1880 it seemed as if the world of science was fairly well explained. Metaphysics still talked in its sleep. Theology still preached sermons. It took issue with much of the new science, especially with geology and the new evolutionary science of life that went with the new physical world. But science paid little attention.

For the whole thing was so amazingly simple. There you had your space and time, two things too obvious to explain. Here you had your matter, made up of solid little atoms, infinitely small but really just like birdseed. All this was set going by and with the Law of Gravitation. Once started, the nebulous world condensed into suns, the suns threw off planets, the planets cooled, life resulted and presently became conscious, conscious life got higher up and higher up till you had apes, then Bishop Wilberforce, and then Professor Huxley.

A few little mysteries remained, such as the question of what space and matter and time and life and consciousness really were. But all this was conveniently called by Herbert Spencer the *Unknowable*, and then locked in a cupboard and left there.

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Everything was thus reduced to a sort of Dead Certainty. Just one awkward skeleton remained in the cupboard. And that was the peculiar, mysterious aspect of electricity, which was not exactly a thing and yet more than an idea. There was also, and electricity only helped to make it worse, the old puzzle about 'action at a distance.' How does gravitation pull all the way from here to the sun? And if there is *nothing* in space, how does light get across from the sun in eight minutes, and even all the way from Sirius in eight years?

Even the invention of 'ether' as a sort of universal jelly that could have ripples shaken across it proved a little unconvincing.

Then, just at the turn of the century the whole structure began to crumble.

The first note of warning that something was going wrong came with the discovery of X-rays. Sir William Crookes, accidently leaving round tubes of rarefied gas, stumbled on 'radiant matter,' or 'matter in the fourth state,' as accidentally as Columbus discovered America. The British Government knighted him at once (1897) but it was too late. The thing had started. Then came Guglielmo Marconi with the revelation of more waves, and universal at that. Light, the world had learned to accept, because we can see it, but this was fun in the dark.

There followed the researches of the radioactivity school and, above all, those of Ernest Rutherford which revolutionized the theory of matter. I knew Rutherford well as we were colleagues at McGill for seven years. I am quite sure that he had no original intention of upsetting the foundations of the universe. Yet that is what he did and he was in due course very properly raised to the peerage for it.

When Rutherford was done with the atom all the solidity was pretty well knocked out of it.

Till these researches began, people commonly thought of atoms as something like birdseed, little round solid particles, ever so little, billions to an inch. They were small. But they were there. You could weigh them. You could apply to them all the laws of Isaac Newton about weight and velocity and mass and gravitation — in other words, the whole of first-year physics.

Let us try to show what Rutherford did to the atom. Imagine to yourself an Irishman whirling a shillelagh round his head with the rapidity and dexterity known only in Tipperary or Donegal. If you come anywhere near you'll get hit with the shillelagh. Now make it go faster; faster still; get it going so fast that you can't tell which is Irishman and which is shillelagh. The whole combination has turned into a green blur. If you shoot a bullet at it, it will probably go through, as there is mostly nothing there. Yet if you go up against it, it won't hit you now, because the shillelagh is going so fast that you will seem to come against a solid surface. Now make the Irishman smaller and the shillelagh longer. In fact you don't need the Irishman at all; just his force, his Irish determination, so to speak. Just keep that, the *disturbance*. And you don't need the shillelagh either, just the *field of force* that it sweeps. There! Now put in two Irishmen and two shillelaghs and reduce them in the same way to one solid body — at least it seems solid but you can shoot bullets through it anywhere now. What you have now is a hydrogen atom — one proton and one electron flying round as a *disturbance* in space. Put in more Irishmen and more shillelaghs — or, rather, more protons and electrons — and you get other kinds of atoms. Put in a whole lot — eleven protons, eleven electrons; that is a sodium atom. Bunch the atoms together into combinations called molecules, themselves flying round — and there you are! That's solid matter, and nothing in it at all except disturbance. You're standing on it right now: the molecules are beating against your feet. But there is nothing there,

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and nothing in your feet. This may help you to understand how 'waves,' ripples of disturbance, — for instance, the disturbance you call radio, — go right through all matter, indeed right through *you*, as if you weren't there. You see, you aren't.

The peculiar thing about this atomic theory was that whatever the atoms were, birdseed or disturbance, it made no difference to the way they acted. They followed all the laws of mechanics and motion, or they seemed to. There was no need to change any idea of space or time because of them. Matter was their 'fort,' like wax figures with Artemus Ward.

One must not confuse Rutherford's work on atoms with Einstein's theories of space and time. Rutherford worked all his life without reference to Einstein. Even in his later days at the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge when he began, ungratefully, to smash up the atom that had made him, he needed nothing from Einstein. I once asked Rutherford — it was at the height of the popular interest in Einstein, in 1923 — what he thought of Einstein's relativity. 'Oh, that stuff!' he said. 'We never bother with that in our work!' His admirable biographer, Professor A. S. Eve, tells us that when the German physicist Wien told Rutherford that no Anglo-Saxon could understand relativity Rutherford answered, 'No, they have too much sense.'

But it was Einstein who made the real trouble. He announced in 1905 that there was no such thing as absolute rest. After that there never was. But it was not till just after the Great War that the reading public caught on to Einstein and little books on 'Relativity' covered the bookstalls.

Einstein knocked out space and time as Rutherford knocked out matter. The general viewpoint of relativity towards space is very simple. Einstein explains that there is no such place as *here*. 'But,' you answer, 'I'm here; here is where I am right now.' But you're moving, you're spinning round as the earth spins; and you and the earth are both spinning round the sun, and the sun is rushing through space towards a distant galaxy, and the galaxy itself is beating it away at 26,000 miles a second. Now where is that spot that is here! How did you mark it? You remember the story of the two idiots who were out fishing, and one said, 'We should have marked that place where we got all the fish,' and the other said, 'I did, I marked it on the boat.' Well, that's it. That's *here*.

You can see it better still if you imagine the universe swept absolutely empty: nothing in it, not even *you*. Now put a *point* in it, just one point. Where is it? Why, obviously it's nowhere. If you say it's right there, where do you mean by there? In which direction is there? In *that* direction? Oh! hold on, you're sticking yourself in to make a direction. It's in *no* direction; there aren't any directions. Now put in another point. Which is which? You can't tell. They *both* are. One is on the right, you say, and one on the left. You keep out of that space! There's no right and no left.

The discovery by Einstein of the curvature of space was greeted by the physicists with the burst of applause that greets a winning home-run at baseball. That brilliant writer just mentioned, Sir Arthur Eddington, who can handle space and time with the imagery of a poet, and even infiltrate humor into gravitation, as when he says that a man in an elevator falling twenty stories has an ideal opportunity to study gravitation — Sir Arthur Eddington is loud in his acclaim. Without this curve, it appears, things won't fit into their place. The fly on the globe, as long as he thinks it flat (like Mercator's map), finds things shifted as by some unaccountable demon to all sorts of wrong distances. Once he gets the idea of a sphere everything comes straight. So with our space. The mystery of gravitation puzzles us,

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except those who have the luck to fall in an elevator, and even for them knowledge comes too late. They weren't falling at all: just curving. 'Admit a curvature of the world,' wrote Eddington in his Gifford Lectures of 1927, 'and the mysterious agency disappears. Einstein has exorcised this demon.'

But it appears now, fourteen years later, that Einstein doesn't care if space is curved or not. He can take it either way. A prominent physicist of today, head of the department in one of the greatest universities of the world, wrote me on this point: 'Einstein had stronger hopes that a general theory which involved the assumption of a property of space, akin to what is ordinarily called curvature, would be more useful than he now believes to be the case.' Plain talk for a professor. Most people just say Einstein has given up curved space. It's as if Sir Isaac Newton years after had said, with a yawn, 'Oh, about that apple — perhaps it wasn't falling.'

III

But unhappily we can't get away from the new physics quite as simply as that. Even if we beat them out on space and time, there is far worse to come. That's only the start of it, for now, as the fat boy in *Pickwick* said, 'I'm going to make your flesh creep.' The next thing to go is cause and effect. You may think that one thing causes another. It appears that it doesn't. And of course, when cause and effect go, the bottom is out of the universe, since you can't tell, literally can't, what's going to happen next. This is the consequence of the famous Quantum Theory, first hinted at by Professor Max Planck about forty years ago and since then scrambled for by the physicists like dogs after a bone. It changes so fast that when Sir Arthur Eddington gave the Gifford Lectures referred to, he said to his students that it might not be the same when they met next autumn.

But we cannot understand the full impact of the Quantum Theory, in shattering the world we lived in, without turning back again to discuss time in a new relation, namely, the forward-and-backwardness of it, and to connect it up again with the Second Law of Thermodynamics — the law, it will be recalled, that condemns us to die of cold. Only we will now call it by its true name, which we had avoided before, as the Law of Entropy. All physicists sooner or later say, 'Let us call it Entropy,' just as a man says, when you get to know him, 'Call me Charlie.'

So we make a new start.

I recall, as some other people still may, a thrilling melodrama called *The Silver King*. In this the hero, who thinks he has committed a murder (of course, he hasn't really), falls on his knees and cries, 'Oh, God, turn back the universe and give me yesterday.' The supposed reaction of the audience was 'Alas, you *can't* turn back the universe!'

But nowadays it would be very different. At the call the Spirit of Time would appear — not Father Time, who is all wrong, being made old, but a young, radiant spirit in a silver frock made the same back and front. 'Look,' says the Spirit, 'I'm going to turn back the universe. You see this wheel turning round. Presto! It's going the other way! You see this elastic ball falling to the floor. Presto! It's bouncing back. You see out of the window that star moving west. Presto! It's going east. Hence accordingly,' continues the Spirit, now speaking like a professor, so that the Silver King looks up in apprehension, 'time as evidenced by any primary motion is entirely reversible so that we cannot distinguish between future time and past time: indeed if they move in a circle both are one.'

The Silver King leaps up, shouts 'Innocent! Innocent!' and dashes off, thus anticipating Act V and spoiling the whole play. The musing Spirit, musing of course backwards, says, 'Poor fellow,

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I hadn't the heart to tell him that this only applies to primary motion and not to Entropy. And murder of course is a plain case of Entropy.'

And now let us try to explain. Entropy means the introduction into things that happen of a random element, as opposed to things that happen and 'unhappen,' like a turning wheel, good either way, or a ball falling and bouncing as high as it falls, or the earth going around the sun. These primary motions are 'reversible.' As far as they are concerned, time could just as well go back as forward. But now consider a pack of cards fresh from the maker, all in suits, all in order. Shuffle them. Will they ever come all in order again? They might, but they won't. Entropy.

Here then is Entropy, the smashing down of our world by random forces that don't reverse. The heat and cold of Carnot's Second Law are just one case of it. This is the only way by which we can distinguish which of two events came first. It's our only clue as to which way time is going. If procrastination is the thief of time, Entropy is the detective.

The Quantum Theory begins with the idea that the quantities of disturbance in the atom, of which we spoke, are done up, at least they act that way, in little fixed quantities (each a Quantum — no more, no less), as if sugar only existed by the pound. The smallness of the Quantum is beyond comprehension. A Quantum is also peculiar. A Quantum in an atom flies round in an orbit. This orbit may be a smaller ring or a bigger ring. But when the Quantum shifts from orbit to orbit it does not pass or drift or move *from one to the other*. No, sir. First, it's here and then it's there. Believe it or not, it has just shifted. Its change of place is random, and *not because of anything*. Now the things that we think of as matter and movements and events (things happening) are all based, infinitely far down, on this random dance of Quantums. Hence, since you can't ever tell what a Quantum will do, you can't ever say what will happen next. Cause and effect are all gone.

But as usual in this bright, new world of the new physics, the statement is no sooner made than it is taken back again. There are such a lot of Quantums that we can feel sure that one at least will turn up in the right place — by chance, not by cause.

The only difficulty about the Quantum Theory has been that to make the atomic 'orbits' operate properly, and to put the Quantum *into two places at once*, it is necessary to have 'more dimensions' in space. If they are not in one they are in another. You ask next door. What this means I have no idea.

Nor does it tell us any ultimate truth about the real nature of things to keep on making equations about them. Suppose I wish to take a holiday trip and am selecting a place to go. I ask, How far is it? how long does it take? what does it cost? These things all come into it. If I like I can call them 'dimensions.' It does no harm. If I like I can add other dimensions — how hot it is, how much gold it has, and what sort of women. I can say, if I wish, that the women are therefore found out to be the seventh dimension of locality. But I doubt if I can find anything sillier to say than the physicists' talk of ten and twelve dimensions added to space.

Let it be realized, I say, that making equations and functions about a thing does not tell us anything about its real nature. Suppose that I sometimes wonder just what sort of man Chipman, my fellow club member, is. While I am wondering another fellow member, a mathematician, comes in. 'Wondering about Chipman, were you?' he says. 'Well, I can tell you all about him, as I have completed his dimensions. I have here the statistics of the number of times he comes (t), the number of steps he takes before he sits down (s), his orbit in moving round (o), aberrations as affected by other bodies (ab), velocity (v), specific gravity (sp), and his saturation

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(*S*). He is therefore a function of these things, or shall we say quite simply: —

$$F\int\frac{s.v.o.sp.S}{t.ab}$$

Now this would be mathematically useful. With it I can calculate the likelihood of my friend being at the club at any particular time, and whether available for billiards. In other words, I've got him in what is called a 'frame' in space-time. But just as all this tells me nothing of ultimate reality, neither do the super-dimensions of the new physics.

People who know nothing about the subject, or just less than I do, will tell you that science and philosophy and theology have nowadays all come together. So they have, in a sense. But the statement, like those above, is just a 'statistical' one. They have come together as three people may come together in a picture theatre, or three people happen to take apartments in the same building, or, to apply the metaphor that really fits, as three people come together at a funeral. The funeral is that of Dead Certainty. The interment is over and the three turn away together.

'Incomprehensible,' murmurs Theology reverently.

'What was that word?' asks Science.

'Incomprehensible; I often use it in my litanies.'

'Ah yes,' murmurs Science, with almost equal reverence, 'incomprehensible!'

'The comprehensibility of comprehension,' begins Philosophy, staring straight in front of him.

'Poor fellow,' says Theology, 'he's wandering again; better lead him home.'

'I haven't the least idea where he lives,' says Science.

'Just below me,' says Theology. 'We're both above you.'

MYSTICAL EXPERIENCE

BY RUFUS M. JONES

I

While I am writing this, the world seems to be collapsing into a primitive chaos of revolution and destruction. It appears to be reverting to a barbarism of hate and blind self-destructive conflict. The discourse on every hand is about bombing planes, resources of gasoline, the explosive power of chemicals, the control of naval and air bases, the conscription of men, and the banning of the sale of scrap iron. What a time this is to talk of the soul's discovery of God! In the midst of the destruction of the capitals of the world, the cry of mangled children and the waste of the supreme creations of genius, who has an ear for the dream of the soul's communion with Eternal Love and Beauty?

Yet it has been, strangely enough, in such epochs of desolation and confusion that the mystics of history have borne their testimony to the Reality of God and to the resources by which men live. We cannot prepare ourselves for the tasks of rebuilding the shattered world by merely knowing *facts*, the facts of history and the facts of our laboratories: we must get back to the springs and sources of life, to an experience that fortifies and undergirds us for life, for

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living. It is now if ever that we need the voice of those who, 'listening to the inner flow of things, speak to the age out of Eternity.'

A great many persons in the history of our race have found themselves in direct communion with an Over-World of Spirit. They have felt resources of life flood into themselves. They have been invaded with life from beyond the margins of themselves. They have in many instances been persons of balance and sanity and possessed of minds of first rank. One of the most extraordinary features of this experience is the fact that those who have it feel as though their specific gravity were suddenly lightened and, in George Fox's phrase, as though they were 'atop of the world.'

If we are to give credence to experiences of that sort, we must stake out large claims for the domain of the soul of man. There would be no use talking of such an experience if it were taken as settled that the only avenue of approach to the mind of man is through the highway of the senses. If it were true, as John Locke supposed, that there can be nothing in the mind that has not been in the senses, then the testimony of mystics, however sane they might otherwise appear, is the testimony of a wishful thinker. But that philosophy, that view of life, is bankrupt and has long been in the hands of a receiver. Leibnitz very wisely made a notable addition to the current phrase, 'There is nothing in the mind [Intellect] that has not been in the senses,' by supplying the transforming words: 'except the mind itself.' This addition of the mind itself in all the processes of knowledge is of the utmost significance.

When we pass from the superficial theory of the mind as a receptacle, as a kind of bird cage, to the true conception of mind as self-conscious spirit with capacity for free creative scope, the change is a momentous one. Mind as we actually know it is self-transcendent. It sees and goes beyond what is before its footlights, what is 'given' to it. It is not only receptive of sense data, but it has its own range of self-activity and organizing power. It produces from within 'free ideas' and the non-sensuous universals through which it organizes and expands its experience and makes it 'knowledge' of the order of truth. There is no *knowledge* until the mind has done its creative organizing work and rises to the insight, *I know this*. The mind cannot and does not stop satisfied with anything merely 'given.' It has a thrust, an urge for more, for a beyond. If we expect to arrive at any significant goal of life, we must first of all pass over from the lower-case conceptions of mind, as a causal product of the material order and a mere enlargement of the animal type, to a higher-case interpretation of mind of unique spirit scope. This change of outlook is not got by a leap in the dark, but by a more careful diagnosis of what is involved in mind itself in its profoundest operations.

This insistence upon the unique operation of the mind itself does not imply any tendency to belittle the sphere of the senses. The loss of a sense is a real limitation of the range and scope of experience. There was apparently a primitive type of perception before specific senses had emerged and developed. The primitive creature who had only this undifferentiated form of perception 'saw' and 'felt' All-over, as Xenophanes would say. It would be a dim, vague awareness, a sense of 'acquaintance,' without specific knowledge in particular about the object. There might be *life reactions*, under such conditions, but no possibility of the accumulation and transmission of *knowledge about* the world in which the primitive creature was living and moving and having its being. It would seem perhaps, to one committed to the theory that senses are the only organs of experience, that the person pretending to communion and correspondence with an Over-World of higher reality, with no specific organ for it, would be as unfitted

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for such correspondence as the primitive creature was who reacted to his world 'all over.'

II

But the parallel is by no means complete. The external world, as we know it, is a world characterized by quantities and qualities which could, as far as one can see, be apprehended only through specific senses. Not to possess senses would mean, to be sure, not to know the external world. If we lost our power to see, to hear, to touch, to taste, to smell, to feel resistance, we should lose our well-known world — we should indeed be 'moving about in worlds not realized.'

It is probably true, too, that we should not find *ourselves* either, should not know ourselves as spirit, if we did not develop our personality in and through relations of give-and-take to a world of nature. It is there that we get our discipline. It is there that we get our intellectual nurture. That is the locus in which we find our values of life. It is there we get our stock of working knowledge. But in so far as we find ourselves and know ourselves as *spirit* it is not through the approach of the senses. We have no senses for the apprehension of self. It is through a direct awareness, 'knowledge of acquaintance,' that we know ourselves. I do not arrive at the knowledge that *I am I* by looking in a mirror, or by grasping my foot by my hands, but by an incontrovertible and irreducible inner experience, which is utterly unique. Mind as spirit in its essential nature is self-conscious as well as merely conscious. It knows itself in its own sphere and in ways quite unlike the way of sense knowledge. When the level of self-consciousness is reached there is a unique transition from all lower types of consciousness. Something *utterly new* comes into operation. Here on this new level is a type of mind that knows itself.

There does not seem to be any insuperable reason why spirit of our type may not meet and directly commune with Spirit of the eternal type. It becomes merely a question of evidence of fact. If telepathy between human minds were a common and well-attested mode of communication, direct correspondence between minds would be taken for granted without further argument. But telepathy at best is a rare occurrence, still questioned by strict scientists, and at the present stage of verification a dubious ground of support. It is a fact, however, that we recognize other minds. We are in *rapport* with other minds, by methods which transcend sense and lie beyond mere inference. The consciousness of 'self' and the consciousness of 'other' are born together, and we cannot use one of them as the searchlight to find the other. There comes a leap of 'acknowledgment' of other persons which is of a very different order from our attainment of the sense of the reality of external objects. Deep calls unto deep within us and like knows like. If it is granted that we know ourselves by an irreducible and incontrovertible experience, and if we know other minds by an equally irreducible and incontrovertible operation, there would seem to be ground for the expectation that spirit would have mutual and reciprocal correspondence with an Over-World of Spirit.

From time immemorial persons have been aware of correspondence with a Beyond, with a More than themselves. Sometimes it has seemed like an invasion, an incursion into the individual mind from beyond its margins, bringing a sense of exaltation or rapture; and sometimes it has seemed as though it were a thrust of the individual mind through a gate, or drawbridge, into the central Keep of the universe, with a corresponding sense of exaltation.

Saint Teresa in her Autobiography has given many accounts of this first type of invasion. 'A rapture,' she writes, 'is absolutely irresistible. It comes, in

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general, as a shock [that is, as something unexpected], quick and sharp, before you can collect your thoughts, or help yourself in any way, and you see and feel it as a strong eagle, rising upward and carrying you away on its wings.'

Richard of St. Victor in the twelfth century speaks of his experience of having his mind 'rapt into the secret closet of the divine privacy, while it is on all sides encircled by the conflagration of divine love, and it is intimately penetrated and set on fire through and through. It [the mind] strips off self and puts on a certain divine condition, and being configured (or transfigured) to the beauty it is gazing upon, it passes into a new kind of glory.'

The experience of the celebrated mystic of the Eastern Church, Saint Simon the New Theologian, is an excellent typical illustration of invasion. 'Suddenly,' he says, 'God came and united Himself to me in a manner quite ineffable; He entered into every part of my being, as fire penetrates iron, or as light streams through glass. . . . I am filled with light and glory; my face shines like that of my Beloved and all my members glow with heavenly light.'

There is a remarkable passage of this first type in the *Diary* of Josiah Royce's mother, amid the perils of her pioneer journey across the continent. Face to face with an appalling danger, she suddenly found herself environed by invisible forces. She says: 'Whence this calm strength which girded me round so surely? . . . I had known what it was to *believe* in God and to pray that He would never leave us. Now He came so near that I no longer simply *believed* in Him, but *knew* His presence there, giving strength for whatever might come. . . . That calm strength, that certainty of One near and all sufficient hushed and cheered me.'

Here is the testimony of a young man who was sentenced to an English prison because he refused to take military service: —

A Cell, Police Station, in England
September 3, 1941

I have just had a wonderful experience. I cannot adequately describe it. I have gradually been becoming aware of a Presence in the cell, and suddenly the whole room was charged with infinite Power. I was as if in the midst of a vast congregation, yet utterly intimate. The place was illuminated and yet not physically so. The emotion of my happiness was so powerful that it struck me through and through, and I had a very storm of weeping in my weakness. Yet through it I have gained a profound strength. How shall I describe what is beyond words? This cell is now a holy place to me, and I am overcome with an impulse to glorify and worship. I have had no difficulties yet, but I know now how the saints were upheld whatever their condition. In the words of George Fox 'I had great openings.' Only those will understand who have been through it themselves.

Saint Augustine in his famous biographical account of what happened at Ostia just before the death of his mother, Saint Monica, is a good illustration of the second type, which I have called the 'thrust' from within. 'We passed,' he says, 'from stage to stage through all material things, through heaven itself, whence sun and moon and stars shed their radiance upon earth. And now we began a more inward ascent, by thinking and speaking and marvelling at Thy works. And so we came to our own minds and we passed beyond them. . . . And as we talked and yearned after *the Life itself* we touched it and hardly touched it — with the utmost leap (*toto ictu*) of our heart.' In an earlier passage of the *Confessions*, Saint Augustine describes how step by step he passed from external things and bodily sense, from the changeable to the unchangeable and 'thus with the flash of one trembling glance the soul's inward faculty arrived at *That which is*.'

Nobody has given a better account of this second type than that of Jacob Boehme the Silesian shoemaker — the most remarkable of all Protestant mystics. He says in the *Aurora:* 'While I

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was in affliction and trouble, I elevated my spirit, and earnestly raised it up unto God, *as with a great stress and onset*, lifting up my whole heart and mind and will and resolution to wrestle with the love and mercy of God, and not give over unless He blessed me — then the Spirit did break through. When in my resolved zeal I made such an assault, storm and onset upon God, as if I had more reserves of virtue and power ready, with a resolution to hazard my life upon it, suddenly *my spirit did break through the Gate* not without the assistance of the Holy Spirit, and I reached to the innermost Birth of the Deity and there I was embraced with love as a bridegroom embraces his bride.'

Boehme's account implies throughout a mutual and reciprocal correspondence between the human spirit and the divine Spirit, and that would be true of almost all accounts of both these types of experience. They differ only in the degree of the objective or subjective emphasis.

William Pepperell Montague's experience does not bring the assurance of contact with ultimate Reality to the same extent as these other testimonies do. It has the restraint of the philosopher. For that very reason it is impressive. 'I was walking home to lunch in fine spirits,' he says after a lively discussion on Kant. 'Suddenly I got the strangest experience. . . . It has meant more to me than anything else that has happened in my life. The feeling came as I was crossing a brook, and it was as if I could look down through each point of space and perceive a kind of well of indefinite depth. The new realm was like a fourth dimension of space, and yet as contained within each point it seemed to be a lesser thing than a spatial dimension.' It was a point, but not a zero or an empty point of space. It was an interior domain of intensity. It seemed to him to be the realm of the psychical, or of the spiritual, with interior depth, and the philosopher 'went home in a daze of ecstasy.'

Most persons who live deeply and effectively have mystical moments, when they feel like saying, as Hugh Walpole said in Rome: 'This is the best moment of my life. I shall never be so happy again.' Walpole does not claim to be a mystic, nor to be 'a very spiritual man,' and yet he closes *The Roman Fountain* with the impressive words: 'This book is an honest record of the moments when the writer . . . perceived the strong, unchecked, rich, glorious undercurrent of the inner, outer, wider, fuller life of the Spirit.' He continues: '*That* life immediate current history cannot terminate or destroy. . . . I do not know how it may be with the world six months or a year from now, . . . but I *do* know that the inner life of man will be continuing richly, rewardingly, often joyfully, as it has always continued, even though London is in ruins and we are living, most of us, on acorns in stout underground cages.'

III

These two divergent aspects of mystical experience are very well brought to light by the two rival words for *love* which have run through the whole history of Christian life and thought. Saint Paul took an ancient Greek word for love (*Agapē*), often used in former times with a lower significance, and raised it to a unique height of meaning. It became, especially in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, a new word and a new wonder, the full glory of which Christians themselves are only beginning to grasp. Agapē lies at the heart of Christ's life and in His parables. It is 'the thing itself' which we call Christianity. It expresses the movement of love downward, from the Heart of God. It is the new splendor in God, the immense outreach of grace, which Christ has revealed. It is the perpendicular confrontation of man by the unfathomable love of God. It is spontaneous, uncalculating, adventuring, sacrificial love,

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giving itself for others, not in return for merit, or desert, but just for love's sake. We love, if in the true sense we do love, because the birth of God has taken place in us, 'for God is Agapē.'

Plato wrought a similar transformation in the other Greek word for love, *Eros*. This word usually meant desire for the opposite sex — 'the maiden passion for a maid'; it was essentially desire for something for the sake of the self. It was egocentric love. Eros, unlike Agapē, moves from below up. Plato, in a passage in the *Symposium* (192–212), which in its glory of style and beauty is one of the noblest pieces of prose in all literature, raised this Eros type of love to its loftiest meaning. Here Eros is the passion in us for eternal beauty, for eternal reality. We are here in this lower world of sense, — far from the true, the beautiful, and the good, — but we have in our inmost soul [*Nous*] something divine which makes us long for our true home, our dear Fatherland. This is the noblest message of Greek thought. It was caught in its fullest sense by Saint Augustine and expressed in imperishable fashion in the opening words of his *Confessions:* 'Thou, O God, hast made us for Thyself and our hearts are restless until they find rest in Thee.' That is the very heart of the urge of upward-striving mysticism.

There are, then, the two ways: the way down (Agapē) and the way up (Eros), the double search. Both ways are essential to vital Christianity, but the most amazing thing is this Agapē passion in the heart of God which the greatest mystics have discovered and experienced.

The major difficulty these types of 'direct experience' have to face in the rough-and-tumble world, and even more in the world of exact science and in the laboratory of the psychologist, is the difficulty of transmission, of establishing validity, of making an inner, private experience overt and explicit and universally convincing. A drama which is enacted in the soul of man, from the very nature of the case, cannot be made public for spectators in a stadium or be put on exhibition for a general audience. The experience I am talking about is not a conceptual type of knowledge, which can be brought under universal categories and transmitted to everybody. It is rather a penetration of spirit through intimate fusion with the Object, by which the mind enters the stream of Life itself and shares in its flow. It is knowledge of acquaintance which comes 'life-wise,' and it is tested by the superabundance of life which attends it, the increased vitality, the extraordinary dynamic quality of it, the flare of radiant energy that comes with it, rather than by the new stock of ideas which can be communicated to others.

This must not be taken to mean that the experience in question is reduced to a 'feeling' or an emotion, or the active push of the will. The innermost nature of the whole undifferentiated self is in operation. It is the emergence of a new and deeper level of consciousness rather than the functioning of one aspect of mind. There is a matrix of the life of the mind [*Nous*] in us which underlies 'thinking' and 'feeling' and 'willing,' out of which these processes emerge. Knowledge and action always involve a wider context of experience. There is a foundational mental structure in us, deeper than reasoning or arguing or proving, which is the mother ground of our forms and categories. In this matrix consciousness we transcend, or fuse together, subject and object, and live and move and possess ourselves in these moments of identity, which all great poets and creators as well as mystics experience.

My late friend, Professor Charles A. Bennett of Yale University, called this type of experience the 'total-working' of the mind, as contrasted with the 'part-working' which characterizes most of our mental operations. Bennett gives the following account of the 'total-working experience': (1) In it the mind apprehends as a whole. It is synoptic. It is

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intuitive, not analytic; noetic, not discursive. (2) The knowledge it confers is inarticulate and cannot readily be translated into conceptual terms. (3) Yet this knowledge is destined to become articulate, for the two types of knowledge are not incompatible, though they are distinguishable. (4) Even when inarticulate it is positive, though it is the fruitful source of negations and exclusions. We know what we do *not* mean or do not want.

The greatest of the mystics of history have assumed quite naturally a matrix Life, something like this, in God Himself. For Plotinus it was the undifferentiated One, from which *Nous*, or Spirit, emerges. The ultimate Real is thus for him beyond thought. For Eckhart, the master mystic of the Middle Ages, the Godhead (*Gottheit*) is the Eternal Ground out of which the personal God (*Gott*) has come forth into being. And the original doctrine of the Trinity, of course, as the Fathers conceived it, presupposes a similar spiritual movement, or 'procession,' in God. Jacob Boehme, the master mystic of Protestantism, affirms an ineffable principle as the foundational basis of the divine genesis, which he calls the *Ungrund*, the unoriginated origin, in the unfathomable Depths. And Spinoza, both philosopher and mystic, contrasts the *Natura Naturans*, the eternally creating Nature, with the *Natura Naturata*, the created or produced Nature. This, of course, is speculation and not experience, but I am convinced that life itself reveals in us, as finite spirits, what I have called 'matrix consciousness.' Wordsworth has referred to it in a famous passage: —

> Sensation, Soul, and Form
> All melted into him; they swallowed up
> His animal being; in them did he live,
> And by them did he live; they were his life.
> In such access of mind, in such high hour
> Of visitation from the living God,
> Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.

I am standing forth as a champion of the mystic's experience, not because we *need* such fortification in this crisis and not because of the comfort and serenity which that experience brings. I am profoundly interested in it because I am convinced that at its highest and best it is a pathway to the truth of life and the reality of God. I believe and am persuaded that mind as self-conscious spirit has, as it emerges into being, brought with it something whose essential aspects are akin to eternal reality, that like knows like, and that, however far inland we may be from the shores of the Fatherland, ever the twain — spirit with Spirit — may meet.

We have accumulated a vast amount of theoretical knowledge about color, and blind Helen Keller knows as much of this theoretical knowledge of retinal rods and cones, of vibrations, of molecular processes, and of specific brain centres, as most of us do, but what she lacks forever is the *experience of color*, and she is bound to miss the knowledge of what it is in its 'first intention.' All our genuine knowledge carries implications and intimations of an ultimate Reality as the source and ground of what appears. Our philosophies and our theologies and our ethics never terminate at the frontier of what is seen and known and described. They are concerned with *What Essentially Is*. And every sound conclusion which they bring us from their profound researches is a welcome addition to our growing knowledge. But we should be much poorer than we are if we lacked the testimony of the mystics, who tell what they have seen and heard and handled of the Word of Life.

As we have seen, the truth which the mystic sees cannot be objectified and expressed in concepts and so passed on, as the discovery of a lode of iron ore or of gold deposit could be communicated. What happens rather is that the direct contact with the Fountain-Source of life heightens the whole significance of life, reorganizes the content of the mind, melts and fuses the materials of thought into new form and brings fresh creative

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power. This is seen especially in the lives of the greatest prophets of the race. They did not receive magically communicated messages or forecasts of the future. There was rather a creative fire kindled in their souls. They became the spiritual statesmen of their critical epoch. They saw God and then saw what the nation ought to *be* and *do*. Their contact with eternal Reality made them see the futility of petrified religion and dead forms and gave them power to order and marshal their ideas of life in fresh and creative ways very much as a genius like Shakespeare takes the material of an old play and remolds it into immortal form. How it happens nobody explains to us further. We stop with the word 'genius.' The way of mysticism is essentially the way of entrance into *life*. Religion on this level takes on new and final meaning because one has now entered the gate of life. All questions find their answer not in intellectual theories, but through the direct operation of life itself.

What I am concerned to maintain in this essay is the thesis that mystical experience may quite naturally be expected to occur from the fundamental nature of mind as self-conscious spirit in relation with its ground and origin in the Over-World of Spirit. It is not, or at least need not be, some rare occurrence due to a pathological condition in the recipient. It is not confined in its milder forms to an unusual genius type. It is not an affair of a few rare souls, who possess a miraculous gift or endowment. It is the way rather of health and normality. The range and quality of the experience vary from low to high, from slight to momentous, as is true also in the sphere of æsthetics or mathematics, but some sort of commerce, of mutual and reciprocal correspondence, with the Beyond attaches to our essential nature as persons. Josiah Royce's mother did not think of herself as a 'mystic.' Hugh Walpole did not claim to belong in the class of the spiritually gifted. William Pepperell Montague made no pretensions to unusual religious qualifications. But they all three had moments that meant more to them than all the rest of their lives. I find such persons everywhere I go. They are in every church and in no church at all. They are in towns and cities, on country farms, in CCC camps and in the Army. They are laboratory professors and they are college students. They are rich and they are poor. They are good-livers and they are hardy ascetics. But they have, one and all, learned that they do not live by bread alone, but have resources from the World beyond the world of space and time, and their 'best moments of life' are times of spiritual fecundity, infused by contact with a Beyond.

Aldous Huxley in that remarkable book, *Grey Eminence*, raises the question, 'Why shouldn't Mysticism die out?' as he thinks (I believe wrongly) that it seemed likely to do at the end of the seventeenth century. 'What use is it,' he asks, 'when it is alive?'

'The answer to these questions,' he proceeds to say, 'is that where there is no vision, the people perish; and that, if those who are the salt of the earth lose their savour, there is nothing to keep that earth disinfected, nothing to prevent it from falling into complete decay. The mystics are channels through which a little knowledge of reality filters down into our human universe of ignorance and illusion. A totally unmystical world would be a world totally blind and insane.'

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Tungsten over Darwin

In 1876 the city of Darwin, California, boasted a population greater than that of Los Angeles. Darwin never forgot it. In 1941 Greater Los Angeles boasted a population of more than two million, while Darwin was reduced to ten lonely souls wondering why they stayed on. Darwin's chances of ever catching up to the City of the Angels looked very dark indeed. And as yet it has not caught up, but its hat is in the ring. Its population has increased by about 2000 per cent since the spring of 1941. It is the fastest-growing community in America, and, according to Darwinites, it never intends to stop. The reason for all this can be put in one word: Tungsten.

In April 1941, Darwin's ten citizens faced the desert slopes of the Argus Mountains with little hope. Then the impossible happened. The first citizen of the town, Mr. Curley W. Fletcher, whose name is not without renown in the West for a number of reasons (the best, perhaps, being the fact that he is the author of 'The Strawberry Roan,' a ballad sung wherever cowboys may roam), let it be known that certain mining properties acquired by him by default in years past were that very day sold to the Cord interests for a tidy sum.

Darwin pricked up its ears. How much was the tidy sum? A hundred dollars?

No — nothing like it. Mr. Fletcher had just sold his Darwin mining property for $600,000. And with this news each of the other nine citizens of a town of lost hope — a town so near to becoming a ghost that it needed to be put in an iron lung — reacted in his or her own peculiar way. As it is told by Darwinites today, one fainted; another one dropped dead; a third got drunk on the spot without drinking anything; a fourth let out a yell and went racing over the mountains and has not been seen since; a fifth called Mr. Fletcher a liar; a sixth stood on his head; a seventh shot up the town; an eighth shot the man who was shooting up the town; and the ninth thought it was 'April Fool.' But it was not quite All Fools' Day. The facts were true; Darwin had just cleared a deal for $600,000. Tungsten, it seems, may readily win a war, and wars these days are expensive to wage and even more expensive to lose. Tungsten is invaluable.

When the other nine citizens recovered their balance and sanity, they moved as a unit (except those who were casualties to the news) out from Darwin in various directions, combing the hills and abandoned mines and skeletons of the town's dead past — all, of course, searching for tungsten. In the past months they have not been the only ones to react to the same urge. The tungsten rush is on, not only in Darwin, but in all the mining districts of California and Nevada, and at this writing the wave has no doubt washed easterly as far as Colorado.

The town, named for Dr. Darwin French, who explored the area in 1860, was originally a jumping-off place for mining men, connected by stagecoach with Lone Pine and civilization to the west, and with the more remote desert points to the east such as the outlaw town of Panamint City. Panamint leaped ahead of Darwin and became a typical hell-hole Western town, supported a newspaper, hoped for a railroad, and made itself famous for silver, graft, and murder. In 1876 the silver veins pinched out and Panamint was doomed. New strikes were located in the Argus and Coso ranges. Panamint editor T. S. Harris moved his press and his fonts of type to Darwin, along with the miners and merchants and peddlers and prostitutes. Darwin then reached its zenith of population and passed Los Angeles. It now had saloons and preachers and a stamp mill; garnets, girls, and gold; silver, lead, and untold mineralogical wealth; a stagecoach line, a railroad to come, and editor T. S. Harris and his *Coso Mining News*. Darwin was destined to be the greatest city west of Chicago — and it was only a question when Chicago, too, would be left behind.

Now mining activity of one kind or another has gone on around Darwin ever since 1876, but it has been, for the most part, the pick, canteen, and burro type — individual prospectors searching and hoping and searching

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again. The population of Darwin followed a fever-chart pattern, but the mean was always dropping, until it hit ten and stayed at ten for many a year. Houses rotted and collapsed; there was no water, no plumbing; and finally there were no accommodations of any description up to 1941, when the vulture of death was banking gracefully over the dying town, soaring nearer and nearer with an eye cocked for the last gasp. Then, when Darwinites could hear the wings of doom in the desert air, Curley Fletcher found tungsten.

The sky was the limit again, and today the town is pleasantly mad. The hysteria of 1876 has returned, but it is hysteria of a 1941 version. As you approach the cluster of shacks from far across the desert, with the forbidding Argus Mountains to the east and the more forbidding Panamints beyond, you are aware that this is a boom town living at blitzkrieg tempo with tungsten as king. This is no longer the Old West on a rampage, no silver camp of stagecoach days; this is a scramble for wealth in the streamlined civilization of a second world war, with picks, burros, and canteens present, to be sure, but also Dusenbergs, 'land-yacht' trailers, and airplanes. The men of the gold rush of 1849 would not feel at home in the tungsten rush of 1941.

Incongruities, of course, are legion. A sun-tanned miner, once an emigrant from Bohemia, who has spent forty years grubbing the deserts of Nevada, arrives at the same time as a *Life* photographer. Two hard-rock prospectors in a model T jalopy pull up beside the Dusenberg with a swerving skid, blanketing both cars with dust. A 'jackass' prospector hitches his burros to a $2000 trailer. A barber whose shop is the floor of the desert, its ceiling the sky, charges a dollar for a shave. A tank truck arrives loaded with aviation gasoline to serve the airport, although there is no airport except the hard bottom of the nearest dry lake. A man is building a restaurant and bar, — 'It'll be the best joint for miles around,' he boasts, — but as yet there is no water, gas, electricity, or ice. Tucker's Miner's Club is installing a Servel Electrolux in anticipation of gas and advertises a 'floor show.' But the town has few women and the floor show consists of miners who dance together for the want of feminine partners, like sailors on shipboard. The walls of the Miner's Club are decorated with colored drawings of girls with sexy figures and gossamer garments, clipped from the not-very-naughty *Esquire*, and a local artist has added a few nudes of a style obviously influenced by the same publication. Since Mr. Tucker ('Tin Horn' being his accepted first name in Darwin) once admired the horses, the pictures alternate — girl on a telephone, horse in a paddock — all around the barroom, with one glorious nude spread-eagled on the ceiling causing a great deal of neck craning.

Oddly enough, there is very little hard liquor. It has to be kept under control, or there would be no mining and plenty of violence. The men drink beer in lieu of whiskey, and they do a good job of it. A moderate drinker in Darwin will consume thirty bottles of beer a day, and a fairly steady drinker is he who guzzles forty-five bottles a day. As one habitué put it, 'It might be better to let 'em have liquor and kill each other right; this beer drinkin' makes 'em soft.' 'The Beer Barrel Polka,' incidentally, and justly, is one of the favorite musical numbers.

There is no hotel yet, though that oversight will soon be corrected. Nor are there enough of the old houses remaining from the days of 1876 to take care of the influx of 1941. So men sleep in their cars or trailers, or on the floor of the Miner's Club (though Mr. Tucker discourages this except on the part of a two-fisted drinker who may consume sixty bottles of beer in the course of twelve hours and cannot be prevented from sleeping where he will), or on the ground, or in the soft sand of the dry Darwin wash.

One chap, on a warm night in midsummer, conceived the idea of sleeping in the pit used as a swimming pool, but was forcibly ejected by those who disapproved of using the community pool for such a purpose, since the water had to be hauled from a point forty miles away and was definitely to swim in and not to sleep in. As he was kicked off the premises he was told by the leader of the ousting committee, 'That's swimmin' water, not sleepin' water. Keep the hell out of it unless you want to wash.' This crude pool is called the Dirty Socks, and it is accurately named.

Other domiciles have been old mining tunnels and dugouts in the banks of the dry Darwin wash. In the vicinity there are a few Paiute Indians who live in ramshackle houses just above the sandy bottom land — houses that are palaces beside the standard of living

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set by those who reside in Darwin wash. But the Indians receive a mite from Uncle Sam, and the citizens of the caves of Darwin wash are receiving hope from the new magic in the word 'tungsten.'

So tungsten today is the rainbow over the West. It is a vital alloy for guns and cannons and has more uses in destructive war than in constructive peace. Mad man must have it, and he is getting it. Previous generations did not comprehend its numerous uses or its full value. It took an unprepossessing Austrian paperhanger with an economic ideology enclosed by obsession to bring the world to the point where a material essential for destruction can create millionaires. Truly our values have run around the clock until the moment between individual sanity and collective insanity is but a measureless split second.

Men will find more tungsten in the West. In any country that has produced silver, and which contains granite, limestone, and garnet, there may be tungsten. So valuable is this metal today that a yield from the ore of only one half of one per cent is profitable. A good tungsten mine will yield one per cent; two per cent is excellent, and a fortune is waiting; three per cent is fabulous. And Darwin is assaying slightly better than three per cent. So Darwin is understandably hysterical over the future. Cannons must roar; blood must flow; Darwin must get drunk with riches. Moloch and Midas were pikers. All hail the Great God Tungsten. Life is to be lived!

Only the ghosts in the graveyard greet it all with a smile.

EDWIN CORLE

THE JAPANESE BEETLE

CONSIDERING that the Japanese beetle is Japanese, it may seem surprising that in the United States it occurs exclusively in the East. It came from Japan the long way, probably in soil attached to some imported plants, straight to one of our Eastern ports. There is, naturally, no record of its unauthorized entry; all that is known is that it first showed up in Riverton, New Jersey, in 1916. From then on, it has never stopped. Although in Japan it is not particularly common, it found our Middle Atlantic seaboard tremendously to its liking, and within a few years it had multiplied to prodigious numbers. which it still maintains, so that it must seem strange to anyone from, say, Philadelphia, that in most of the country people have never seen the insect.

The heart of the Japanese-beetle country is around Philadelphia and the corner where Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland meet; it also extends through New Jersey, and includes small corners of New York and Connecticut, an area of about 26,600 square miles.

The Japanese-beetle season is from the middle of June to the latter part of August, or somewhat earlier in the southern part of its range and later in the north. Throughout July the beetles swarm in gardens, in orchards, in truck farms, and everywhere in nature. They eat a tremendous variety of plants, — more than 260, according to counts, — but among these they have decided preferences. Of grapevines and rosebushes they will often eat every single leaf down to a skeleton of veins; in apple, cherry, and peach orchards they will swarm on to each fruit so that you cannot see the fruit, but only a bunch of beetles. They are very partial to corn, of which they eat the silks projecting from the ears, so that the pollenization is imperfect and the ears develop very few grains, or none at all. Fortunately there are some plants that are seldom or never attacked by them. They do not like a number of garden plants and ornamental shrubs; they leave us some useful vegetables, such as cabbages, carrots, potatoes, tomatoes, onions, squash, and turnips; they do not trouble the small grain farmers, and they do not eat evergreens, with the exception of cypress.

They are very pretty little beetles, and would be likable if only there were not so many of them: nearly half an inch long, with the prevailing color a fine metallic green, though the wing covers, which form most of the back, are a pleasing copper color. They are gregarious — where you find one beetle you will usually find at least twenty — and they have a habit of sticking their back legs up while they are on a leaf. It is a pity they are so numerous that they can become a nuisance merely by flying into the windshields of cars.

From September onwards they begin to disappear, except for a few stragglers, to everyone's intense relief. But they continue their destructive work unseen, and in a different form. Each female beetle has laid from forty to sixty eggs, placing them in the ground

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a few inches deep, and these have hatched into white grubs, the larvæ which will turn into the beetles of next summer. These white grubs feed upon the roots of plants, particularly grass. They hibernate in the soil during the winter, but next spring they resume activities, feeding upon roots again, after which they spend about a month in the inactive pupal state. Then they emerge as adult beetles, to start the cycle all over again. These white grubs in the soil can be as numerous as twenty, fifty, or even a hundred per square foot. That number of root eaters makes a difference, and the result is nasty bare patches in lawns and gardens, and in the fairways and greens of golf courses. Thus the Japanese beetle is working against us even when we cannot ordinarily see him. One way or another, his depredations set us back an estimated $2,739,000 a year.

What can be done about it?

There are two things we can do. The first is to do something ourselves; the second is to wait while the Department of Agriculture does something. The second course has very much to recommend it.

You can shake the beetles off by hand. You get up early in the morning, when the bugs are not so lively, put a sheet under the plant, — preferably a shrub or a small tree, — and shake like mad. Then you empty the sheet into a bucket half full of water with some kerosene in it. Farmer's Bulletin No. 1856 of the Department of Agriculture points out that 'this practice does not, however, prevent reinfestation from outside sources' — which means it is very discouraging work.

You can spray against them, taking your choice from a variety of spray materials. Some of them have a liquid poison that will kill all beetles that are hit by it, though it will not prevent other beetles from coming along later. Others have a solid poison, and work differently; few Japanese beetles will actually be killed, for they are not as some stupid insects that will munch avidly of a poisoned leaf until they drop — they do not like the taste or perhaps the feel of the poison, and rather than eat it at all they will fly away and eat somewhere else. This, of course, is exactly what you want: you have saved your garden at the expense of painting it whitish. Indeed a spray of lime and alum, not poisonous at all, will do this trick, and there are special chemicals nowadays that are exceptionally distasteful to the Japanese beetle, and do a fine job of repelling it. They repel it, true; but since they do not kill it, and there is plenty of food for it elsewhere among the 260 varieties of plants it eats, there will always be plenty of beetles for next year, and you are faced with the prospect of doing this every year for the rest of your life.

You can poison your lawn against the grubs. An arsenical poison is simply spread over the grass, and then washed in by watering thoroughly with the hose. This is not practicable for pasture land, and is very expensive for large areas, but on a lawn or a golf course it will give protection for five years.

You can trap the beetles, buying from commercial firms traps of a design carefully worked out by the Department of Agriculture. The flying beetles are attracted by a special mixture of aromatic-smelling chemicals, and the gadget is cunningly arranged so that they bump against a baffle plate and then fall into a quart jar from which they cannot get out. Cynical persons declare that the only good Japanese beetle trap is one in your neighbor's garden, whither more beetles are attracted by the smell of the chemicals than actually go into the trap. But the solution is to have a trap in your own garden and one in your neighbor's garden too — in fact a trap in everybody's garden, by a community effort. At the height of the season you can empty the quart jar every day and find it full, and if everybody is doing this, with one trap or more, formidable quantities of beetles will be destroyed. This sort of community effort is particularly popular among farmers in Maryland; in the summer of 1940 they caught in this way 275 tons of beetles.

What is the Department of Agriculture doing about the Japanese beetle?

The answer to this is 'plenty.' You will probably never notice the Department's men at work, and they do not fight the insect with chemical sprays, which you must apply yourself if you want this kind of protection. They have other, more subtle, means of attack, the development of which goes back a long way.

When it became apparent that the pretty little green and copper aliens were going to be a Pest in a Big Way, the entomologists of the Department of Agriculture reasoned as follows: The beetle is not abundant in Japan; why not? It must have enemies there, probably insect enemies, that control it and keep it within reasonable bounds. So, beginning in 1920, entomologists were sent to Japan

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and other parts of the Far East to look for these valuable parasites and send them to the United States. This is a regular method of attack against introduced insect pests, and has been used against many of our worst insects.

Three little flies and two small wasps have settled here and are living their plan of life, according to which their immature stages, or larvæ, feed exclusively upon either the larvæ or the adults of the Japanese beetle. It is the three flies that are having difficulties. For instance, one of them lays its eggs upon an adult Japanese beetle; the eggs hatch into tiny worms that work their way into the body of the beetle and feed on it from the inside; the beetle is killed and the fly larvæ turn into pupæ which pass the winter, and from which flies emerge the following summer. Now in Japan the flies emerge just at the same time that the beetles are emerging, and so they easily find beetles on which to lay their eggs; but in this country a slight difference in the climate causes them to emerge somewhat earlier, when very few adult Japanese beetles are available: consequently they are able to get only the early beetles. The other two flies are also upset, in similar ways, by subtle differences in the climate.

The two wasps both have the generic name of Tiphia: they are the Spring or Korean Tiphia, and the Fall or Japanese Tiphia. The female wasp burrows into the soil in search of a Japanese-beetle grub; when she finds one she stings it, which paralyzes it for about half an hour, and attaches an egg to its belly. Then she goes off to find another grub. The egg hatches, and the wasp larva remains attached to the grub, sucking its juices until the grub is totally consumed. The two Tiphias are very similar, but they do their work in the spring or fall, as their name indicates. They have been introduced in hundreds of different places in the Japanese-beetle country, and, as they spread very slowly from place to place, this work is still going on. It is not expected that they will be the final answer to the Japanese beetle, but they may very appreciably reduce its abundance, and this kind of work, once completed, will never have to be done again.

However, the best weapon against the Japanese beetle is a bacillus. Insects suffer from diseases just as we do, and, since few of us have strong humanitarian feelings with regard to insects, we do not scruple to bring about outbreaks of disease among them. The Japanese beetle is one of the few insects against which this can be done with success, and its 'Type A milky disease,' caused by a bacillus, is being propagated with great energy by the Federal Government, with several of the states coöperating.

The centre for this work is the Department of Agriculture Experiment Station at Moorestown, New Jersey. There about a million grubs each year are inoculated with the disease and then 'incubated,' under suitable conditions, until each one becomes a mass of the minute spores of the bacillus. They are then dried and ground to a powder, which is diluted with powdered talc to a standard concentration of forty-five billion spores per pound. This lethal mixture is applied to the soil in the Japanese-beetle country, on a square-mile basis, treating from one to six acres in each square mile, according to the severity of the infestation.

The disease is slow in starting; it may take a year or more to get going; but it then causes a terrible mortality among the injurious grubs. It is also slow in spreading by natural agencies, but this is taken care of by the work of the scientists at Moorestown, who hope in two years to have at least one centre of infection in every square mile of Japanese-beetle territory. It has also a virtue corresponding to its slowness; the spores will last in the ground for four years even if no Japanese-beetle grubs are there at first, and so it can be applied in advance in places just outside the present range of the beetles, to be ready for them when they get there.

If you are a sufferer from this pest take heart: there will be a centre of 'Type A milky disease' in the same square mile as your garden within two years at the most, and if you are in the worst-infested part there is probably such a centre within a mile of you now. The Federal entomologists do not promise eradication, but this is not necessary; if the beetles undergo a considerable reduction in numbers, they will be no worse than many another pest that has always been with us. Twenty years have elapsed with no relief from the annual July nuisance; now there is a prospect of an abatement of the plague with no more effort on our part than that of waiting for the Moorestown men to come round with their bacillus. This should be good news for Japanese-beetle haters.

ANTHONY STANDEN

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THE ATLANTIC SERIAL

THE Children

BY NINA FEDOROVA

AUTHOR OF THE $10,000 PRIZE NOVEL, THE FAMILY

CHAPTERS XX-XXIX

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THE Children

BY NINA FEDOROVA

★

THE AUTHOR: Nina Fedorova, the Atlantic Prize novelist, was born in South Russia. After the Revolution she and her family became part of the exile movement which flowed across Siberia into Manchuria and thence to China. In 1938 she and her husband and her two sons crossed the Pacific to make a fresh start as American citizens in Eugene, Oregon. There she wrote her first novel, *The Family*, which in 1940 was awarded the Atlantic Prize of $10,000.

THE NOVEL: This is the story of Russian exiles in China in the year 1938 — of parents and young people living on the ragged edge of poverty with only the strands of family affection to hold them together. As the book opens, Lida, a young girl with a lovely voice, is making ready for her first concert in Tientsin. Her voice has been trained (without fee) by Madame Manuilova, a faded but once famous opera singer; if the girl does well in this amateur performance, her teacher has promised to take her on to Harbin for professional engagements.

Lida and her mother share an attic together. Mother supports them on her slender earnings as a nurse, but her duties at the hospital prevent her attending Lida's concert. The girl is escorted by their landlord, Count Diaz, a Spanish refugee. At the hall they are joined by Leon, the Count's son, and he, with the rest of the audience, is swept off his feet by the fresh and appealing beauty of Lida's singing. Caught up as she is by the ecstasy of her music and the remembrance of her American lover, Jimmy, the girl turns him down when he proposes.

Lida and her teacher, Mme. Manuilova, make the trip to Harbin in the company of Mr. Rind, an elderly, benevolent American. In Harbin, Lida finds shelter with her friends, the gay and impecunious Platov family. In this colorful city she again scores an instant triumph with her singing and she endears herself to Mr. Rind. Mr. Rind is a conscientious traveler. He plans to visit Russia and asks the Consul to provide him with a translator; so Dasha comes into his life, a young girl of Lida's age and an ardent communist whose arguments have no effect on Mr. Rind but whose pathos touches his heart. Their friendship is brought to a tragic close when Dasha is shot and killed in a raid upon a communist meeting.

Lida returns to Tientsin distraught at having had no word from her American lover for so long a time. The nervous strain of her concerts and the deep disappointment result in an illness from which she is revived when the faithful Leon tells her he will trace Jimmy through the Spanish Consul in San Francisco.

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THE CHILDREN

BY NINA FEDOROVA

XX

MME. MILITZA'S life in Shanghai was ill-starred. She had a small annuity which, when broken into twelve monthly parts, became so meagre that it hardly could pay for the rent and Mme. Militza's coffee. For the rest, she had to provide the money herself. But how?

There are many different ways of earning money. All of them are well known and constantly practised in Shanghai. Yet the bulk of the population has to live on charity or credit. In that otherwise cynical city the way of paying money is romantic: it is based on an invincible belief in human honor. One signs the chit with one's name, that is all. It seems unbelievable, still it is a fact. People who cannot hope to have one hundred dollars cash quietly sign chits for a thousand. People without any financial standing or any kind of work or salaries eat, dance, gamble, have servants, marry, divorce, die. Only they have to do it all in Shanghai, under the strict observance of their creditors. They cannot travel. They are chained to the place by their debts.

But Mme. Militza, always in need of money, followed the trodden path: she resumed her former profession. On the entrance door of her apartment she fixed a black wooden frame holding a removable sheet of cardboard on which was printed: —

MME. MILITZA
SCIENTIFIC FORTUNE-TELLER

Nothing more. Simple and dignified. Not a hint of her glorious past, of her fame in the Far East, Rumania, Bessarabia, Siberia. Confidently she waited for customers. They came. At first they were numerous, then fewer and fewer.

One morning she opened her door to slip the printed card into the signboard, thus beginning business for the day. But there *was* a card in the frame. It ran: —

MME. MILITZA
Scientific mis-fortune teller

Quietly she took it out and put hers in. In the evening when she came to take it out, her card had been replaced by one which ran: —

MME. MILITZA
Swine-typic fortune teller

There must be a certain limit even in offenses. Whatever Mme. Militza's physical defects, there was nothing akin to a swine in her. An owl, perhaps. But a pig? Never. She felt wounded. Who would not? Still she took the outrage with the dignity proper to a philosopher: as something to be expected from the world of barbarians. With a perfect outward tranquillity she destroyed that alien cardboard. Next day when she came home from market the signboard ran: —

MME. MILITZA
Scientific torture seller

and the next day: —

MME. MILITIA
Scientific fortune yeller

Now it *was* an insult, that obscure hint. The word 'militia' had specific

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significance for Mme. Militza's memory. She had been born in Bessarabia where 'militia' meant 'police.' She had an obscure aversion to any kind of encounter with the police, a caution common among all soothsayers. Yet she took even that offense stoically. She only increased her watchfulness in order to find out who the offender might be. They were schoolboys.

The boys of Shanghai are a rare specimen of human child. To begin with, most of them are paupers. The rich foreigners of Shanghai usually have no children. On the rare occasions when they do, the babies lead a secluded life among yellow servants, are rarely seen in their parents' quarters, and on reaching school age are exported to the parents' native country for education. Thus a Shanghai boy of ten to fourteen is a pauper, a proletarian with no class feeling, a person with a deplorable past, blameworthy behavior, sarcastic mind, trenchant speech, philandering manners. He knows something of life's adversities, of blind luck and even blinder unluck, about injustice, humiliation, hunger, and even about that misery of adults — loneliness of soul and despair of spirits. He is fair game for police, missionary philanthropists, social workers, and spiritual advisers of any kind. He lives on the alert. His accomplishments are many. He knows how to meet a drunken father, how to treat an irritable mother, how to take care of an elder sister, how to waylay a landlord in rage, a neighbor with a mania for universal peace; how to pet a dog, to kill a cat, to cheat a peddler, to win in cards, to count small change, to fool a teacher; how to cry, to swear, to run, and many other things. He faces an omnipresent danger, and his persistent will to live and to remain free is worthy of meditation. He knows war, flood, epidemics, explosions at the arsenals, fires, bombardments — and he is never really afraid. A Shanghai boy is a materialist. He has a practical mind. He would appreciate a good sandwich or twenty cents cash, but never a lofty quotation or spiritual advice. He feels above all that.

Some of the boys have no families at all. Some are of obscure origin. The place where they find each other and form a caste is the school. There they form a kind of spiritual fraternity with an adamant moral code of their own, a peculiar code and in some points even noble, severe, and lofty. According to it, one can deceive a teacher but never another boy. There is no power to make one boy betray another.

The boys — as a whole — face the world as their willing enemy. They are given to suspicion. There is not much confidence toward outsiders among them. Their first enemies are teachers, then the citizens of the town, of course the police, and — at last — humanity as a whole. It was such boys that had become Mme. Militza's foes. There could be no other motive for that hostility except the ancient and never explained hatred between boys and prophets.

As the boys had a kind of inner organization, the leaders gave daily orders *what* to do and *where*. Every day, going to school or coming back, the boys had plenty to do of their own and also of things carried on in the plan of their common activities. There were houses on which they spied from pure, disinterested motives, suspecting crimes or mysteries going on there. They were busy with giving messages, dealing in commerce. To change Mme. Militza's signboard became one of the manifold daily duties of the boys living in her neighborhood.

When Mme. Militza spied out the truth, she soberly weighed her chances and understood that forces were not equal. Being masterly in the occult arts is nothing to daunt a boy. And Mme. Militza behaved as a practical philosopher. She scorned them as adversaries and despised them as prey. Even if the chase were quick and the capture certain, she had her dignity to maintain.

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She just stoically tried to keep on her door: —

MME. MILITZA
SCIENTIFIC FORTUNE-TELLER

That was her answer to the savagery. Whatever the other people did, Mme. Militza preserved her dignity among the sordid facts of everyday existence.

XXI

When Lida, all eagerness to see an old friend of the family, for Mme. Militza used to live with them in Tientsin, mounted three crooked steps and faced the door upholstered in black oilskin, her eyes fell on the signboard and she read:—

MME. MILITZA
Liar-thief-ique fortune trailer

Lida rang the bell. She heard unhurried steps and Mme. Militza solemnly appeared in the door frame.

She had not changed. She was the same. Mme. Militza was not subject to the spiteful influences of time, and space, and climate, as were the rest of mankind. Her insulation from the tragedies of doubts, her detachment from the fleeting fallacies and prejudices of the twentieth barbarous century, her aloofness from any personal intrigue, kept her high above the level of what we call daily life. Black — as usual — was predominant in her person and attire. But hers was a peculiar black, not dull, dead, and quiet, but a shimmering black, with a wink in it, with a mystery, a promise.

She did not embrace Lida, nor kiss her. She did not hurry her visitor into greetings, smiles, and an exchange of news. No, she bowed ceremoniously, offered her a chair, and proceeded with the preparation of coffee.

The absence of many ordinary things manifested that Mme. Militza was jointly an aristocrat and a philosopher in taste, preferring space and silence to the vulgarity of encumbrance and noise. Her setting — from her apparel to her cuisine — proved the same, all except her hairdress, which remained a complicated system of black locks, ringlets, and tassels, but this was too artistic to be approached and measured with the common values applied to ladies' attire. Yes, Mme. Militza remained herself, regardless of the mundane tragedy going on around her.

Only when coffee was ready and the hostess and her guest could share its fragrant stream gurgling from the snout of an earthenware coffee pot — only then did Mme. Militza find it timely to indulge in the polite art of colloquial hospitality, all the time busy with coffee, for Mme. Militza was a great adept of it. She would scorn arguments in behalf of any other beverage, be that the ascetic poverty of water, the lascivious wine, the infantile cocoa, or the cheap sophistication of tea. Some say coffee is not good for the heart. Well, all the best things in this world are not good for one's heart. A philosopher never bemoans the inevitable payment.

When a pleasant personal touch had been introduced into conversation, Lida asked how her 'affairs' were going — meaning, of course, her business. Mme. Militza answered that her high price of one dollar per fate kept the common populace away. She hinted that perhaps the gruesome glory of a true prophet had something to do with the absence of a clientele too. Thus gently the fact was stated: fortune-telling at Shanghai had not met broad popular consumption.

The news that Lida had come to sing in concerts made Mme. Militza press her lips cunningly and nod her head in emphasis. She solemnly confessed that, having been informed about Lida's imminent arrival, she had thrown the cards for Lida and a rare fate had been revealed. Lida had to live and die in glory. She could count on a long happy life.

Lida jumped.

'Married?'

'Yes.'

'To whom? Jimmy?'

Mme. Militza scorned the naïveté of

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the question. She said what was in the cards.

'To a blond foreigner. In a foreign country. Three children. Long struggle, great glory. Always having heart's desires fulfilled.'

'What else?'

That was all. Lida had an impulse to embrace Mme. Militza, to kiss her, but it seemed absolutely infeasible.

When Lida gave her the free concert tickets she had brought as a present, Mme. Militza took them with a bow, read them thoroughly, bowed again, and said with royal dignity that Mme. Militza knew how 'to return a compliment.' Here she looked very enigmatic and lofty, as if ready at any instant to vanish in smoke and send a gift from the beyond.

Lida was shaken by the prophecy, for she never had had any reason to doubt Mme. Militza's talents. A marriage to a blond foreigner could mean only Jimmy. She sat silently with tears in her eyes.

The visit could not be prolonged, for Lida had to be at the hotel to practise with Mme. Manuilova for tomorrow's concert.

Lida had scarcely taken ten steps along the street when a boy bumped into her as he came around the corner. A cardboard fell from his hand to the pavement. The card bore an inscription: —

MME. MILITZA CAGLIOSTRO
Siren-tific voodoo fairy teller

In an instant the boy was across the street, on the run.

'Come back here,' Lida cried. 'Unless, of course, you're *afraid* . . .'

'*Afraid?*' the boy cried, hot with anger. 'Afraid of *whom?* What did that hag prophesy for you? A plague? Shipwrecks? Fire?'

'*Me?*' Lida said with haughtiness. 'Why, she told me that *my* life *ends in glory.*'

'*What* kind of glory?' the boy asked mockingly.

Several other boys had now appeared, from out of the doors, from around the corners, from nowhere.

'Real glory,' Lida said with reserved pride. 'I am a singer.'

'You are a *liar,*' a smallish boy cried aggressively — and he stamped his foot toward her, as if ready for an attack.

'I?' Lida was red with wrath. 'You . . . take away *that foot* . . . Have you seen the newspapers today?' And she quickly produced one from her handbag. 'See? *Who* is that?'

The tallest boy snatched the paper, the others looked at it eagerly over his arms. He read aloud: —

'A young, talented, and charming singer. The brilliant pupil of the once world-famous artist and teacher Mme. Manuilova, who predicts for her a glorious career . . .'

He looked at Lida with a short fugitive glance and read again: —

'We are happy to state that in spite of the tragic grandeur of our Russian decadence, as a cultural class, we still bring forth young artists, before the wondering eyes of the world. . . . Welcome, Russian youth, charm, modesty! Greetings to you, a Russian child. We are happy to tears to have such children.'

'See?' Lida asked modestly.

'Wait a moment,' the tallest boy said. He unfolded the paper and examined Lida with a critical investigating eye. Then he said curtly: —

'All correct. It is she.'

'Want some free tickets? I have three still left,' Lida said magnanimously.

'Give me one? Me too?' eager voices cried.

'Stop it,' the tallest boy said with dignity. He folded the paper and, offering it to Lida, bowed ceremoniously: —

'Thank you, Madam. Honored to meet you, Madam.'

The other boys looked at him with amazement.

'But the tickets?' one asked.

'The school may have some free ones. The rest we shall *buy.*' He was grand in

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this new rôle and the boys looked at him with the uncertain looks of wondering appraisal.

'Madam,' he said, 'we must not detain you . . . from your great responsibilities.'

At that Lida made a sign to a rickshaw coolie and with a polite smile bade the boys good-bye.

Curious, almost admiring eyes followed her dignified departure.

Next morning when Mme. Militza looked at her signboard it ran: —

MME. MILITZA
SCIENTIFIC FORTUNE-TELLER

The same the next morning. And the next and the next. She never tried to find out the reasons for that sudden cessation of hostilities. She was not interested. Barbarians — at war or at peace — could have only her scorn.

XXII

The two concerts Lida gave at Shanghai were most successful.

She had a precious quality, rare in actresses: she was not nervous. She gave her whole soul to music, never thinking how *she* looked, or whether she was admired or not. That lack of self-consciousness, her simplicity and naturalness, made her very attractive.

The Russian public in Shanghai was more exacting than elsewhere. The spirit of criticism and suspicion is natural to people who had behind them about twenty years of continuous disillusionments. There was some professional envy too, for Shanghai was subject to the overproduction of international artists, most of them unsuccessful and naturally hostile to any new reputation. But Lida's unassuming attitude carried the day even with them.

The most intriguing figure of the audience was that of Mme. Militza. She would come half an hour before the beginning and spectacularly proceed to her place in the first row.

On this solemn occasion she wore a huge black dress, of a burdensome weight, adorned with a lace pelerine of unheard-of thickness, crocheted of something akin to tarred rope. A huge brooch in the image of a fleshy heart added about a pound of extra weight to this gala dress. There she remained in the solemn pose of a Pythia, and her rare applause sounded fanfares. She comprised the geometrical centre of the audience, and also its point of gravitation.

The boys of Shanghai were the other feature among the audience. Their personnel was different at each concert, except for the tallest boy, who attended both.

After the meeting with Lida, at the corner of Mme. Militza's abode, clouds of suspicion arose in the minds of the boys concerning their leader's sobriety. With a keen eye to the fluctuations of his value in the hearts of his subjects, the tall boy understood where the danger lay. He had to reaffirm himself once more as one aloof from any human weakness. His love for Lida — for love it was — he had to disguise under the masquerade of mass admiration for a talent.

He reasserted his authority of being a wit on the next day, during the geometry lesson. Having good mathematical brains he was always given the problems with the assignment to find the solution by himself and then to explain it to the class. He usually did it successfully, which made him dear to the hearts of monks, for Catholic monks love science.

Father Andrew, indefinably old but still jovial, always felt sleepy on Wednesdays and Fridays after his luncheons of fish. They say fish is not good for people after sixty. For those after seventy it certainly is not. To sleep it off was the only way to have the end of it.

Father Andrew gave the tall boy a theorem. Seeing that his inscriptions were perfectly correct, he yawned, crossed his heart, and bade the boy to recite the solution to the class in detail. Then he sank peacefully into a nap.

The tall boy, while pointing out at his

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drawing the formulas and inscriptions, in the order required by the problem, was reciting meanwhile in the expressionless voice of a pupil at his daily task: —

'Father Andrew, here is a rectangular triangle — A B C. Are you well asleep, old barrel? Then let us build a square on the hypotenuse of the triangle, for you are a shameless glutton as to fish. Let us call it B C M N — you, poor wretch of a gormandizer, I am sure, had some wine with your fish. Let us build another square on this cathetus, for your wine was red, old sinner — I see it in the color of your cheeks. Why not call that square A B P R. Why not? Are you well asleep by now? Then I will risk calling you more names. In spite of it all, I like you, old man. I shall even build for you a third square, for we do not believe, after all, that you really pretend to be a saint.'

And so on. When, at last, he felt it was enough: —

'Father Andrew,' he cried into the monk's hairy ear, 'I have finished.'

'I see, I see.' Father Andrew instantly opened his small merry eyes. The fish had been slept through. 'I see,' he said with more dignity. 'You did it well. I shall give you a good mark.'

A trick like that instantly reëstablished one in the esteem of one's classmates. Still, going to two concerts in succession — twice actually buying the ticket — was unprecedented. The tall boy had to put it on patriotic grounds. He was a Russian too. Let all the Russian boys support a new talent, alone abroad. This seemed an adequate explanation, to a certain degree.

The boys came with one of their tutor monks. The face of an old Catholic monk is a great study for an artist. Profound individual traits are rare today, when the speed of life makes faces shallow and the look of the eyes mostly meaningless. Facial expressiveness belongs to people who live in spiritual aloofness.

Thus the Shanghai boys would march in under the guidance of a perfect Savonarola, or a Cardinal Richelieu, and under the subguidance of the tallest boy. Under the latter's inquisitorial eye, they had to applaud to exhaustion and make a line, afterwards, at the door to see Lida's glorious departure in a rickshaw — all the time clapping with all their might. Savonarola would sit or stand meanwhile, deep in theological schemes, perhaps never noticing there was a concert. The tall boy would feel that nobody ever had loved like him, and would try to convert his love and despair into a full-blown patriotic demonstration.

Many psychological phenomena and events were interwoven in the making of Lida's success. There was one feature worthy of being mentioned, for it greatly influenced Lida herself.

Mme. Manuilova had arranged that, after covering Lida's travel expenses, the rest of the money from the concerts would go to the Russian charity institutions of Shanghai. When several ladies came, as deputies, and thanked Lida warmly, she was very much moved.

The idea of 'giving' arose in all its grandeur before Lida's eyes. She had never thought of life from that point of view. She who had never had ten dollars all for herself now gave two hundred to the poor.

With wonder she thought now of how easily she had accepted things from others, never looking deeply into motives. A vision of all the human active kindness going on in the world, like fresh underground waters, mostly invisible, but nourishing so much of life, charmed Lida's mind. So *that* was the force which kept so much of suffering humanity from utter despair and perils. Amidst the turmoils of this life, externally so materialistic and egoistic, one can always meet a kind soul, an outstretched hand with help and encouragement. Not the strict laws of governments, nor the mathematical approach of statistics, nor philanthropical organizations, nor anonymous help sent through the church —

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none of these things, but an individual approach of a kind and humble heart, saves humanity from an utter disillusionment in the possibilities of brotherhood.

Lida understood now why Mother worked at the hospital for that ridiculous salary (hardly enough to buy even their daily bread), and why she would not look for easier work with bigger pay. Although nations, governments, and societies are painstakingly looking for better ways — in wars, in competition and such conflicts — the way lies open to individuals. One is free to be kind, to be noble, even to be a saint — everywhere, always. There are no obstacles which can prevent one from being good, and they can never be invented.

This new understanding of life filled Lida's heart with warmth and happiness. A great peace entered her mind.

'This cannot be taken from me, this my new happiness.' And she shut her eyes to be alone with it for a while.

With a sigh of relief she realized that her new discovery would keep her alive, whatever happened to her personally. The new truth was bigger than one's personal fate. The new truth — the love of humanity and life — was life itself and gave vitality and happiness in proportion to its development in one. Love for Jimmy, for the family, enthusiasm for her music were only different — and smaller — expressions of that fundamental love.

XXIII

Lida was late with her third call in Shanghai, for Mother Abbess died several days before Lida's arrival.

All she could do was attend the solemn post-funeral services daily performed in the convent with severe splendor. Lida, as well as all the others who had known Mother Abbess in person, had a feeling of irreparable loss. She had belonged to the old life, and such characters could hardly be formed amidst the constant changes of modern existence. Her genuine unshattered faith in God, in saints, in miracles, along with her love for humanity and an active kindness, had made the Mother Abbess a link between the two worlds of here and hereafter. Her simplicity and naturalness made the other world seem easily approachable, miracles real, and life wholly acceptable. Now that link was broken, and a feeling of having been left alone entered many a heart.

On the eve of her departure from Shanghai, Lida went to the convent for the last time. She looked at the fresh tomb and her heart refused to admit that the whole of Mother Abbess's being was there. It had been too broad, too buoyant of life and kindness to be secluded in that small, limited space. A clear, sober mind refuses to admit the final and total death of a soul, while its shell, those cells and atoms, is kept permanently existing.

While Lida was walking back to the hotel, her face pale from tears and fatigue, she suddenly caught sight of Miss Clark entering a taxi. A thought, quick as lightning, identified Miss Clark, recalled the latter's casual words in Harbin about returning to the States, to her native town of San Francisco.

'Miss Clark! Miss Clark!' Lida cried and ran after the taxi.

Miss Clark tapped the chauffeur's shoulder and sat waiting for Lida.

'Miss Clark!' Lida cried, all out of breath. She leaned over the door of the taxi: 'Are you going to America?'

Only now did Miss Clark recognize Lida, and her pathetic tear-stained face moved her.

'Yes,' she said gently. 'I am leaving tomorrow for San Francisco.'

'Miss Clark! It is *so near* to Berkeley!' and Lida began to cry.

'Darling! What is the matter?'

'It is so near . . . so near to Berkeley.' Lida could not say anything else.

'Jump into the car,' Miss Clark invited her. 'We shall go to my hotel and you will tell me what troubles you.'

At the hotel she let Lida wash her face,

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ordered tea, made her visitor and herself comfortable, and then with absorbed attention listened to Lida's story.

Whatever their complicated national traits, Americans have at least one in common: they like people. Nowhere in civilized countries are people so much liked as in the United States. Miss Clark took Lida's sorrow straight to heart, as if it were her own.

'Every girl must have the boy she wants,' she said decidedly and she began to organize help. She had the practical sense and the efficiency of American women. To a trembling Lida she promised to take all the trouble upon herself, asking the latter only to follow her instructions. With a calendar in her hands she said on which day she would be in San Francisco, on which in Berkeley, what time was allotted for visitors in the hospitals, on what day Lida would have the message. She fixed all this in terms of hours, miles, telephones, and the like, not in terms of fate, destiny, occasions and hazards, as Lida was accustomed to plan. She promised to make the situation definite and clear. In case Jimmy wanted to see Lida, Miss Clark promised her help with visas, money, tickets, and support in finding work in the States. Happily Miss Clark was rich.

'You could be one of my father's secretaries, until you would earn money for yourself singing on the radio,' she decided.

Then she said Lida must start with her make-up. On Lida's words that she had never used it and never had had the implements, Miss Clark almost groaned. She presented Lida with an assortment and 'made' Lida's face personally.

With that queer new face, all radiant with colors and joy, Lida kissed her good-bye.

When Lida and Mme. Manuilova left Shanghai, a spectacular group of friends and admirers came to see them off.

There was Mme. Militza with her 'return of compliments.' She presented Lida with a small parcel from which a strong smell of coffee emanated. There stood several ladies with a box of candies, several nuns with a 'prosfora,' and three of the Shanghai boys with a bouquet. The boys made a picturesque group, one of them holding the bouquet in his outstretched hand, the two others standing at his sides as guards of honor. When they saw Lida they marched straight up to her, but the chief deputy suddenly grew shy and his hand drooped, the ribbons of the bouquet sweeping the asphalt. One of the deputies kicked him from behind with a whistling whisper: —

'You do not even know *how*.'

He snatched the bouquet and, slightly bending his right knee, with a generous and flourishing gesture of his hand he offered it to Lida. He knew this was the right way, for he had seen *The Three Musketeers* on the screen and copied it.

The comic side of this was wasted on Lida, for she had seen the same version of *The Three Musketeers*, and behaved accordingly as a gracious queen of France. She accepted the homage, made a light bow, and smiled a royal smile.

Later she saw a letter attached to the bouquet. 'To Our Greatest Russian Singer' ran the address, and a long list of names followed, evidently the names of those who had given their mites in cash for the flowers. Lida's eyes ran over the names with indifference. Suddenly she gave a start and the mist of tears filled her eyes. In small letters, with an almost visible emotion, had been written 'Eternally your Jimmy.'

XXIV

Coming back to Tientsin proved to be eventful. Owing to the hazards of the Sino-Japanese war, there was no direct communication between Tientsin and Shanghai by railway. Mme. Manuilova and Lida decided to go to Tsingtao on a steamer, take a railway train there, change in Tsi-nan-fu, and from there proceed to Tientsin. The day of their

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arrival was the tragic fourteenth of June of 1939 when the Japanese announced a blockade of the British and French concessions at Tientsin. The blockade was announced at seven o'clock in the morning, and the train came in at eight, just one hour later.

Although the threat of the blockade had hung over the town for months, nobody was prepared for it. And anyway, how one has to prepare for a blockade no one knew.

When Lida and Mme. Manuilova left the railway station, an awesome sight met them.

The place before the station, the square, the streets, were literally packed with people. The usual way to the French and British concessions went through the drawbridge, and now that bridge was raised. Thousands of people, hundreds of rickshaws, cars, horses, trucks — all was a compact mass. The noise was deafening. The frightened horses neighed and pawed. Honks of motors, cries of the injured people, voices of frightened women and children, made a formidable chorus.

To make the situation worse, the constant pressure of people pushed crowds nearer and nearer to the banks of Hei-ho River, which was deep enough for big steamers to pass. All the buildings around, the shops and houses, closed their windows and doors in fear of the mob.

Lida was frightened. She did not know what was going on in the town, and how it was with Mother. Mme. Manuilova, broken with fatigue, looked for help.

For five dollars a rickshawman promised to bring them home by a circuitous route. They had to go through the Japanese concession, along the Asahi road, to the French border. When they reached the goal, they saw no less of a crowd and heard the same deafening noise and tumult. Japanese policemen singled out all the Europeans and told them to go to the police station. The small barrack was filled with people who were being searched. Some had to take off their shirts and footwear. Many were offended. Some were beaten. Our travelers, being ladies, met with more consideration. They were not searched at all, only asked to show their papers and answer numberless questions.

When were you born? Who was your father? What did he do in 1905? In 1914? In 1918? In 1921? What did your mother do at the same time? Do you like communism? Why 'yes'? Why 'no'? Do you approve the New Order in Asia? Tell why (give twenty reasons). Then there were easier questions about one's present activities.

It took hours to write all that. At three o'clock Mme. Manuilova and Lida finished, signed, and were free to go home.

The sight of the British concession, quiet behind its wires, was in striking contrast. Lida entered the house with a fast-beating heart. She was met with the usual silent courtesy by the Diazes, and Mother came running down when she heard Lida's voice.

Only then was Lida told what happened in Tientsin. It was the famous blockade, which brought no glory to Japan, nor success to her army, nothing except more suffering to the people the least guilty in the Sino-Japanese conflict.

But the room in the attic! An island all to oneself! Oh, the quietness of a home! And then Mother's mysterious smile and her eyes squinting toward the small triangular table, in the corner, under the icons, under the light of the *lampada*.

What *could* be there?

There lay a postcard. From Jimmy. The first after months of waiting. Unmistakably his hand, his handwriting. Only several words — but . . . what words! They could imply so much. . . . He was better. . . . He would write!

She studied the postcard all evening long. It had been mailed before the letter sent with Leon could reach Jimmy.

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It had been sent before Miss Clark could have come to the Berkeley hospital. It was written by Jimmy willingly, spontaneously, without being urged to write. He just remembered about Lida and wrote her. And he promised to write again.

She had to cry — hours — from happiness. Fatigue? Blockade? Tientsin could have been heavily bombarded that night without Lida's hearing the sounds.

XXV

That small postcard of Jimmy's was a messenger of great changes. News and events began to throng into Lida's life, as if they had been forcibly kept somewhere, away from her, but then broke the dam and poured down in plenitude.

The most important were Jimmy's letters. One week after her arrival home, Lida had the letter in answer to the message brought away by Leon; then days later came a cablegram acknowledging Miss Clark's arrival and interference, then a letter from Miss Clark herself, and then constantly, with every mail, came letters, often in twos — from Jimmy and Miss Clark, sometimes written jointly, for Miss Clark instantly took up the business phase of Lida's love story.

Jimmy's first letter brought enlightenment on the reasons why Jimmy had stopped writing one month before the accident.

Leon was the cause. In her simplicity Lida had written about Leon in warm, laudatory tones, for she really admired him. She had written Jimmy that Leon was strikingly handsome, noble, polite, generous. She had written that the Diaz family was the one she admired most in the world. They offered a room free and never consented to take a penny for it, although Mother was earning some money. They always tried to help; Lida was free to play their piano at any time. Then came the news the Diazes were restored to almost a half of their property. Leon became rich, and Lida seemed to gloat over his luck. Then another letter told about Leon's proposal. Here Jimmy stopped answering Lida's letters.

In the simplicity of his heart he saw himself as a potential hindrance to Lida's brilliant future. With Leon she would be rich and could follow her vocation. With him?

Jimmy saw before himself years of struggle. He had to go through college with only half his way paid by his parents. The other half he had to earn himself. Not that his family was very poor, but his parents were subject to the common American notion that children must earn their way, and the sooner the better. After college Jimmy could, perhaps, have means to marry and support his wife, but not to pay for Lida's voice training in a good school.

Not that he doubted Lida's heart. Her letters never showed any change of tone toward him, but he thought he had to give her the chance of a freer choice. He could not write all that plainly. He understood the nobleness of Lida's nature. If given to understand that Jimmy was stepping aside only because he was not the luckier party, she would never leave him. He did not like to base his marriage on her pity or her future regrets. Thus he decided not to write for a while, or to write casually, until Leon would leave for Spain and Lida would decide her future. Then Jimmy's accident occurred and, afraid of remaining an invalid, Jimmy felt ashamed to offer himself — a burden, perhaps, for life — to a girl with such a future ahead of her.

Lida's announcement that she was happy Leon was going, for he could bring her message to Jimmy in the quickest way, put an end to the trial.

Since only love letters were written and sent by the two, both sides diligently used the obsolete and naïve dictionary of love.

But what is a language, what are words? Moving in a constant noise of a multitude of them, we still have but few and always the same to designate the

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cardinal life's events: 'The child is born'; 'I love you'; 'We are mortal.' Ages came and passed away, but when one is in love no complicated or refined expression would state the fact as plainly and nobly as the obsolete 'I love you' that Lida and Jimmy wrote each other.

Other news followed quickly. Miss Clark took upon herself the trouble of visas and money. Jimmy came out of the hospital. Lida was promised work on the radio after her arrival, and Miss Clark hoped a scholarship for voice training could be obtained too.

Every letter was definite, practical, like a new brick, heavy, cemented, adding to a solid building of happiness.

Meanwhile the blockade at Tientsin continued. Loud-speakers were established at crossroads and roared in Chinese explaining that all the evils in the world came from the British quarters. Surrounded by wire, padded with sandbags on the borders, the concessions were locked out from the rest of the country. Only five places were fixed as gates opened to communication. Numerous Japanese officials, soldiers, and policemen were attached to those places day and night. Only those who had 'passes' were allowed to go through gates. After having been sanctioned by the Japanese officials, those curious documents were distributed by the consulates. Meanwhile there were thousands of people whose daily business was at one place while they lived in another. There were doctors hurrying to their patients, teachers to their pupils, priests to churches, vendors to consumers.

The foreign concessions of Tientsin did not grow their fruit or vegetables; dairies were not allowed there either; in short, all that the people there needed in the way of their daily food, clothing, building materials, labor, came from the outside. Now thousands of those workers were standing crowded at the wires of the borders urging, requesting, imploring. All were searched. Many were insulted. Some were beaten.

One could never guess whom the Japanese officials would beat and why, since they had outgrown their timidity toward the person of a white man. Their long experience with the unprotected masses of Russian refugees gave them audacity in using force, instead of argument. Now they tried the same with other nationalities, and applied the methods of unprovoked insults and beating to the English, Americans, French, always successful and never punished. Even society ladies were beaten, only because they wanted to get home after a party in their own Country Club. If the officials of the victims protested, the Japanese readily answered: 'Sorry.'

Whatever the personal offenses, the question of food supply became the most important. The Japanese officials taxed outrageously every truckload of victuals. Their routine of collecting taxes being slow, milk grew sour before it could be brought to the concession, vegetables and meat and fish quickly spoiled under the hot summer sun.

The uncertainty, rumors, anxiety, the lack of food and exorbitant prices, the fewer opportunities of earning one's living, made life harder with every coming day.

At that terrible time Lida and Mother found themselves well braced with good news from Jimmy, invigorated with the coming change in Lida's life, busy with her plans and preparations, and — in addition — with two new financial assets. The Diaz family left them the house, the rent paid until March 1940. As it was only August 1939, Mother could let rooms for months and have the money for herself. The rooms on the British concession were always in high demand. Cook asked and was granted the permission to live in his quarters, until he would find another place. With joint efforts Mother, Lida, and Cook tried to perform the cleaning of the house before letting the new people in. One could see Lida in every window frame in turns, washing the glass panes

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and singing at the top of her voice Russian folk songs. Informed that Lida was going to America, Mme. Manuilova changed the course of lessons, teaching Lida to sing Russian songs, in order to prepare her to earn money in the new country.

The second financial asset was the piano left to Lida as a present from the Diazes. It was decided that the piano would be sold and thus cover Lida's fare to the United States. It would spare her the humiliation of starting her happiness on credit.

Quickly and simply all the obstacles to happiness were giving in, one after the other, and a new life began to shine for Lida.

Mother and Lida decided to remain in the attic room. They were accustomed to it. It had been a silent witness to so many events and thoughts that they were unwilling to part with it.

Now long hours Lida and Mother spent in talking about the future.

'Mother,' Lida would say, 'the moment I shall be able to earn, I shall send for you. Promise to come?'

'Of course I shall.'

'Then we shall live together. A family again . . .'

XXVI

On Sunday, the twentieth of August, in the evening, Lida was in their small garden.

The high bushes of nicotine stood along the fence, their big, rare flowers full of fragrance. Light seemed to be emanating from their petals and to stand in a tender vibratory halo around the flowers. The twilight was quickly wrapping the world. Lida lingered in the garden admiringly; she had never seen that kind of nicotine.

Suddenly she heard cries: 'Water! Water!' They sounded first only as wondering and amazement. Lida, who frequently gave only half of her attention to reality, did not comprehend their meaning.

'Water! Water!' The shouts arose from all sides. Now anxiety and fear rang in them.

Suddenly Lida felt something stealthily crawling around her feet. Looking down she saw water. It appeared furtively. Not that it poured from a certain direction; no, it rose from below. Lida, who had forgotten rumors of the coming flood, could not place the phenomenon in her mind; she just stood there and looked down.

It was not the kind of water she was accustomed to see. This was dark and thick and sticky. When her feet were in it up to the ankles, Lida ran to the porch and the flopping sounds seemed to run after her. Standing on the steps, she saw the water slowly rising. Dog came from somewhere. He clung to Lida's feet, gave out several growls, and shivered all over, his bristle standing up and moving.

Lida slowly went into the house. Dog refused to come in. Mother was at the hospital. She was alone. It was dark in the hall.

The house was full of small, stealthy sounds. They went all round, like sighs, or whispers, or slight movements. Lida could not discern what they might be. She lit the lamps and shrank from what she saw. The hall was full of living beings: mice rushed here and there on the floor; centipedes slid in zigzags across the walls; cornices and corners were alive with rustling cockroaches; lizards seemed glued to the door frames.

They were all running away and upward, from the flood. Awed by the light from the lamps, they began to move on, with better speed.

Lida rushed upstairs. She did not know what to do. Looking out of the window she saw that the water was rising. It seemed dangerous to venture out. Voices and cries came from everywhere. Night seemed in haste to come, and the darkness moved onward quicker than usual.

Lida tried to calm herself. In any case, her attic room was the safest place.

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The disaster was not very big, perhaps, and only their part of the town was being flooded. It would be wisest to wait until morning.

She called Dog, but he seemed to have disappeared and did not come. Lida prayed, then took Jimmy's letters and read them slowly, one after the other.

Now sounds were coming from downstairs. Lida rushed down. The floor of the hall was hidden under water.

'But how?' Lida thought. 'Where does it all come from? The doors are locked.'

With an effort she opened the entrance door. There was Cook with two big parcels. His low quarters were flooded.

Cook was calm and efficient.

'We must move things upstairs,' he said, 'to the second floor.'

The piano was already standing in water. Lida grew cold with apprehension.

'Let us take it . . . upstairs . . .'

But of course they could not.

At midnight the electricity went out, and a thick menacing darkness filled the world. Groping the way, Lida went to her room in the attic, shut the door, and sat at the window until the morning came.

The night was unusually dark with not a single star in it. It was full of sounds. They were different, those of peoples and animals, but all expressing the same things: anxiety and fear . . .

Cries of the drowning cattle, coming from afar, seemed unbearable. The howl of dogs was dreadful. In the concessions it was quieter. All the houses were at least two-storied, and packing upstairs was the natural way to safety.

But Lida thought about the low Chinese huts on the outskirts of the town, about farms and small houses of the poor.

Morning came — and there was no more earth in view. Houses had become islands.

With the first rays of dawn, life arose as a cry for help and safety. With their usual calm and invention the Chinese began to build boats from everything available, and charged twenty dollars for a ride.

When Lida went downstairs she saw a black island in the waters of the hall — it was her piano. Its keyboard was under water. It was spoiled, dead as a piano and as a financial asset too.

But there was not much time to brood over the loss, for with the rising sun lodgers came or, better, swam to the house.

Mother's friends knew that she now had an apartment all for herself. Several of them, whose living space was in the basements or on the first floors, came to live in the second floor of the apartment. Naturally, nobody asked permission, and the question of money was never raised. Thus the family's second financial asset was gone.

Mme. Klimova came first. She was driven in a small boat into the hall and anchored at the staircase, which had since become a haven. Disheveled, her dress and slippers wet, Mme. Klimova increased the moisture with her abundant and now quite sincere tears. She threatened she would at once curse with bell, book, and candle the very day of her own birth, for she had lost all her belongings. The impatient Chinese pilot demanded his fare, of which she could provide only a half.

The quarrel arose. But seeing that time and a boat were money, the pilot neatly spat into the water and departed from the hall in his boat. Here Mme. Klimova dried her tears and said she came to take a room for herself before somebody else could arrive and make the best choice, for people were always like that, greedy for the best morsel of everything.

Then Mother was driven in on a kind of raft made of a door, on which the staff of the hospital was being removed after their night duty. Seeing that Lida was well, Mother crossed herself and began her activities.

She instantly sent Cook on the same

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raft to call at Mme. Klimova's place and ask the General to come immediately. Other friends began to arrive and places were found for all. Only in the afternoon did they remember about food and begin to think over the complicated problems of living. There was no electricity, no telephone, no fresh water, no food, and almost no means of communication, for nobody in the house had cash ready for the fares, and the boats were not handy.

The old General took the post of a commander and gayly organized works for the common welfare. Men tore away doors and made rafts. Cook drove in a zinc bathtub, not only in the yard, but also to market. Only there was no market on that day and on many days to follow.

Life began on the third day only, when a fresh water supply was offered to the population and the news of it was cried from house to house in several languages at once. Then the Jewish bakery, happily not flooded, offered bread at their own expense and claimed volunteers for free delivery to those who could not move themselves. Then a market was opened in the yard of a French Club, situated high — and those who had much money could buy some food.

The fact that the Japanese refused to remove the blockade seemed a wanton cruelty. The borders, the wire, could not be seen now; still, Japanese soldiers with bayonets, sitting in boats, did their best to harass the population which tried to get food.

But in spite of all the terrors of heat, thirst, hunger, bad smells, corpses in the street waters, in spite of pains and sufferings going around, there were a few who tried to save the rest from despair and utter disillusionment.

XXVII

Of all the towns in the world Tientsin was, perhaps, the most self-restrained in its reaction to the declaration of the new war which acquired the title of the Second World War. The third of September found the town with less water, but no less misery. Water had been partly pumped out with the special machinery brought aboard special steamers from Shanghai, but human misery grew and left a harvest sorrowful to the eye.

Still there is always another side to everything. The fearless people are usually those who have seen many dangers. The charitable people are usually those who have suffered themselves. The gayest people are usually those who are accustomed to shed their tears alone at nights and have not a drop left toward morning. The most vital people are usually those who live among perils. The inhabitants of Tientsin were well-trained people, hardy and sturdy.

Why should they worry about the declaration of a war? The Russians have lived at war among themselves and the rest of the world for many years now. Some were born to it and had never seen it stopped. Then Chinese wars, mostly undeclared, became a part of their lives. The Japanese, evidently, liked being in trouble with wars. The other nations in Tientsin, although representing local financial powers, were but a minority in number, and seemed so engrossed in the commercial aspects of war that a new one could be looked at, perhaps, as an asset, not a liability. In short, everybody was so busy with his own business that the heroical part of the World War, its ideology, so to say, was fully wasted upon Tientsin, which rushed to gnaw at its possible economical effects.

Thus only minor changes appeared in view because of the war. The Russians, noisiest part of the population, were quick with the conclusion that, to whomever the glory, things were bound to become worse for them. Let the credulous souls hope for better. There is no lock or law for hopes. As to themselves, they were not naïve any more.

The General's reaction was, perhaps, the most remarkable. During the flood

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he had lost all his maps and could not buy them anew. Unexpectedly he turned into a radio maniac. Having none of his own, he ran over the town — walking, sailing, wading — to ask permission to listen in somebody else's house.

He was a funny listener. He clenched his fists and smiled satirically and laughed sardonically. He rebuked vainglorious boasts, angrily shouting at the radio; he pointed at the geographical and historical mistakes of the radio man, he called him an 'ignoramus,' a 'perfidio,' a 'profaner,' and beat his fist against the wall. He poured tears over strategic blunders and gnashed his teeth in the anticipation of victory.

Mme. Klimova was one of the very few who looked forward to a great personal advantage coming from the European collision.

'Now, now,' she choked with excitement, 'Germany will move to the Ural Mountains from the west. Japan will move to the Urals from the east, the communists will be crushed and our allies will restore the monarchy to us.'

And she would sit for a while silent, as if considering all this coming glory.

'But *who* will be our Tsar?' and she grew fussy. There was none she could wholeheartedly recommend. She foresaw Russia restored to the very old order, and the General given a high post at the court. Too old for battles, he could be a master of ceremonies at the court. She dreamed about the splendor of the regimental reunions, parades, and balls. She saw herself being met with public addresses of welcome. And every day it was a better, a newer version of the glory to come.

Mother was busy with her immediate problems: with more illness and work in the hospital, with Cook ill at home, with the sixteen non-paying lodgers in the house often quarreling among themselves, and with the constant anxiety about the obtaining of food.

Lida watched the flood level in the hall, now much lower; the ugly corpse of the piano bulging out of the water; the walls, once ivory in color, now greenish, grayish, blistered and peeling their plasters. She looked round, and tried to imagine that joy and happiness could rise from all that pain and destruction. The mailman's boat appearing in the hall seemed unreal, and Jimmy's letters coming to all that misery from another world seemed more miraculous than anything else she had ever heard about.

XXVIII

Everybody was invited to Lida's farewell party, provided one was a Russian and was willing to come. The house, now free from water, could accommodate all. Much of genuine good will was displayed toward Lida. It was sweet to think that luck and happiness did occur in the Russian quarters too. Was not that an encouragement to go on patiently hoping?

On a quiet afternoon, late in October, the party was held. Elderly people spoke about politics. The very old ones kept to a mood of reminiscences of the life of long ago, in Russia. Some played cards and mah-jongg. The younger people danced, sang, played guitars, mandolins, everything available.

The General orated, addressing nobody in particular: —

'Times of escapism and comfort are gone! All will be busy. All will fight. Man, woman, child. Martial law everywhere! Military service compulsory for everybody! Fight! The courageous will win the universe!'

'Let us postpone the war talk until tomorrow,' somebody said from the other corner of the room. 'Today let us enjoy this party.'

'We have no more "tomorrows" to postpone to,' the General cried. 'The peace of "tomorrow" is all spent in advance. With every hour the future victory is becoming harder, costlier — whoever might win. No, gentlemen, throw away cards! Young men — away with dancing. To guns!'

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'Well,' the priest said, 'you do not sound like a Christian at all.'

'I do not know what I *do not* sound like, I know what I *do sound*,' the General said with a slight note of offense in his voice. 'I sound the law of necessity, of common sense. I speak in the name of urgency. Right or wrong, guilty or innocent, we all have come to that — the only answer to the situation is to fight — actually, I mean, with a gun in hands — fight for one's life, belief, food, shelter, survival. Afterwards one will see what was right. . . .'

'Wait!' cried an old man. 'Nonsense. Fight today, see reasons tomorrow. Shame on you, General!'

'Shame? But that is the usual way with wars. Nobody ever knew exactly what one would win with victory. Look at the examples. . . .' And he was ready to give the history of humanity in wars. . . .

They interrupted him.

'Say something effective in the conclusion — and away with your speech.'

'Well,' General cried, 'I have fought wars — on the right side as well as on the wrong — now let me say this: *neither might, nor right wins — but patience, persistence, and courage.*'

'Those military men!' a gentleman said with reproach. 'Are they not blind to realities of life, to progress . . .'

'Ha!' the General cried. 'Let me tell you, sir, my civilian colleague, you who are at the top of life and activities, you, men of science, social workers, politicians, missionaries, visionaries, prophets, traders, bankers — all of you, of course, know the truth and the realities of life. But why then do your activities always bring you into a mess? Then you call the *army*, those "*blind*" men, sir! Those men with will, courage, discipline, order, obedience, and you say: "Now, please, *you* go and *fight* for us!" And you — oh, hypocrites! — you even have no decency to back us wholeheartedly. . . . Once the war is won, you push us back into barracks, on pensions, and exclude us from office. A new crop of diplomats and traders and visionaries and missionaries begin to reap the harvest and sow the new seeds of disorders. . . . Really,' he added naïvely, 'I do not know why we always readily answer your call. . . .'

All laughed.

In the old women's corner a wrinkled lady drank her tea with gusto, saying to Lida who waited on her: —

'Go, my darling, to America and write me what it looks like. Is it true that even the poor have cars there?'

'And would you like to go there, Olga Alexeevna?'

'I? No. Enough of moving for me. All my life I have been on the move, running from disasters. Now only Death is chasing me. Let her come for me to my own kitchen.'

'The centre of our activities must be not our own life, but that of our children,' an elderly gentleman said. 'Planning for ourselves we are dragging future into past. Planning for them we build future on the basis of the past — which is reasonable and solid. Whatever we plan or start, our *children's* activities bring to achievement.'

'Lida! Lida!' young people cried. 'Sing for us now!'

'I am glad,' Mme. Klimova said, 'that Lida's love is coming to something, at last . . . even if there are only a few letters . . . but I must say I can't call it an interesting love affair. . . .'

'But real love is always like that . . . uneventful. Based on devotion, it knows no changes. . . .'

'But where is romanticism, adventure?' Mme. Klimova insisted.

'All the great things are natural and simple, the same in essence: birth, love, death. . . . Simplicity is the core of love. Romantic or vampiric or gothic cases are only fashionable varieties. . . . Lida has, so to say, a classic love.'

And a young man said: —

'Thank goodness, girls still fall in love! Whatever happens with their

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civilizations one still can be loved, have mothers and fathers, and wives and sons.'

Mr. Rind, who had returned to Tientsin on recovery from his wound, was also one of the party and enjoyed attention from everyone. He was soon to sail for home. Mme. Manuilova had arranged that Lida should travel in his care to the United States, and that had come as a great relief to Mother. But Mme. Manuilova was the only one of the party who felt sad and disappointed. Although no words were spoken, she realized that Lida's decision to go to America put an end to her artistic career.

The passers-by slowed their pace nearing the house. Songs, cries, laughter, kept a constant group of curious Chinese before the house.

'What is going on in there, in that house?' a passer-by would ask.

'Russian people giving a party.'

'Really,' the foreigner would say and shrug his shoulders.

XXIX

Saying good-bye to Mother seemed unreal. Her promise to come to America sounded like something promised in the next millennium. Traveling in a motorboat to Tan-ku was a fearful adventure. Looking into the distance of an empty gray sea seemed a dream. Being afraid of meeting Japanese warships added to the acuteness of anxiety. Should the Japanese officials controlling the sea near Tientsin ask for her papers and see that Lida had no permission from the Japanese Consulate sanctioning her departure, they might put her under arrest. The delay would ruin all the arrangements for passage on the American liner. All those emotions and dangers made the hours spent in the motorboat assume the semblance of a nightmare.

It all ended in the afternoon when the motorboat stopped in the open sea, near Tan-ku, and Lida, as it was agreed upon, was taken aboard a small English liner going to Shanghai, where they were to board the boat for the United States. Mr. Rind smiling down from the deck, while she was climbing the ladder, cheered her very much.

Only there, standing on the deck and feeling the liner's engines begin to move, did Lida understand and believe in what was happening: she was going away. She was leaving behind her mother, China, her Russian friends, part of her life. The puffs of smoke melting in the air would not reach the shore. No more material ties were left.

Suddenly she knew she was leaving for good, that never again would she return to those strands and people again.

And in spite of bright hopes looming ahead, she dwelt on the past. She remembered it chiefly as an emotional experience. And it all seemed so dear, so gentle, so much her own, that tears stood in her eyes for the love of it. She could not tear herself from it. It talked to her now in a more comprehensible language: she saw it as a school for life, full of hardships, privations, and misery, yet a perfect school for the future.

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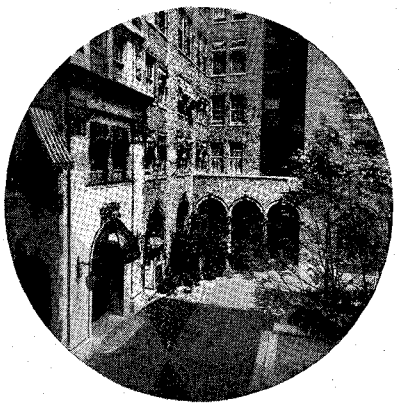

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